



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

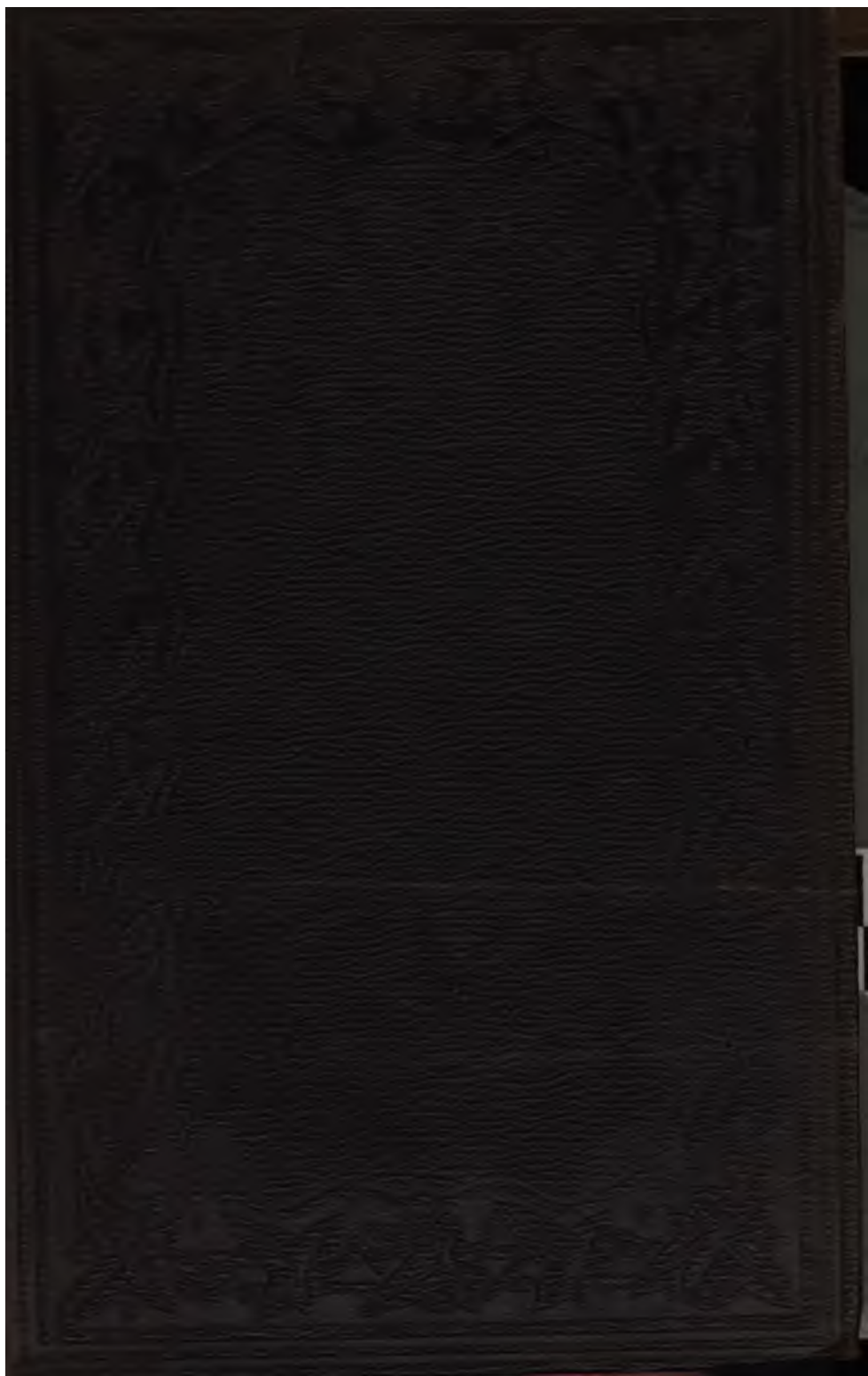
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

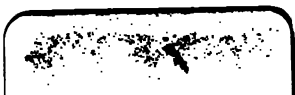
### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600077570W







# TUSCANY

IN 1849 AND IN 1859.

BY

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

LONDON :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.  
1859.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

246. b. 30.

LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



## PREFACE.

---

MY object in the following pages has been to put the case of Tuscany as it should appear for judgment at the bar of European public opinion, fairly before the English reader. At the same time I have thought, that the circumstances under which a nation has made within the space of ten years an amount of national progress truly unexampled, were worth recording.

It may be thought, perhaps, that having been for many years a resident among the Tuscans, whose lovely land, and whose rich endowment with all the more facile and winning virtues, are apt to bribe even the sternest to forget the absence of some of those higher qualities which can grow in no other soil than the hearts of freemen, I may have been led to judge them with a partial eye. But if careful self-scrutiny be any protection against such illusions, I cannot think that I have allowed any unreasonable prepossessions to blind me. The



Tuscans were as pleasant companions, as easy good-humoured hosts and guests, as unalterably courteous, kindly, and genial in '49 as in '59, and I had already at the former period made many valued friends among them. But I was not prevented by any such associations from feeling that unfortunate attempt and its accompanying acts to have been as sadly damning evidence against the capabilities of the Italians for the realisation of their aspirations, as their severest censor could have judged them to be.

Nor have I shrunk from telling all the follies, weaknesses, vanities, and selfishnesses, which marred and rendered hopeless that movement; or from speaking of them in terms as severe as I could command.

But it is precisely because the difference between the Tuscany of '49 and that of '59 has been so surprisingly — so wonderfully great, that the highest hopes may fairly be entertained for its future destinies. A people, which could so accept, and so read the lesson to be found in its humiliation and discomfiture, and could in the space of ten years so profit by it, must have in it qualities capable of reaching a high degree of social civilisation.

Are these qualities and capabilities, and the aspirations which normally and necessarily arise

from them, to be crushed by the despotic application of overwhelming foreign force? We are assured that such is to be the case. Those who assume to declare the intentions of the Imperial possessors of troops, who *are* willing to fire on their people, tell us that so it is to be. A little nation, which has shot so far a-head of the divine-right phase of social civilisation that its native soldiers are good for fighting only against a foreign enemy, is to be forced back at the bayonet's point, it is calmly stated, to that lower level still occupied by nations whose brute force is as infinitely greater, as their worship of and trust in it are more entire. Already we are taunted with the utter failure of hopes built on the faith that right may prevail over might in this diplomate-ruled world.

It *may* be so.

It may be, that Europe is yet further from the dawn than those who stand the highest, and are most anxiously looking out for it, have supposed. Yet still, even at the date appended to this page, I do not—will not believe it. I *know* that the day *must* shortly come,—I *think*, that it has already dawned,—when a nation unconsulted cannot be forced back, protesting, struggling, writhing, under the ignoble yoke it has spurned from off its neck.

But if such hopes are premature,—if it be necessary to speak to such as deem them vain utopian

dreams, and know only that a hundred thousand bayonets are more powerful than ten thousand ; and if it were possible, that a word of warning could reach the brain of such,—they might be told, (and I write with the most solemn conviction of the certainty of what I say)—they might be told, that this great wrong will not be accomplished without encountering an amount of resistance, and occasioning consequences of a kind they probably little dream of. The worm, we know, will turn. And there is no uglier foe to deal with than he who has suffered wrong till he has been driven to despair of the existence of right.

It will be a mistake, involving such disastrous scenes as Europe has on some three or four not wholly dissimilar occasions witnessed, and still remembers with a shudder, to calculate much at present on the reputation for endurance of a people who, not perhaps for nothing, look daily on that great masterpiece of their mighty countryman, which represents the weakling David in triumph over his giant foe.

FLORENCE,  
*July 23rd, 1859.*

# CONTENTS.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

	PAGE
The Law.—“After me the deluge.”—Leopoldine laws.—A tranquil people.—Giusti’s poems.—Niccolini.—The voice of Austria in 1809.—That of England.—The voice of Austria in 1847.—The standing relationship of Austria to Italy . . . . .	1

## CHAPTER II.

### AMABILIS INSANIA.

Gregory the Sixteenth.—The Conclave.—Austria too late, as ever.—A reforming Pope ! !—The Amnesty.—“Hopes too bright to last.”—Gioberti’s dreams.—His opinion that new wine <i>may</i> be put into old bottles.—Lesson learned from the bursting of them.	16
--	----

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TUSCAN PEOPLE, AND THE TUSCAN DUKE.

The new Pope’s parable.—Prosperity of Tuscany.—Tuscan national character.—The teaching of ten years.—Leopold the Second—his capabilities—and disqualifications.—Things best as they are.—Recent tendencies of the Grand-Ducal government.—Renzi the refugee.—Montanelli.—Genoese anniversary . . . . .	26
--	----

## CHAPTER XII.

## NAPOLEON GUERRAZZI.

	PAGE
All lost at Novara.—Illusions.—Leopold the Second at San Stefano. —De Laugier on the frontiers.—Mazzini in Florence.—Trees of Liberty.—Guerrazzi as Captain-General.—Montanelli's rival expedition.—The "Contadini" at the gates.—A reign of terror in Tuscan fashion.—Meeting of the Chambers.—Guerrazzi Dictator . . . . .	174

## CHAPTER XIII.

## END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Visions of restoration.—The demagogues continue, but the people give up the game.—The Livornese in Florence.—Municipal hatreds.—Bloodshed in Florence.—The demagogues frightened into hiding.—Fall of Dictator Guerrazzi.—Provisional Govern- ment.—Tumult in the Piazza.—End of the first revolution . . . . .	194
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIV.

## "TOSCANA E AUSTRIA."

Overtures to the Grand-Duke.—Austrian effrontery.—The Austrian occupation.—Very tedious treason.—Austria, Italy's best teacher . . . . .	210
--	-----

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE TEN YEARS' INTERLUDE.

The events of ten years.—How to sit with safety on a steam-boiler. —The anniversary of Montanara.—The bronze tablets.—Scene in Santa Croce.—Repeal of the " <i>Statuto</i> ."—Concordat.— Austrianising of the Army.—Outbreak at Leghorn.—Policy of the liberal party.—Conduct of Piedmont . . . . .	222
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

PREPARATIONS FOR TRYING AGAIN.

	PAGE
Opening of 1859.—Attempts to enlighten the Grand-Duke as to the state of the country.—Loyal conduct of Piedmont.—Duke's visit to Naples—Illegal violence towards the publisher Barbèra.—Exodus of volunteers.—Lord Normanby and the Marchese Bartolommei.—Disposition of the Tuscan army.—Signor Landrini's visit to the Grand-Duke.—Piedmont's offer of alliance.—Further attempts to make the Duke comprehend the situation of affairs.—His visit to the fortresses . . . . .	236

CHAPTER XVII.

“WHEN UNIFORM SLEEVES LINKED WITH FUSTIAN ARE SEEN,  
THEN WILL HIGHNESSES SHORTLY BECOME LESS SERENE.”  
*Ancient Prophecy.*

The “Tombola”—Understanding between the military and civilians.—Revolutionary readings in the streets of Florence.—The Porto San Gallo—Fraternisation of the army and people.—Unity of the national wish.—Letter of the Marchese Bidolfi to the Grand-Duke.—Proofs of the honesty of Piedmont . . . . .	253
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEGOTIATIONS.

Meeting in the Square of Barbano.—Under the fortress guns.—The troops hoist the tricolor.—Was the Tuscan army bribed!—The Grand-Duke sends for the Marchese Lajatico.—His perfect loyalty to the sovereign.—Conditions proposed to the Grand-Duke.—The Marchese's courtiership.— <i>Mot</i> of the French Minister . . . . .	267
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

NO TROOPS TO FIRE ON THE PEOPLE!!!—“E NOI!”  
Conduct of the populace.—Their forbearance.—People in front of

	PAGE
the Pitti Palace.—Errors of Lord Normanby.—The witness called by him.—The plan for firing on the people.—Visit of the Ducal family to Belvedere—Position of the fortress.—Fears of the Ducal family, though groundless, not improbably genuine.—The Archduke Carlo at Belvedere.—The troops decline to fire on the people.—What then can become of the Sovereign?—The Grand-Duke's "mildness."—Adieu to Florence. . . . .	282

## CHAPTER XX.

## QUITS! . . . . . OR DOUBLE!

The morrow of the Revolution.—Organising.—Tuscany at the bar of European opinion.—What has she deserved?—What will she get? . . . . .	299
APPENDIX . . . . .	309

# TUSCANY IN '49 AND IN '59.

---

## CHAPTER I.

---

### THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

The Law.—“After me the deluge.”—Leopoldine laws.—A tranquil people.—Giusti's poems.—Niccolini.—The voice of Austria in 1809.—That of England.—The voice of Austria in 1847.—The standing relationship of Austria to Italy.

IF there be one point more than another on which we are entitled to assume that we know with certainty the plan of the Divine government of this world, it is that human free-agency is the appointed means and condition of human development and progress. Universal history, which, in its more comprehensive lessons, is but the manifestation of the Divine laws working to their ordained results athwart the impediments opposed to their slow but certain evolution by human error and unintelligence, has no more unmistakable teaching. In never failing proportion to the degree in which individual free-agency has been secured



to the members of bodies social, have these become prosperous, powerful, noble, progressive. The measure of success which has attended efforts to suppress the influences of this key-stone of the Divine Architect has, with that absolute certainty of recurrence that marks and declares the existence of a law, been also the measure of the rapidity with which nations have retrograded towards barbarism, and eventual dissolution into their primal elements.

The mighty despotisms and splendid cities of the East, where human free-will was crushed more effectually and more absolutely than it has ever been elsewhere, have paid the penalty, declare the law, and manifest the phenomenon in its completion. Doubtless there were wise men of the East, who loudly declared, that the maintenance of Babylon was absolutely necessary to some Asiatic balance of power. No doubt Palmyra was in its day an indispensable member of some political system, and its existence "guaranteed by the faith of treaties." But these cities controvended the higher law, and the law moved on in its course, and obliterated them.

But human intelligence, even when awakened to such palpable manifestation of the Divine governance in its entirety and completion, is slow to analyse, admit, and apply the principle involved in it to less extremely marked cases, especially when the admission would thwart strong passions.

Granted that the utmost excess of despotism be proved to be unquestionably deadly ; does it follow that all advance in the same direction is proportionably baneful ? History is ready with its answer. Europe has exhibited very many gradations of despotism. That exercise of free-agency which the Creator has decreed to be necessary to the perfect development of the human creature, has been in different times and countries more or less compressed in very various degrees. And all these experiments have resulted in unvarying manifestation of the law. Each state has been seen to be durable and each society prosperous, happy, and improving, in exact correspondence with the degree of its freedom.

The statement, thus simply enunciated, wears in this nineteenth century, Heaven be thanked, an air of the tritest truism. Yet the truth of it has not availed to induce statesmen in their cabinets to act in obedience to it. He who should urge on them to act as if its eternal provisions were of more import and more binding than all the parchments that all congresses since the world began ever set seal to, would be deemed a "mere sentimentalist," a dreamer of the most utopian dreams. It is abundantly clear, that the statesmen of Europe, however aware they may be that national freedom makes national prosperity, are not yet veritably persuaded that the Divine law, which appoints this, works out penalties for its contravention, which

must unflinchingly bring their balance of power, calculations, and their attempts to educe strength out the elements of decay, to nought.

There may be here and there some one among them, whose clear-sightedness on this point, while it fails to induce their allegiance to the Divine law, yet forces them to the impious cynicism of trusting that the retribution for breaking it may fall on other heads than their own. There may be more than one who, well aware of the hopelessness of his fight against God's laws, yet trusts to the slowness of their operation ; and determines to persevere in acting in defiance of them in the admitted hope that the deluge which must be the penalty of such conduct, may fall out after his day. The hand-writing on the wall has been legible elsewhere than in doomed Babylon.

But it may be fairly hoped, that the majority of those who suppose themselves to be guiding the destinies of Europe, are innocent of such clear-sightedness, and guiltless of this Titanic defiance of the Omnipotent. They have no real belief in any laws more powerful than those elaborated by their own processes. They have a potent belief in wax and parchment, in ratifications and recognitions ; a lively faith in the saving power of congresses ; and do really hope by dint of clever diplomacy, and much profession of respect for bargains made between each other, to perpetuate and render durable for the purposes of their own

favourite balance-of-power game, a social condition which the eternal law has decreed to be necessarily short-lived, and inherently tending to dissolution.

Yet the hand-writing on the wall has been, one would think, clear enough. If no portion of Europe has yet manifested the working of the curse, that is, the heritage of despotism, to the full extent to which its operations are visible in the desolated countries of the East, there are not wanting districts which have been smitten with very palpable symptoms of an approach to that condition. Wide regions gifted prodigally by nature with all that could best adapt them to become the prosperous home of an industrious and thickly-packed population, have been reduced by Roman and Neapolitan misgovernment to sparsely inhabited tracts of almost uncultivated wilderness, where the wolf and the wild boar gain ground on man in his ill-sustained competition for the possession of the soil. And if in Tuscany the Austrian blight has less remarkably settled on the material aspects of the country, it is because these were to a certain degree protected by the beneficent influences of laws bestowed on the Duchy by the exceptional wisdom of Peter Leopold. And if its moral condition has not altogether sunk to the level of a people, among whom compression has already destroyed the germ of life, it must be attributed to the wonderful vigour fostered in the race by the old republican freedom, which has lived through the systematic

efforts of more than three hundred years to destroy it.

A distinguished visitor at the Tuscan Court, some few years before the '48, was complimenting the Grand Duke upon some occasion, on the evident prosperity, the apparent contentment, and the intelligence of his people. "They are tranquil," was the Sovereign's reply ; and it spoke volumes on the Grand-ducal theories of social life and his *beau-idéal* of civil government. It summed up in a word all that he recognised as most desirable in a people, as regarded from the Sovereign's point of view : and it was in some sense, and in a certain degree, true ; for the Tuscans were, in fact, enjoying an amount of prosperity unknown in other parts of Italy. Their fiscal burdens, though much heavier than from the circumstances of the case they ought to have been, were yet light in proportion to those borne by their neighbours. Nature was prolifically generous of corn, wine, and oil ; and the people, sober and frugal by the inherited habits of successive generations, worked little, dozed, chatted, and sang much, and were to all appearance, as the Duke said, tranquil. Yet it was amid this boasted tranquillity that Giuseppe Giusti, the great satiric poet of modern Tuscany, wrote his tremendous lines on the fallen fortunes of Italy, entitled "The Boot ;" and the perhaps yet more stinging satire on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, who is

represented as attended by all his Italian vassal sovereigns. It was amid this so perfect-seeming tranquillity that his almost awful poem, "The Land of the Dead," was passed from eager hand to hand, despite the prohibition of censors and the vigilance of the police.

It is in this thrilling trumpet-call that, after some bitter stanzas, in which the Austrian is taunted with the "forest of bayonets" found necessary to keep down this nation so loudly proclaimed to be dead ; he continues : \*—

" But due receipts and payments  
 The books of Nature give ;—  
 Our time is come for burial,  
 As theirs is come to live.  
 And truly, if you ask me,  
 We've had our time on earth ;  
 Why Gino, † we were full-grown men  
 Long years before their birth.

" Ye city walls, that round us,  
 Ye tombs in grand array,  
 Our true apotheosis  
 We see in your decay.  
 Restless barbarian, raze them,  
 The very graves efface,  
 Whose bones may dare to savour yet  
 Of this their burial-place.

" Instead of funeral torches,  
 The sun above our tomb  
 Keeps watch in changeless radiance ;  
 There rose and violet bloom,

---

\* The translation in the text is taken from an article on Giusti in the *Athenæum*, No. 1484.

† Gino Capponi, the venerable Tuscan constitutionalist, to whom the poem is dedicated.

With vine and olive mingled,  
 To twine a mourning wreath,—  
 Oh, lovely graveyard that might make  
 The living covet death!

“ In fine then, brother corpses,  
 Let men sing out their stave!  
 Wait we, and see what ending  
 This living death may have.  
 There is a *Dies iræ*  
 In the service for the tomb!  
 Shall there not be, however far,  
 A Judgment Day to come?”

The eagerness with which a volume of such verses was printed and reprinted clandestinely, and the deep impression they produced on the national mind, did not speak, to such at least as could read the signs of the times, very favourably of the tranquillity which the Grand-Duke, and his masters and his servants flattered themselves was lulling his people to their lethargic slumber. In truth, of such tranquillity as can alone effectually serve the purposes of a paternal government, there had been little or none even in Tuscany, and much less in the other parts of the peninsula, since the French Revolution; and more potently still the first Napoleon had roused the sleepers with a trumpet blast, whose echoes are still reverberating in the Italian sky. It was from this time forth that the old “panem-et-circenses” receipt lost its efficacy on the nations. They had become afflicted with the malady of thought, and aspired to grow to the stature of men. The old so beautiful Arca-

dian metaphors and ideas of human flocks with mitred and sceptred pastors had not only lost their charm, but had become loathsome to mankind. Already Niccolini in his magnificent tragedy on "Arnold of Brescia,"—which was but a most eloquent application of the aspirations and circumstances of five or six centuries ago to the present needs and position of Italy, and which was felt to be so by the rulers as well as by the people,—had exclaimed, "*è stanea l'umana stirpe di chiarmarsi gregge!*" ("The human race is aweary of being termed a herd!") Already the words had stirred men's pulses, and brought down sympathetic shouts in crowded theatres in a manner that might have warned those in high places of the tendency of the popular mind. It might have warned them, that their own falsehood and hypocrisy had helped to call forth the spirit that they were thenceforth powerless to quench.

"Italians," the Archduke John had cried in 1809, "Italians, is it the wish of your hearts to become once again Italians? If, taking the better part, already taken by your liberator (Francis of Austria), you are victorious together with him, Italy returning to a new life will once more have her rank among the nations of the earth! . . . . Italians, It is needed only to will it, for you to be again Italians!" \*

\* Toscana e Austria. Cenni, Storico-politici. Firenze, 1859, p. 20.



“Italians,” cried Nugent, the commander of the Austrian forces, in a proclamation published at Ravenna on the 10th of December, 1812, and entitled “The Independent Kingdom of Italy,”—“Italians, you’ are to become, all of you, an independent nation !” The incalculable effect produced by the mighty conjuring words, “Nationality !” “Independence !” “Resurrection !” which the great magician Napoleon had, with whatever more or less of sincere intent, spoken to the nations, had been witnessed by the dismayed despots ; and they, with no less rashness than ineffable treachery, sought to wield the mighty spell for their own behoof. And the national heart, whose generous impulses, as ever, showed themselves in the usual imprudent but generous credulity, gave faith to the professions of the sceptred impostors.

Alas, alas, that it should be for evermore impossible to forget, that the voice of England was added to the perfidious invitations which practised on a trusting people’s faith to lure them to their ruin ! “Italians,” proclaimed Bentinck in 1814, “stand no longer in doubt ! Be Italians ! Our united forces shall cause Italy to become what she was in her best times !” \*

And now ! now that England,—if she can never more wipe out the bitter shame which England’s

\* Cited from the Italian in the above-mentioned work.

dealings with Italy from Castlereagh to Derby have made to weigh painfully on many an honest English heart,—now that she might at least manifest repentance for her blind and tame acquiescence in the shrouded iniquities of those who are permitted to act in her name ;—now ! must it be, that a mean dog-in-the-manger jealousy of a rival nation, which has had the nobleness or the sagacity to choose the better part, shall lead the English people into permitting a further load of infamy to be cast on the national fame, for the sake of gratifying certain dynastic sympathies, with which England has *no* sympathy, or of carrying out the instinctive policy of those who dread the inevitable progress of national liberties !

No sooner was the object of these false and hypocritical lures attained, than disguise was with the most cynic shamelessness laid aside, and the wolf once again showed himself in his own appearance. Bellegarde proclaimed to the people of Lombardy that their provinces “ were definitively incorporated with the Austrian empire ! ” The bare whispering of the very name of Italy roused the watchful suspicions of those who had so recently made profit of the spell inherent in the sound of it. To rouse Italian echoes with the dangerous word was a crime to be on the instant extinguished in blood. And in the fulness of time it was announced by Metternich, in a dispatch of

the second of August, 1847, that "Italy is but a geographical denomination!" No more unlucky word ever escaped the lips of arrogant power in the insolent conviction, that its foot was securely placed on the neck of its slave! It burned into the heart of every Italian the henceforth ineradicable conviction, that every most righteous Italian hope is for ever incompatible with the presence of Austria on the soil of the peninsula. It has merged all internal jealousies, differences, and rivalries in the one intense longing to be free from the rule of the foreigner.

The desire of a nation to govern itself, to be free from foreign tutelage, to *be* in reality a nation, even if the yoke from which it sought to escape be a beneficent one, is more than a permissible desire. It is a laudable one. But what reasons, of a by no means merely sentimental sort, Lombardy has had to wish itself free from the intolerable tyranny of Austria, the English public are in part aware, despite the inconceivable effrontery of English statesmen, who assure the world from their places in parliament, that in reality the Lombards have no cause to complain of the government of their masters.\* Again, that kindred peoples of like language, literature, blood, and lineage should be moved by really fraternal feelings, and should consider the miserable position

\* See the debate on the Address in February, 1859; alas, almost *passim*.

of one among them as the common misfortune of all, is in no wise other than admirable. But the other nations of Italy may plead to statesmen, who do not believe in, or cannot tolerate fraternal sentiment among the nations, reasons of the most material sort, intelligible even to the most red-tape-bound intellect, for making common cause with Lombardy against Austria.

“On the day on which Austria declared Lombardy definitively incorporated with the empire,” writes an elegant Tuscan author,\* “she placed herself in a state of war with the Italians; she created for herself the necessity of violating the sovereignty of the other states of Italy, and drove their princes into a false and dangerous position. During all these long years to oppress and to repress, was the whole programme of her government;—a government necessarily therefore provocative of insurrections, exciting incurable hatreds;—a government always opposed openly or covertly, according to the occasions and opportunities, and therefore a constant disturber of the peace of Europe by the reaction it excited against its blind resistance to the progress of civilisation.”

When Francis of Austria, on hearing of the constitutions that were being established in sundry states of Europe, exclaimed that “the world was going mad!”—and when, on the Professors in the

\* *Toscana e Austria*, p. 21.

University of Pavia going in a body to pay their compliments to him, he said to them, "Remember always, gentlemen, that your duty is to form not learned men, but obedient subjects!" he declared plainly enough that thenceforth improvement, civilisation, hope was on one side, and Austria ever immutably on the other; and, as an Italian writer well remarks, he was using language in truth more revolutionary than ever did Danton when speaking of the necessity of terrifying the aristocrats.

The overt acts of illegal violence; the insidious snares spread to seduce the people into insurrectionary movements, which might justify the sovereign in calling in Austrian aid to put them down; the slavery inflicted fully as much on the weak, ignorant, and unfortunate princes as on their subjects, which go to prove how justly every state in Italy deemed itself in 1847 as much the enemy of Austria as Lombardy was; belong to the period which elapsed between 1814 and the beginning of the story which these pages have undertaken to tell. It must suffice to have indicated thus summarily why, when a ray of hope suddenly gleamed out of the darkness in 1847, the great need, desire, and aspiration of Tuscany, as well as of every other part of the peninsula, ought to have been—then as now—war against Austria! And any more detailed statement of the wrongs inflicted by the oppressor before that period is the less needed, in

that his subsequent conduct will sufficiently indicate the abiding and unchanging nature of his policy ; and will most abundantly show that in 1859, at all events, Tuscany has rightly understood her interest and her duty.

## CHAPTER II.

---

### AMABILIS INSANIA.

Gregory the Sixteenth.—The Conclave.—Austria too late, as ever.—A reforming Pope!—The Amnesty.—“Hopes too bright to last.”—Gioberti's dreams.—His opinion that new wine *may* be put into old bottles.—Lesson learned from the bursting of them.

GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH died on the 1st of June, 1846. That well-meaning but disastrously misplaced old monk, with his not inconsiderable stores of ecclesiastical learning, of a sort that could serve but to shut out from his mind any useful views of the real world he was called on to rule, and with his profound ignorance of all that could not be learned within the walls of an Italian cloister, had shown the world how heavy a curse to mankind an inoffensive and helpless old man could be made by the inherent absurdities and iniquities of the papal system. Amid continually increasing difficulties and obstructions,—athwart constantly recurring conspiracies, insurrections, and rebellions,—by means of executions, imprisonments, banishments, confiscations, police despotism, and domestic

*espionage*,—at the price of ever-spreading misery and pauperisation, and in the face of advancing bankruptcy, the Papal machine had with much ado, by the support of Austrian bayonets, staggered along thus far.

Yet it was the hope and aim of a great number of the cardinals, and of their allies in sundry of the cabinets of Europe, to choose a new Pope of such a sort as should ensure a continuance, only more energetic, in the same path. And the truly wonderful and instructive part of the fact is, that these men were the ablest and the most far-seeing among them! Lambruschini, certainly of all the College of Cardinals, the man most like a statesman (such as the statesmen of paternal governments are), the most energetic, and the least of a mere ignorant priest, was the leader, and the favourite candidate of this party. And the programme of these leaders would have been No reforms! No concessions! Hold on, and trust in the brute force of Austria! These were the views of the most clear-sighted!—men who knew much better the nature and condition of the materials they had to deal with, and of the system they had to uphold, than does Lord John Russell, and other English statesmen, who talk about “persuading the pope to introduce reforms into his administration!” They knew and know right well that no rotten stone can be removed from the arch of their system without bringing down the whole fabric in ruin.



They are perfectly aware that the first proposition of reform would lay violent hands on some abomination absolutely necessary to the propping up of some vital part of the system. They thoroughly understand that for them reform means destruction. And if it might have been excusable in a looker-on from a distance to have shared in the utopian dreams of Gioberti and his school *before* the attempt made by the present pontiff, surely the result of that tentative, should have been sufficient to extinguish for ever on the northern side of the Alps, as it has most effectually on the southern, all notion of the possibility of a reformed Papal government.

The members of the Sacred College—who either shared in these dreams, persuaded by the eloquence of the poetical-minded Piedmontese Abbé, or, who, scared by the miseries around and the dangers before them, thought to conjure the lowering storm by selecting some one of their body, who was at least not known to be already odious to those who were to become his subjects—were divided between Cardinal Micara and Cardinal Gizzi. It was known to the Conclave that the election of the latter would most content the Romans. But these opponents of the old Conservative party were divided, and at the first scrutiny Lambruschini had the greatest number of votes, though not the absolute majority necessary for an election. The two other parties, taking fright at

the narrowness of this escape from an election they dreaded, at once determined on uniting their forces, and giving their votes not to the favourite candidate of either section, but to one who was at the time probably the least known of all the members of the college.

Giovanni Mastai, chosen thus Pope literally at hap-hazard, because being unknown nothing was known against him, had passed the latter part of his life in the quiet duties of Bishop of the distant little city of Imola, so wholly without influence on or connection with the world of Rome and its politics, that when he received the purple, his eldest brother was at the same moment a prisoner, accused of political offences, in the castle of St. Angelo.\*

The Romans, disappointed at the non-election of Cardinal Gizzi, and wholly ignorant of the opinions or tendencies of their new sovereign, remained for awhile literally in trembling hope and fear. But when the memorable edict of the 16th of July, declaring a general amnesty of all political offences, was published just a month after Pius the Ninth had ascended the throne, the sudden effect of it, not in Rome and in the Papal States only, but throughout Italy, was immense. The frantic manifestations of joy and gratitude indulged in by the people of Rome, give in some

\* Zobi, Storia della Toscana, vol. iv. p. 621.

degree the measure of their sufferings under a *régime* which they now flattered themselves was abolished for ever.

But it was impossible that Italian rejoicing should not bring dismay to Vienna. The new and inconceivable portent of a Pope pardoning revolutionists by wholesale, disclosed at a glance to the practised statesmen of the Imperial cabinet all the extent of the danger likely to arise "to the cause of order" from such an unprecedented monstrosity. And bitterly did Metternich regret that, never dreaming that the conclave could bring its difficult duties to a conclusion so quickly, he had not used more speed in despatching Cardinal Gaysruck, the Archbishop of Milan, to Rome to take part in the election. Gaysruck, who was to have supported the views of Austria by his vote and influence, and who might possibly enough have caused the Conclave to issue in a different result, arrived in the eternal city to find the election completed, and all the desires of his masters frustrated.

Among the Romans the high hopes generated by the memorable amnesty of the 16th July, were shortly yet further heightened by the nomination of Cardinal Gizzi as Secretary of State. This nomination was a further intimation to the cabinet of Vienna, that a new spirit was dominant at Rome ; and the discontent in the Emperor's cabinet was complete when it was found that Pellegrino Rossi, the French Minister, was listened to in the

Vatican with that attention which used to be exclusively reserved for the Count Lutzow, the Imperial envoy.

Meanwhile the manifestations of hope, exultation, gratitude, veneration, and enthusiasm, which filled Italy from the Alps to the furthestmost promontory of three-horned Sicily, were such as a colder-blooded or less bitterly oppressed people would find it difficult to imagine. No limits were placed in the public mind to the benefits which were expected from a reforming Pope. And the vast expectations, and excess of anticipatory gratitude, gave the new sovereign the earliest note of warning of the difficulties in the path before him.

From the earliest acts of the new government an enlightened observer might have gathered that, for the infinitely difficult task before it, all the capacity and means that it possessed was an abundant stock of benevolent desires and good intentions. There was infinitely more talking than acting ; innumerable commissions of inquiry were appointed ; expectations were raised to the highest pitch on all points ; and nothing serious was done. But it seemed in those early days of his reign as if Pio Nono and his subjects had mutually determined to keep each other in a fool's paradise. The Pope was eminently sensible to the approbation and applause of his people. He had tasted the sweet draught of popularity, and had already learned to look for, and feel the want of its

stimulus.\* The people magnified every slightest manifestation of liberal and enlightened policy, and at once drew the most flattering conclusions from it. "Every small measure of good was exaggerated and extolled to the stars. All that was ill done, was left in silence. Everybody took a pleasure in deluding themselves and each other. Public opinion had turned courtier. If the Pope restored an academy, the arcadians sang pæans, as if a new parliament of universal civilisation had been opened. If he gave permission for industrial associations, evening schools, infantile asylums, or reading-rooms, it appeared a wonder of progress. . . . There seemed to be a kind of adulatory and festive conspiracy, in which all shared alike. Perhaps the Prince himself partook of the illusion, was delighted with the universal joy, and with the homage rendered to him by his own subjects as well as foreigners."†

Thus writes an Italian historian of that memorable time. And any of those who were then at Rome can testify to the accuracy of the picture given of the state of the public mind.

And all parties, governors and governed, were unwittingly deceiving each other and preparing for that bitter period of disillusion, which had to arrive in due course. It did not require any great lapse of time for the Pope and the Romans to find

\* Gualterio, *Ultimi rivolgimenti*, vol. iv. p. 180.

† Farini, *Lo Stato Romano dall' anno 1815, al 1850*, vol. i. p. 170.

out how much each had been mistaken in the other. But much more than merely time would have been saved if the true relationship of the Papacy to its subjects could have been known earlier. A false impulse, and a wrong direction were imparted by those mistakes to the approaching national movement, which in no small measure contributed to its unhappy upshot. Could the Roman people have unreservedly set forth to their sovereign the entirety of their hopes, wishes, and pretensions, or could he have at once declared the limit placed to his progress in the direction of reform by his conception of his duties as a Pope, it would have been perceived at first instead of at last, that the views of the two parties were utterly incompatible and unreconcilable; and the mischievous vision of a free and united Italy grouped around, and depending on, a sort of St. Simonianised Papacy, would not have stood in the way of more possible and practical working out of the national regeneration.

The wonderful conjunction of circumstances and events which preceded, promoted, and accompanied the Italian tentatives in '48, were naturally considered at the time as all contributing to the ripeness of the time, and as favourable to the Italian hopes. But the ultimate miscarriage of them was due rather to some of these apparently favouring phenomena, than to the forces avowedly hostile to the movement. The appearance of a

liberal and reforming Pope, just when the Italian mind had been captivated by Gioberti's brilliant soap-bubble theories of a spiritualised theocracy, was thus a misfortune for the cause. Not a misfortune in the long run! There are no such things as misfortunes to humanity in the long run. For *that* error and false hope has been for ever exposed, set aside, and done with. Italy will not again be lured from the practical and the possible by any hope drawn from, or any experiment to be tried upon, the Papacy.

Both parties are wiser. For it must not be supposed that Pio Nono was in any wise guilty of obtaining popularity on false pretences. There was no duplicity in him. There was much benevolence, much love of approbation, much weakness of purpose, absolute ignorance of what reform meant and involved, and of the utter incompatibility of the pretensions which he as Pope was in conscience bound to uphold, with any system of free institutions. *Now* he understands all this; and will no more than his subjects fall again into the mistake with which he began his reign. *Now*, both are aware, that the struggle between them is, and must needs be, a mortal one. Both know well that the prosperity of one is the destruction of the other;—the Romans, that the temporal power of the Bishop of Rome can only coexist with their ever increasing misery and degradation; the Pope on his side, that every

step towards the political regeneration of Italy is a step towards the annihilation of the Papacy as a temporal power.

It is only to the northward of the Alps that the notion of preserving the Pope as a political institution by means of adapting him to the civilisation and social requirements of the present time, is indulged in.

The Italians, thanks to their rough awakening from the '48 dream, no longer deceive themselves with any such illusions. And the somewhat humiliating recollections of all the follies and illusions of those days of drunken enthusiasm will not be useless in the coming settlement between the peninsula and her rulers.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE TUSCAN PEOPLE, AND THE TUSCAN DUKE.

The new Pope's parable.—Prosperity of Tuscany.—Tuscan national character.—The teaching of ten years.—Leopold the Second—his capabilities—and disqualifications.—Things best as they are.—Recent tendencies of the Grand-Ducal government.—Renzi the refugee.—Montanelli.—Genoese anniversary.

THERE was once upon a time a boy,—Pius the Ninth would often say,\*—who, imitating the incantations he had seen used by a necromancer, succeeded in summoning the devil; but who, having forgotten the further words of power by which the fiend was dismissed, found himself unable to get rid of the evil spirit he had evoked.—Now I, the Pontiff would add, am like that boy.

The Papal parable would seem to argue but little faith in the great principles of which Pius the Ninth had the credit of being the Apostle. But for his inability to quell or conjure away the spirit he had evoked from one end of Italy to the

\* Gualterio, *Gli ultimi rivolgimenti*, vol. iv. p. 98.

other, the similitude was assuredly accurate enough. Not only the exorcism, which could lay the mighty spirit, was wanting, but the spell, which should have power to control and direct its movement, was equally unknown. And the Pope himself was by no means the only ruler, who stood aghast at the apparition of the terrible Mephistopheles called into existence by the triple-crowned Faust.

Into Tuscany the monster passed from the neighbouring ecclesiastical state at once, and finding in the Grand-Duchy no master in any wise capable of understanding or controlling his operations, they were in many respects mischievous there.

For several generations Tuscany had been justly considered as the most prosperous and least ill-governed part of Italy ; and in comparison at all events with the other governments of the peninsula, the people were not seriously disaffected there towards their sovereign. The cause of such superiority in the condition of this, by no means the richest or most favoured by nature of the districts of Italy, must be sought wholly in the code of laws bestowed and the system inaugurated by Leopold the First, the grandfather of the sovereign who has recently abdicated the crown. These wise Leopoldine laws, one great object of which was the depression of excessive ecclesiastical influence and the abolition of odious ecclesiastical privileges and immunities, are, and are well understood

by the people to be, the veritable palladium of Tuscany.

Of course national character influences laws and institutions as powerfully as they are in turn influenced by it. Where the circle of influence begins, or how deep down in circumstances of climate, soil, and natural features, the foundations of this national character are laid, who shall say ! But it is clear, that the diversities of it which exist within the Italian peninsula are exceedingly marked ; and it is probable enough that the Leopoldine laws might not have been as happily adapted to, nor have produced as favourable effects among, the rougher and less kindly populations of the Roman states, or the less intellectual Neapolitans, as they incontestably have done among the shrewd and quickwitted Tuscans.

The people of any other part of Italy probably would not, at all events at that period, have accepted so readily, nor accommodated themselves so completely to the curtailment and repression of priestly influence. Sharp, subtle-brained, argumentative, prone to satire, quick to see, and prompt to expose the weak point of clerical assumption, the Tuscan is less given to superstition than his neighbours. The spirit of Boccaccio is essentially and intensely national, and yet lives among the people of the olive-clad hills. Sober, temperate, frugal, thrifty, yet not actively industrious,—readier with the tongue than with the

hand,—rich in all those kindly and social virtues of the domestic sort, which make family ties close, social intercourse genial, and life pleasant, though deficient in the loftier and sterner virtues of truthfulness, trustworthiness, and integrity ; tolerant to excess, and demanding unlimited tolerance from others ; with the readiest sympathies for all the joys and sorrows of those around him ; but void of moral indignation at their failings ;—charitable, helpful, compassionate, cheerful, and unfailingly good tempered ;—given to backbiting and calumny, but wholly averse from those deeds of violence which make a marked feature of the Italian character as it is seen in other parts of the peninsula,—speaking daggers, in short, but using none ; easy-going, easy-loving, procrastinating, inaccurate in word, and act, and sadly deficient in energy ; the Tuscan, especially of the humbler ranks of society, is yet a more civilised citizen than the inhabitant of any other continental nation, and has capacities qualifying him for a rapid advance under circumstances more favourable than those which have as yet been offered to him.

A mild and indulgent legislation is evidently adapted to such a people. And, indeed, the amount of repressive energy, and vindictive violence, which marks the spirit and the acts of the law in many other countries, would be so adverse to Tuscan habits and ideas as to utterly shock public feeling, and to be, in fact, inexecutable by agents taken from

the population of the country. Tuscan legislation had accordingly been the mild product of Tuscan tolerant gentleness, yet further relaxed in its action by Tuscan *insouciance* and lack of energy. A society consisting of elements less thoroughly impregnated with the conservative instincts of an ancient civilisation, would have fallen to pieces from the exceeding laxness of the bond which held it together. Yet Tuscany was *the* prosperous state of Italy *par excellence*; the only portion of it whose people were tolerably content with their lot; the envied happy land of less fortunately circumstanced neighbours.

And indeed it is impossible,—is so still, and was to a much greater degree some dozen years ago,—for the most careless observer to pass from the States of the Church, which all but surround Tuscany, into that happier country without being struck by the different aspect of all around him. Men, houses, cattle, tillage, towns, villages, even the aspect of nature herself seemed to be changed very perceptibly for the better. The human visage was of a better type, the voice more pleasing, the dialect more cultivated, the manner more courteous, the dress more decent, the animals more thriving, the pasture-lands greener, the corn-lands yellower, the roads in better order, the towns with more of life in them, the villages less filthy and poverty-stricken, the accommodations offered by the hostelries far superior and more honestly reckoned

for, mendicity less common, and hopeful cheerful content the prevailing expression of the life of the country, instead of the sullen despairing misery, which marked and marks the populations ruled by the Vicar of Christ on earth.

It might seem that a country and people thus characterised would not have so readily welcomed the invasion of that spirit which the reforming Pontiff had evoked, but which, as he said, he was unable to lay. But special circumstances had recently occurred to stir unpleasantly the public mind in Tuscany. The original curse, pronounced on Italy by the diplomates of Europe in 1815, was working potently in the Grand-Duchy. No sooner was any path or probability of progress opened to an Italian people, than the spectre of Austria rose to bar the way, menacing and maleficent. Then, again, if Tuscany were prosperous and happy in comparison with the Roman states, such had been for so many years their accustomed and recognised relative position; the Tuscans were so much habituated to hear and to feel, that they were far better off than the Pope's unhappy subjects, that they expected, and thought they ought, as a matter of course, to be so. And when, therefore, all the ecclesiastical state, from end to end, was frantic with rejoicing at the amnesty, Tuscany thought it hard indeed if she could not do and enjoy as fine things as poor commiserated Pope-land; and something in the spirit of the Cornish giant, who,

stirred up to emulation by his subtle conqueror's feats in the swallowing of pudding, exclaimed, as the story-book assured our childhood, "Her can do that herself!" (such being the recognised dialect of the sons of Anak),—she determined not to be behindhand in such glorious doings, and fixed her heart on sharing in the light of the new day that was dawning from such an unexpected quarter.

Unhappily the whimsical parallel with the monster of the old story-book may be carried a step further. Those who are learned in nursery lore will remember the awful consequences of that Cornish giant's emulative ambition. The result, we are told, of his ill-judged imitation was, that "he ripped up his own stomach." And truly the consequences of the first attempts of Tuscany at revolutionary progress were hardly less disastrous.

The unhappy ending of that movement, though in great measure due, as will be seen, to causes over which Tuscany had no control, was yet also caused very conspicuously by her own faults, follies, and inexperience. And the recent revolution,\* whose consequences are still evolving themselves while the pen is tracing these lines was, though aided in great measure by forces altogether extraneous to herself, yet conducted and managed by her own resources of such prudence and

\* Of April 27th, 1859.

wisdom as were in her. And the main source of interest and instruction, which it is hoped these pages may possess, will consist in marking and accounting for the truly wonderful difference between the Tuscany of the former, and the Tuscany of the latter epoch. Divided from each other by just ten years, they seem to those, who have had an opportunity of watching both these interesting periods, to be centuries asunder. Generations might have passed away. In many communities and in many ages of the world generations *have* passed away, and have brought with them and borne away in their lapse less of change. Suffering, misfortune, and oppression, are harsh but efficient schoolmasters. “*Τρήκει, ἀλλ’ ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος.*” The stern system educates into heroes those whom it does not kill as weaklings. And nations, whose vitality and inherent vigour of civilisation are such as to resist the benumbing and degrading influences of long years of oppression, may in the day of their infallible uprising against it, give proof that their sufferings have not been unfruitful. Contented acquiescence in the oppression of despotism enervates, demoralises, kills. Ever protesting, ever struggling resistance to the yoke fortifies and educates.

Leopold the Second was not born to be a wise and enlightened prince, capable of comprehending the movement and the tendencies of his epoch, of holding the helm when the current was running



fastest, vigorously availing himself of the most turbulent set of it, and mastering it to the advancement of his own fortunes and his people's prosperity. But neither was he born to be a harsh and oppressive ruler ; and much less a ruthless tyrant, cynical in his utter disregard of human misery and of his own honour, after the pattern of his infamous brother-in-law the late King of Naples. The whole course of Leopold the Second's reign was such as to demand from an impartial historian the admission not only that he was to all appearances anxious to act according to his conception of his duty ; but that that conception was one in many respects in advance of the majority of his fellow-sovereigns, and frequently in advance of his own ministers and advisers. It is hardly necessary to add, that it was to a far greater degree in arrear of the ideas demanded by the times, by the general level at which the intelligence of mankind had arrived, and by the necessities of his position.

Leopold the Second was, it has been said, anxious to do what his conscience told him was his duty ;— anxious to do it, certainly ; but, it must needs be added, not ready to do it at all hazards. Indeed it must be admitted that a very moderate amount of risk, or difficulty was sufficient to deter him from acting on many important occasions, as he would fain have done, had he been left free from external pressure to follow the dictates of his own conscience. The Austrian curse weighed more

heavily upon him, perhaps, than upon any other of the dependent rulers of Italy ; and but for that, all might have gone so well in Tuscany ! Prince and people might have advanced on the path of social progress and freedom, in mutual confidence and affection. But how could Austria endure such a sight as that ? “ My master,” as Metternich wrote, “ will not permit the approach towards representative government in any state within the peninsula ! ” So, if you have promised anything of the sort, you must break your promise. If you have sworn it, you must perjure yourself. If your own opinions tend towards progress, or even towards improvement, you must abandon them, and adopt ours. And if discontent and disaffection among your people should be caused by your acting thus, what matters it ? Our bayonets are at hand to keep them quiet ! The Grand-Duke of Tuscany had also the additional misfortune of being a member of the Imperial family. So that the heavy arm of the cousinly protectorate was less resistible in Tuscany, than in the other states subjected to the curse. It may be granted that rebellion against the family policy would have demanded in the Grand-Duke something of heroic confidence in the strength of right and the value of principles : and the Duke was very far from having anything heroic in his composition. So, when he was commanded to do evil to his people, he did it ; when he was bade to break his

promises, he broke them ; when Austria said, "Perjure yourself," he perjured himself; and then, as it always turns out in the stories of a compact with the powers of evil, the expected aid fails him at the pinch ; and the loss of his crown is the result.

But for Austrian oppression, things might have gone so well in Tuscany, it has been written above—a foolish sort of talk, when one thinks of it ! For, must not God-believing people hold, that no "might have been" ever in the world's history was so desirable on the whole as the concrete "has been ?" Must we not believe God's actual to be, when all has been said and done, more expedient than man's possible ? "Whatever is, is right !"—among other things the fall of the Lorraine dynasty from their throne in Tuscany, and the future fortunes of Italy, to which, as far as can be seen, that event will largely contribute.

And, indeed, even within our own short-sighted little ken, there was another reason besides the over-riding despotism of Austria, which must have led to differences between the late Grand-Duke and his people, and have incapacitated him from governing them to advantage. Leopold the Second was an exceedingly religious prince ; and his subjects were not an exceedingly religious people. The late Grand-Duke was a conscientious vassal of the Pope. His people were inclined to own no such vassalage. The Leopoldian laws, established by the present

prince's grandfather, are with reason still felt by the Tuscans to be their palladium, and the true foundation of the superiority of the prosperity of Tuscany to that of the rest of Italy. Now the most valuable part of those laws are directed to the repression of ecclesiastical influence, and the correction of ecclesiastical abuses. And all those inestimable provisions it was the great desire and ambition of the recently deposed prince to annihilate and abolish by the signature of a concordat with Rome, which should make some atonement for the sin against the Church committed by his enlightened grandfather, lay up abundant store of merit for his own private behoof, and remove from his duchy of Tuscany the reproach of being the least Church-fearing state and population in Italy.

This pious ambition it was permitted to Leopold the Second to gratify only to a very small degree. Even his own ministers, who were ready to go any length in subservience to Austria, and domestic ill-government, had a respect for the Leopoldine laws, and felt instinctively that it would be dangerous to tamper with them. The "tranquil" people might be induced to submit to the repression of their liberty at the dictation of Austria, but could not be counted on for enduring the yet more loathed régime of ecclesiastical privileges, tribunals, immunities, and exactions.

Here were reasons why Leopold the Second could not have continued to rule over Tuscany to

advantage. The plea, urged by his supporters and defenders in the matter of his broken engagements and subserviency to Austria is, that he would fain have done otherwise, but could not help himself; his imperial cousinship bound him, and prevented his free action. But this is precisely the reason why he is not fitted to be the sovereign of Tuscany, which requires to be ruled by somebody who *can* help himself, and is not fettered by Hapsburg cousinhood. In respect to the ecclesiastical matters, they plead the authority of conscience. The Prince could act no otherwise, in obedience to the sacred dictates of his conscience. But this again only further demonstrates his unfitness for the position. The conscience of the Tuscans is diametrically opposed to his on this point. It is an unfortunate incompatibility;—to be remedied only by separation.

For some year or two before the accession of Pius the Ninth, the Grand-ducal government had, at the instigation of Austria, adopted a less liberal policy than previously; and the “tranquil” people had exhibited unequivocal signs of becoming less so. Tuscany was no longer suffered to be, as it had long been, an asylum for fugitives from the political persecutions of less fortunate states. One Renzi, a sufficiently worthless vagabond, had, after much hesitation and reluctance, been given up to the papal government. He was accused of implication in treasonable machinations and the forma-

tion of secret societies ; and it was supposed that he was being handed over to perpetual imprisonment, if not to death. His wife threw herself at the feet of the much distressed Grand-Duke, who would fain have saved the man, but dared not. And altogether the extradition of this conspirator against "order" caused a considerable excitement throughout Tuscany. But no sooner was he in the hands of the Roman government than he purchased not only his pardon, but the protection and patronage of the police authorities by informing, either truly or with great probability falsely, against a number of his compatriots.

And during the whole year 1846, a variety of circumstances and indications, each a small matter in itself, showed clearly that the government was moving in one direction, while the popular spirit was advancing in a precisely opposite one. At Leghorn \* a number of Roman refugees returning to their country to take advantage of the amnesty proclaimed by the new Pope, were most harshly and arbitrarily forbidden to land at that port, and were compelled to continue their voyage to Civita Vecchia. Others of the same unfortunates passing through Florence on their way homewards were warned to quit the city within a few hours. Some Tuscans, moreover, engaged in the laudable task of raising a subscription for the aid of these ruined

\* Gualterio, *Ultimi rivolgimento*, vol. iv. p. 145.

though pardoned refugees, were wholly without reason placed under the surveillance of the police ; and difficulties were intentionally thrown in the way of remitting the money collected for that charitable purpose in Tuscany to its destination. Then the government refused to permit a certain Count Giuseppe Arconati of Milan to reside in Tuscany. He was a man of unblemished character, and of very moderate politics ; but he had been one of the Milanese nobles condemned by Austria in 1821, and though amnestied in 1838, it was still thought that the refusal to receive him would be grateful to his former persecutor. And the very evident circumstance, that all these petty manifestations of ill-will could serve to no end whatever, and did not even emanate from any rules of policy of any kind, but were simply mean and servile attempts to propitiate the government of Austria, already beginning to feel serious alarm at the aspect of things in Italy ; this rendered them still more irritating to the public mind.

Much offence was also given, especially to the rising generation, by the warnings addressed by the government to two of the professors in the University of Pisa, Silvestro Centofanti and Giuseppe Montanelli. The former of these gentlemen was unquestionably the most highly gifted, the most venerable, and most respected of all those connected with public education in Tuscany. And the latter, though one much more calculated

to give cause of alarm to a timid and unpopular government, was at that time exceedingly influential among the young men at Pisa. Montanelli was an essentially weak, unstable, and unreliable man. Gifted with the warm imagination of a poet, possessed of most endearing qualities of heart, and exercising a facile and persuasive eloquence, he was, though all his doctrines and aspirations were pointed towards high and noble ends, it must be admitted, a dangerous teacher and leader of youth. He was essentially a mystic, liable ever to be led to embrace and enthusiastically worship, for the time being, any new crotchet that promised some new and short path to universal human happiness and improvement. He had been first an ardent disciple of Mazzini, a favourer of the secret society that called itself Young Italy, and a warm supporter and preacher of the humanitarian theories professed by that sect. At a later date, under the influence of the writings of Gioberti, a high religious enthusiasm became joined to his liberalism. He withdrew from the Young Italy party, professed himself a "Moderate," and had influence enough not only to make that shade of political creed the prevalent one among the best portion of the Pisan students, but to diminish the numbers of the "Young Italians" in neighbouring Leghorn, so much that Guerrazzi, who was there the head and main-stay of that party, found himself well-nigh abandoned and isolated. Yet Montanelli,



“moderate” as he professed himself, did not in anywise join himself to the highly respectable knot of men who in Florence were fighting for the liberal cause under that banner. He preferred being the centre and chief of his own circle of enthusiastic admirers at Pisa ;\* and this part of his conduct, as well as some subsequent portions of it, which will have to be noticed hereafter, seem to justify the accusation which has been brought against him, that a very considerable dose of personal vanity and ambition, not of the noblest quality, was mingled with his high idealism and soaring humanitarian enthusiasm. At a subsequent period Montanelli boasted that he had been the founder of the clandestine press, which was most active in the months of which we are speaking, and was a cause of infinite trouble and vexation to the government. “In order to compel the government to sanction freedom of discussion, I founded the clandestine press. The Academics,” as absurdly enough he, a university professor, nicknames the Moderates, “condemned it † as illegal.” They did so, as will be seen ; whether judiciously or not may be questionable. But the avowal comes oddly from one who was at the time professing himself one of their party.

Such was Giuseppe Montanelli, a most unsafe guide, it will be admitted, for the young men over

\* Gualterio, *Ultimi rivolgimento*, vol. iv. p. 146.

† *Appunti sopra la rivoluzione della Toscana.* Di G. Montanelli.

whom he had acquired so absolute an influence. But his Pisan career would have hardly made it worth our while to expend so many lines on his character, were it not that the part he subsequently played in the revolution, and the share he had in conducting it to its issues, give him a claim to our notice.

The year 1846 was closed by an incident which yet further exasperated the government and the nation alike. The 5th and 6th of December were the centenary anniversaries of the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa by the Genoese in 1746. The occasion was far too significant not to be ardently seized on in the then state of public feeling in Italy. Had only the Genoese celebrated the day, the circumstance, though offensive to Austria, would not have had the fatal meaning which made the Vienna statesmen, and the governments depending on them, feel alarm as well as irritation at the demonstration. The sting was in the participation of the rest of Italy in this commemoration. It was the declaration, that every state in the peninsula felt herself to be interested in driving the foreign oppressor from the soil, that made Austria eager in repressing and punishing all commemoration of the anniversary. But the never-dying sentiment of hatred for the foreign yoke had been too powerfully excited by the late events to be then repressible by police vigilance or punishments. The day came, and to the extreme

anger of the tyrant and his agents in all parts of Italy, it was everywhere commemorated with an enthusiasm and unanimity which had the effect of a popular declaration of inextinguishable hatred and of defiance of the Austrian power. From top to top of the Apennines the bonfires blazed out that night, proclaiming through all the length and breadth of the land, the thought that was burning in each heart, and assuring each distant patriot that thousands of his countrymen were at the same moment meditating on the deed which on that day an Italian city accomplished, and resolving that the example should not be fruitless.

On the circle of hill-tops that surround Florence the fires leaped out boldly as soon as the early winter night was dark, despite all that the activity and vigilance of the police could do to prevent it. Many punishments were inflicted, doubtless to the consolation of the wounded feelings of Austrian ambassadors and their creatures; but wholly ineffectual for any other purpose. The word which Italy was determined to utter had been spoken, received, and treasured up; and no fining, imprisoning, or bastinadoing could dim or alter the significance of it.

And so the year 1846 came to a close, amid symptoms of coming storm and trouble sufficient to alarm the blindest believers in the permanency of the established order of things and the unfailing supremacy of brute force. The "devil" conjured

up by Pius the Ninth was already refusing all obedience to the further conjuring of the alarmed pontiff, and was claiming to be himself a master spirit, that could compel popes and kings to bend to his will.

## CHAPTER IV.

---

### THE HAND OF AUSTRIA, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

Policy at Naples—in Rome—in Tuscany.—The “Buon Governo.”—The real ailment of Italy—Royal perjuries.—Riots in Tuscany.—The Tuscan peasantry.—Austrian intrigues.—Accusation against Metternich.—Affair of Giribaldi.—Proofs of the infamous treachery of Austria.—Net result of the year, 1847.

THE year 1847 was a year of preparation in Italy; and especially in Tuscany. The events which marked the course of it in Naples and Sicily, in Rome, in Tuscany, and in the Duchies, were very analogous to each other; the modifications, which distinguished them from one another, being due more to the varieties of character in the sovereigns and their advisers, than to any differences in the wishes, hopes, or conduct of the people.

In Naples frank, deliberate, premeditated perjury was the policy. To maintain every abomination and abuse of despotic power unabated and unchanged, dexterously tiding over the present storm by means of promising the people anything to

quiet them for the moment : this was the Bourbon monarch's simple plan.

At Rome, "I dare not," was not only waiting on, but rapidly over-running "I would." Still the movement throughout 1847 was still onward in the states of Pius the Ninth. Each step forwards in the path—or rather towards the path—of constitutionalism, however small and hesitating, must have brought with it new proof to the Holy Father's mind of the hopeless impracticability of the task he had undertaken. The total incompatibility of those duties with his caste and his faith, which ranked by very far highest and first in his conscience, with those other half-comprehended and half-avowed duties to his temporal subjects, which he had vainly dreamed of reconciling with them, must, one would have thought, have been forced upon his mind at an earlier period of this memorable tentative, than seems to have been the case. And it is surprising, not that Pope Pius should have abjured all notions of reform, and hastened back to walk in the old ways when he did, but that he should have continued his suicidal liberalistic tentatives so long.

But that which was suicidal at Rome, and which if persevered in must have led to the early extinction of the temporal papacy, was an admirable remedial and conservative process at Florence ; and, if persevered in, would have led to the preservation and fortification of the throne which has

been so recently forfeited there. In Florence, too, as at Rome, there was a dread which held back the government from a free and hearty advance in the path of reform to which the people were urging it. But it was not, as at Rome, dread of a proved incompatibility between the existence of the sovereign and improved institutions. There was nothing to prevent the complete success of the Grand-Duke as a constitutional sovereign, and there is reason to think that the love of despotic power in his own heart would not have sufficed to prevent his entire acceptance of that *rôle*. But the dread was of Austria. Could it be that the Emperor, who declared, years back, that he would make war on the King of Naples rather than permit that monarch to give a constitution to his people, could tolerate similar conduct in his own cousin, the ruler of a country over which Austria claims reversionary rights? The Grand-Duke must have felt, that every relaxation of the police grip from the throats of his subjects, every tendency to substitute the action of law for that of police, was an offence and an outrage to Austria.

Some explanation of this distinction between law and police may be needed for an English reader. So wholly separated were they in Tuscany as to have had distinct local habitations. Law resided in its ancient Florentine home, the Palazzo Vecchio. Police lived in the so-called Palazzo Non-Finito. The manners, ways, traditions, and

maxims of the latter were wholly arbitrary ; and its managers and servants concerned themselves little with what might be thought of their acts by their neighbours of the Palazzo Vecchio. This establishment in the Palazzo Non Finito was termed, as if in irony, the “Buon Governo ;” and this, as may be supposed, was the institution corresponded with and supported by Austria.

The year 1847 thus wore on, marked more or less in the different states by popular aggression and governmental concession. Men’s minds were more and more inflamed ; nor did the ameliorations obtained have the effect of calming the feverish state of them. Italy resembled a patient, in whom some hidden unrecognised malady prevents the medicaments administered by the physician from working their due effect. Febrifuges were exhibited, but the fever still continued ; nay, increased, and was evidently working to a crisis. What was the latent cause of irritation deep seated in the constitution, which was thus impeding the patient’s progress to a state of health ?

There was a very sagacious and skilled doctor of state-craft, calmly and very attentively watching the fever-tossed patient during those days ; and he has answered the question for us. It was no less competent a judge of national symptoms than Count Nesselrode, who, writing to Baron Brunow at London, on the 24th of February, 1848, characterises the Italian agitation as “a movement,



which, whatever form or whatever name it may assume, is in reality directed against Austria, and embodies a question which for her is one of life or death." The clear-sighted Russian has the key of the whole mystery. "Rem acu tetigit." The real truth was that no merely administrative reform,—nay, no constitutional reform—could serve to content and tranquillise Italy so long as Austria held her fatal supremacy on the south of the Alps. This was the thorn in the flesh, which rankled and festered, and would suffer no palliative nor anodyne to exercise any healing or sedative virtue.

And it should be borne in mind that this organic evil was a truly practical and real one. The high-flown and poetic modes natural to Italian speech and to southern imaginations have done Italy mischief in this respect. The cry of "Fuori il barbaro!"—"Out with the barbarian!" suggests to quiet Englishmen the reflection that Austria cannot be called altogether "barbarian;" and that an objection to her rule, based only on such an assumption, is scarcely tenable. When he hears talk of the "sacred soil polluted by the foot of the stranger," and "the land of poetry and art smitten with sterility by the northman's heel," he is apt to pooh-pooh, more perhaps than even sentiments so expressed deserve, the loathing which the Italians feel for the Austrian rule. But let the imaginative southron speak according to the modes that are most natural to him, and let

us see whether his highflying declamation be not the expression of an only too genuine and practical evil and wrong. Is it not most prosaically true,—nay, even, at last, diplomatically true,—that no remedy offered or applied by any of the several states of Italy to their internal ills, can ever be of any value so long as Austria rules in Lombardy? Constitutions! Why, has not Italy had enough of them? Sovereigns' oaths! Why, they have been plenty as blackberries! Broken once and again, extra swearings, with every imaginable accompaniment of religious solemnity, holiest altars, sacred books, and imprecations pronounced by kingly lips, were resorted to, to bind, were it possible,\* a royal conscience; or, at all events, to deceive once again a too credulous people.

*“In the awful name of the Most Holy and Omnipotent God, who only can read the secrets of the heart, on whom we loudly call to be the judge of the purity and perfect loyalty of the intentions with which we have determined to enter on this new political course, we have resolved to proclaim, and do hereby proclaim the following constitution irrevocably sanctioned by us.”* Thus spoke the King of Naples on the 29th of January, 1848, adding, after the reading of the instrument, “I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, inviolably this constitution of the monarchy.”\*

\* Napoli e Austria. Di Giovanni Gemelli. Firenze, 1859, p. 67.

But ever-present Austria stood by and sneered, in the person of her envoy Schwartzberg, who continued to have long and secret conferences with the king.

“Beloved people!” said this crowned incarnation of treachery and baseness, again on the 7th of April; “the destinies of our common country are about to be decided on the plains of Lombardy, and every prince and every people of the peninsula is bound to hasten thither, and to take that share in the struggle which shall best contribute to secure our country’s independence, liberty, and glory. . . . Union! Self-denial! Firmness! and the independence of this our lovely Italy will be secured. Let this be our only thought! Let this noble passion impose silence on all less generous desires; and twenty-four millions of Italians will shortly possess a powerful country, an infinitely rich heritage of glory common to all her sons, and a respected nationality, which will have its weight in the political balance of the world.”

It is almost incredible, even after the world’s many centuries of experience of royal honour and faith, that almost at the same time the king’s uncle, the Prince of Salerno, should have assured Count Leibzeltern, who was sent by Austria to find the means of undoing all that the necessities of the moment had frightened the false monarch into doing, that “The king abhors the war against Austria, which even Pius the Ninth himself con-

demns. But he does not dare to desist from it, because he fears the opposition of the Deputies, who are to meet the 15th of this month (May). We must, therefore, get up some disturbance, which, while it causes delay in the opening of the Chambers, may afford a plausible pretext for dismissing the present ministers, and recalling the fleet and the army.\* The Austrian had the tools for raising the required tumult ready to his hand (as is related by the author cited, at greater length than the present pages can follow him in), and the proposed object was attained, as is too well known.

And if further proof were wanting, that it was Austria, always Austria, who stood, like a maleficent shadow, between the Italians and all good, or hope of good, the testimony of our own minister Lord Bloomfield may be adduced, who thus writes to Lord Palmerston. "I inquired of Count Nesselrode, if it were true, that the ambassadors of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, at the Court of Naples, had presented a memorandum to His Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies to keep him firm against every temptation to yield to the demand for liberal institutions. His Excellency Count Nesselrode answered me that such a memorandum had in fact been presented."

From Naples at all events the cry, "Out with

\* *Napoli e Austria.* Di Giovanni Gemelli. Firenze, 1859, p. 74.

the barbarian!" can hardly, it may be thought, seem a mere exaggeration of poetical exaggeration in the unpoetical estimation of the driest red-tape-bound diplomat!

Nor in Tuscany did the hatred of the universal tyrant rest on a less solid basis of wrong and injury suffered. From the time when the commissioner extraordinary sent by Vienna to Florence, in 1814, dared to open his proceedings by a proclamation asserting the impudent falsehood, that "Tuscany is an ancestral heritage and patrimony of the Imperial House of Austria!" to the present moment, which witnesses the fugitive princes of Tuscany in Austrian uniforms, and in arms for the Imperial cause against their country, it has been Austria, and Austria alone, which has stood between the Tuscans and every social, moral, commercial, and political amelioration. Treaties were concluded by Austria with Tuscany and with Naples on the same day, the 12th of June, 1815. It has become known, that to the Neapolitan convention a secret article was added, to the effect, that the King of the Two Sicilies bound himself not to permit in the government of his kingdom, of any change that should be inconciliable with the ancient monarchical institutions, and the principles adopted by His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, for the internal government of his own Italian provinces. Now remembering the family connection between the sovereigns of Austria and

of Tuscany, and the identity of the reasons that must make liberty and constitutional government at least as objectionable to her in Tuscany as in Naples, it is impossible to believe that the Tuscan treaty was unaccompanied by the secret article which was appended to that concluded with Naples on the same day.

Thus in Tuscany it was the same deeply felt, but only half avowed, and almost instinctive hatred of Austria, and the same ineradicable conviction underlying all other opinions and professions of political faith, that no good thing could really be accomplished until she should be driven from the peninsula, that complicated the symptoms of national malady, from which the country was suffering during 1846, and that prevented the remedies adopted from producing their proper effect. And the popular forces were diminished, and the difficulties of conducting the rising popular agitation to any good and useful upshot were exceedingly increased, by this existence in every heart of an object and an aim which was not as yet openly and avowedly professed.

The harvest had been that year less abundant than usual in Italy; and though the deficiency was not alarming, and in Tuscany especially the enlightened commercial legislation prevailing in that respect left no ground for serious fear of scarcity, the small increase of price that occurred was made throughout the country the excuse for

riotous meetings and excesses, which produced the greater effect on men's minds, and indicated more strikingly the abnormal condition of the people from the unprecedented nature of such scenes in the quiet, smiling Tuscan market towns and villages. The price of corn was somewhat higher than usual, it was true. But the Tuscan peasant does not know what distress means, such as the poor of our manufacturing cities, and the agricultural populations of the less favourably circumstanced French provinces often become acquainted with. As a general rule the larger his family is, the richer he is ; and there cannot be a better test of the absence of real want. The system of cultivation by families of peasants, each holding a tiny farm, which has produced such extremity of distress in Ireland, has under different circumstances had an opposite result in Tuscany. In the first place, the Tuscan farmer-tenant pays no money rent, but renders or ought to render the half of the produce in kind to the landlord. There is no competition, therefore, for land ; and it may be easily imagined that the Tuscan tenant does not measure the landlord's half of the eatable produce very accurately, to the fasting of himself and his family. Indeed, the mixture of kindness, carelessness, and inexactitude, which are all especially Tuscan characteristics, would lead most proprietors to accept, as a perfectly valid excuse for the incomplete performance

of the peasant's duty of handing over half the produce of the land, the statement that he had required to consume the rest of it for the nourishment of himself and his family. Then the turning out of a family from their holding is rare. The same families remain from generation to generation living on and from the same land, and in truth having and feeling that they have as large, and indeed a larger interest in the productiveness of it than the owner.

This condition of things rendered the communistic doctrines, which imparted so fatally dangerous an aspect to the popular movements in other countries, altogether unknown in Italy, and especially in Tuscany. But the object of these riots, which broke out in various parts of the Grand-Duchy, as well as of many of the more violent and dangerous writings, which the Tuscan clandestine press was incessantly, nay, almost daily occupied in spreading through the country, was to generate and strengthen the idea that communistic principles had become widely disseminated among the people, and that any political movement would be forced into that direction. And the truth was that both manifestations were the work of Austrian agents.\*

Of course it must ever be excessively difficult to obtain satisfactory proof against the higher servants of a great empire, of their having been guilty

\* Zobi. *Storia della Toscana*, vol. v. p. 45, note.



of such iniquity. Subordinate agents of infamous character are easily disowned and abandoned in case of awkward disclosures. The excessive baseness and wickedness of the deed is itself a strong defence against vague suspicions. Fellow statesmen and brother diplomates shrink from bringing home to "honourable gentlemen," charges, which according to any conceivable code of morality and honour must be held more deeply infamous than any other possible manifestation of treachery, perfidy, and fraud. And for these reasons the proofs, which do exist, that Austria was engaged in these detestable practices are the more important, and must be held to justify the undoubting conclusion that her hand was present on many occasions when its agency could not be proved.

Signor Gualterio, in the fourth volume of his "Ultimi Rivolgimenti d' Italia," affirms in a very remarkable manner, that this, the basest part of the base policy system, was especially worked by no meaner—fie on me, for the flunkey-like conventionalism which allowed such an epithet to escape my pen!—by no *humbler*, let me say, and no less practised a hand than that of the aged Chancellor of the Empire himself.

"Exceedingly grave are facts of this nature," says the historian,\* "and such as history would hesitate to record, if it did not receive them from

\* *Ultimi Rivolgimenti*, vol. iv. p. 285.

sources of the utmost authority. This, however, was an old tactic of Prince Metternich, to keep agitators in his pay, who served him either as simple informers, or as tempters. Of this most secret part of the police service—of this culminating point of the corruption and immorality of the system, few even of those belonging to the administration itself possessed the secret. It was the personal and reserved occupation of the Prince Chancellor. This police was exercised by him not with regard to the Italians alone, but all the peoples in Europe who stirred themselves in opposition to the system, which he called preparing or foreseeing a revolution. \* \* \* \* \* It is well known to me from singular documents which I possess, how the meetings of the Italian and German secret societies were watched by those agents. And if particular reasons did not forbid me, I would not omit to reveal with how great care Prince Metternich personally exerted himself to secure their safety, and to conceal all knowledge of them, even from those other governments to whom it was perhaps as important as it was to him, to frustrate the schemes of the secret societies. \* \* \* \* \* I affirm from certain proof that the Chancellor of the Empire himself placed among the cares reserved for himself this portion of the police, of which he had made in his system the strongest prop of his master's throne, the most solid cement of the disunited parts of the empire,

and the remedy that was to heal and protect society, which according to him was corrupt and in danger.”

The statesman against whom this grave and very remarkable charge is made, has recently been called to a more unerring judgment than that of the historian. And Signor Gualterio would probably have felt with the present writer, that this was not the moment to bring forward for the first time such charges, unsupported by the documentary proof to which he refers. But the statement quoted above has now been before the world eight years. The character of Signor Gualterio, as an historian, places him above the suspicion of having been led by party hatred to advance such assertions falsely ; and it is very easy to imagine that the “ particular reasons ” which prevent him from publishing the documents which it would be so desirable that the world should have cognizance of, are regard for the safety of individuals in Austria’s power, who would be compromised by his doing so. Meantime it is highly probable that this danger may shortly cease to exist, and that the public will be put in possession of more ample means of knowing the entire truth.

It must be remembered, however, that the mystery which the historian has left hanging over this passage of his book, relates only to the *personal* action of Metternich in these shameful practices. After all, “ *qui facit per alium, facit*

per se." And the proofs obtained of the activity of Austria in raising those disturbances which she hoped to be called upon to quell, are most perfectly convincing. About the middle of March, 1847, a packet of pamphlets, of which some contained the most virulent abuse of the King of Sardinia, while others were inflammatory declamations in support of communistic doctrines were seized by the Sardinian Custom-house officers at the gates of Turin. On the 30th of March the Honourable R. Abercromby, the English resident at that city, wrote to Lord Palmerston, telling him of this circumstance, and adding: "The author of the pamphlet against his Sardinian Majesty is a certain Giribaldi, a person who was forced to leave this country in consequence of some libellous productions, which were satisfactorily traced to have been written by him, although published anonymously; and he has of late been wandering about in various parts of Italy. By some persons it is asserted that this individual has been employed by Austrian agents on the present occasion; and that this work and the other revolutionary publications have been smuggled into this country through their means, for the purpose of alarming the mind of the King Charles Albert, and of turning him from all bias in favour of liberal opinions. But it is difficult to believe that there can be any foundation for such surmises."

There had been lately some riots at Pisa, which

only the character and habits of the people had prevented from becoming dangerous, in which this Giribaldi had been concerned and arrested by the Tuscan police. These facts had also been communicated to Lord Palmerston, who seems to have thought the "surmises" respecting the employers of this vagabond worthy of more attention than the Turin minister was disposed to accord to them. The veteran diplomatist and statesman had known enough of continental courts and their denizens not to find the notion so very "difficult to believe."

On the 23d of March he wrote to the minister at Turin :—

"With reference to your despatch of the 16th instant on the subject of the late disturbances at Pisa, and of the general state of feeling in the north of Italy, I have to request that you will report how far your information leads you to give credit to certain reports which prevail, that those manifestations have been in some places secretly encouraged by Austrian agents, in order that they may furnish a pretext for active interference on the part of Austria in the internal affairs of some of the independent states of Italy."

To this Mr. Abercromby replies on the 5th April. Referring to his previous remark, that it was difficult to believe the reports in question to the discredit of Austria, he writes :—

"Since that despatch was written, I have been informed that the Sardinian government has

acquired the certain knowledge that Giribaldi is the author of the defamatory pamphlet against his Sardinian Majesty and other persons connected with the Sardinian government and court. They have also received information that the above-named Giribaldi, having been arrested by the Tuscan government as a party concerned in the recent disturbances in that country, HAS BEEN CLAIMED BY THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER AT FLORENCE, *although he is a Sardinian subject and a native of Pinerolo ; and they have been also officially informed,* THAT THE DEBTS OF GIRIBALDI, WHICH WERE CONSIDERABLE, HAVE BEEN LATELY LIQUIDATED BY AN AUSTRIAN AGENT."

On the 20th of April, Lord Palmerston writes to Lord Ponsonby at Vienna, rehearsing the circumstances of Giribaldi's arrest and liberation by the interference of Austria, and then continues in his letter to speak of reports that were prevalent, to the effect that Austria had offered the Grand-Duke to march 5000 men into the Grand-Duchy. And on the 5th of May, Lord Ponsonby replies, denying on the part of Metternich the intention of marching the troops into Tuscany ; *but not giving a word of explanation or denial respecting their employment of agents to excite troubles and sedition in Italy.*

The preparatory year, 1847, thus left Italy in a more unfit state to meet and profit by the great revolutionary movement, which, with a rustling

like the premonitory sounds that precede a storm, was palpably and unmistakeably coming up the clouded political horizon, than she had been at the close of 1846. Division instead of union had made progress. Parties had become more violent, and the different shades of opinion that subdivided them more irreconcilable. In the Roman states the Sanfedisti, as they called themselves, with a grotesque prostitution of names, whose signification should be holy, to the vilest and most rancorous party purposes, were yet more actively and audaciously than the Austrian agents in Tuscany, struggling in every imaginable manner to thwart and discredit the progress of liberal reform. They ventured even on maintaining that the Pope's election was not canonical, and that he was in truth an Anti-Pope. And this was asserted in a printed paper, of which it is nearly certain that Cardinal della Genga, the most violent of the supporters of the old order of things, must have had cognizance.

In Tuscany, if it be true that there was in reality no communism, save such as was preached by Austrian agents, the same cannot be said with regard to republicanism. This was for the most part the faith of the secret societies. But even the republicans were by no means all of the same political complexion, nor in any wise prepared to march under the same banner. While one section of them professed the principles of the old French

school of republicanism, another, with imaginations heated by Giobertinian dreams of a Holy Catholic realm of Cockaigne and by the acts of the present Pope, were bent on realising an union between theocracy and democracy, which should give birth to a millennarian perfection of social arrangements. The plans, desires, and teaching of both these sections of opinion were equally vague, and void of a defined and clearly understood scope of action. Among all parties it was a political living from hand to mouth, which augured ill for any prudent management of the stormy weather which was sure soon to be upon them. All were, like Mr. Micawber, waiting to see what might turn up ; and few, except the Sanfedisti and retrogrades, could have given even as intelligible a statement as that worthy could have done, of what they most wished that something to be.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE PACE BECOMES FAST IN TUSCANY.

The Consulta.—The National Guard.—Te Deum the first.—Prince Canino at Leghorn—and at Florence.—The “uniform” question.—Explanation of the Grand-Duke’s conduct.—The last of the *sbirri*.—Merrily goes the boat, with Niagara ahead.

BUT notwithstanding these differences and inaptitudes, the leading measures that in 1847 rapidly followed each other would have sufficed to prevent any final upset of the state machine, if internal improvement had been all that Tuscany was bent on ; if there had been no Austrian to be driven beyond the Alps. It is true, that the various steps in advance taken by the Tuscan government during this period followed each other rapidly only because each was insufficient ; because the ministry would act after the instincts of their kind, and in conceding, concede as little as possible each time it opened its hand.

Pius the Ninth at Rome had on the 14th of April established a “Consulta di Stato,” a deliberative body which should be a sort of rudimentary

parliament. "Her can do that herself!" cried Tuscany. And on the 31st of May a "Consulta di Stato," was decreed at Florence. But insufficient as the Roman *Consulta* was for any good purpose, the Tuscan was very far worse; in fact absolutely derisory, a mere body of hangers-on upon government, among whom appeared but two independent names.\* Nevertheless, the *Consulta* served as a stepping-stone to other matters.

The periodical press had been long insisting on the necessity of a national guard. And the disorders and tumults, which had taken place in various parts of the Grand-Duchy, and which the existing police had shown itself wholly inefficient to repress, had led a great number of communities and many individuals of weight and character to petition for such an institution. Of all conceivable social arrangements an armed national guard, unbound by military discipline and dependence on the sovereign, will always be to a timid and arbitrary government the most hateful. But regenerated Rome under its reformer Pope had a national guard; and it became impossible any longer to refuse it to Tuscany.

Accordingly by sovereign edict, which was still the only Tuscan mode of effecting any social change, placarded on the walls of the city, which is the Tuscan constitutional method of commu-

\* Zobi, vol. v. p. 104.

nicating the will of the sovereign to his people, the National Guard was established on the 4th of September, 1847. Infinite was the delight of the Florentines in their new toy. Processions, banners, music, shoutings, blessings, fraternisations between towns people and country people, made up a day of "Circenses," which at least served as an excuse for throwing aside work for four-and-twenty hours. The culminating enthusiasm of the scene was reserved for the moment when the rejoicing citizens arrived in front of the Pitti Palace, and the Grand-Duke and his children came on the balcony to receive and return blessings and thanks.

A deputation of citizens went to the palace to convey to the Duke the affectionate gratitude of his people ; and the Duke, we are told, spoke in return a few unprepared words, which "sounded very like those of a sovereign determined to bring to completion the political regeneration of his state."\* Then the Duke returned to the balcony, waved the national flag, and handed it down to those who stood below. Leopold the Second was at that moment the most popular man in Tuscany. The citizens went off, feeling each man of them a Cincinnatus, to vent their excitement by crowning with chaplets the popular heroes of the grand old times of the Republic, who looked grimly down on their descendants from their marble niches

\* Zobi, vol. v. p. 115.

under the Uffizi Colonnades ; by trotting out the old Archbishop of Minucci "to intone a Te Deum" at the cathedral, which was duly done at the bidding of the popular voice, though the obedient pastor would doubtless have far preferred "intoning" his sentiments on the occasion to a very different tune, if he had had the option ; and last, but by no means least, nor especially most quickly used-up source of gratification, in devising patterns of uniforms for the new civic corps.

The concession, however, obtained that day was, in truth, one of very serious significance and importance. And if the excitable and light Tuscan nature betrayed itself in somewhat puerile manifestations of triumph in its sudden promotion to the dignity of citizenship, entrusted with the wielding of a portion of the public force, there was at least one man to whom that day's work was, and must assuredly from the first have been felt to be, a very grave matter. Symbols are dangerous things to play with ; and that waving of the national banner, and handing it forth to the people, was a momentous act, under all the circumstances of the case, for Leopold the Second. What would our cousin at Vienna say to this unprecedented proceeding? What! is our vassal at Florence fancying that he is really an independent monarch? Absolutely thinking of setting up for himself? *Motu proprio*, indeed, and doing what he likes with his own dominions, are all mighty well as

long as the exercise of them is to the binding on of the yoke ; but we will have no popularity-hunting ; and, above all, no dangerous examples so near our own homestead, cousin Leopold ! There was at least one man in Tuscany who laid a thoughtful and anxious head that night on his pillow.

The first day's burst of rejoicing was, as may be supposed, deemed by no means sufficient to do adequate honour to the new institution, which has always been so popular a one among the nations of the continent. That every citizen should be ready at need to protect his country and his country's liberty against whatsoever assailant is, at the first blush, a noble and just idea ; but the turning of citizens into soldiers is at best of very doubtful expediency in an advanced stage of civilisation, and is apt to prove a weapon of very double-edged properties in the preservation of political liberty. It were to be wished that the Celtic races could be got to understand that, in a highly organised and complicated state of society, the secondary check on the abuse of power, which is secured by keeping supreme control of the *purse*, is not only more efficient, but far more manageable with certainty of good result, than the primary and more simple method of being ever ready to appeal to physical force.

Other and more elaborate festivities followed, and the other cities of Tuscany claimed their share

in the patriotic business of holiday-keeping. At Leghorn the celebration was varied by an incident that was not without significance. Carlo Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, accompanied by his secretary Masi, arrived at Leghorn from Rome, on his way to the Scientific Congress about to be held that year at Venice; and they disembarked and showed themselves to the Livornese in the uniform of the Roman Civic Guard, of which the Prince was a captain and his secretary a private soldier. The enthusiasm and excitement caused by these guests thus accoutred, was at that moment extreme. Canino was gifted with no inconsiderable power of oratory, and Masi is master of a thrilling and fervid eloquence especially adapted to popular speaking. So the two Roman Civic Guards harangued the crowds beneath their windows; and then crossing their swords, invited the foremost of the mob to swear on the emblem thus formed, fidelity to "the sacred Italian cause." And the Livornese mob, always a dangerous and ill-conditioned one, and the only populace in Tuscany deserving to be thus characterised, swore with perfect readiness, although even the best informed among them would probably have been much puzzled, if called on to explain exactly what that sacred cause was; or what were the aims to which they were swearing to be faithful. The very imperfect conception which had as yet been formed by the people of the great end, to which

all the movement throughout Italy was infallibly tending, and which could alone perfect and secure the work of Italian regeneration,—a grand united effort to liberate the country from the Austrians, that is to say,—is remarkably proved by the words addressed by Prince Canino to a Florentine audience a day or two after the scene we have been speaking of at Leghorn. “Be orderly and strong!” said the nephew of the Emperor to the Florentines; “and reserve your strength for the day of vengeance; for the day, that is, in which the first German soldier shall dare to pass *to the southward of Ferrara!*” \* Truly a most lame and impotent conclusion!

And as the first vitiating defect in the movement, doomed to failure from the beginning by these radical vices, notwithstanding all the circumstances throughout Europe that seemed so much in its favour, has been pointed out in the utter falseness and illusion of the notion of making a reformed papacy the nucleus and rallying point of the country's regeneration; so here we have the second great cause that contributed to the same result. Princes and people alike, with the exception of the King of Sardinia, were stumbling on in the dark towards the only efficient solution of the problem, with a very imperfect, unavowed consciousness of that solution, and very divided

\* Zobi, Storia della Toscana, vol. v. p. 127.

opinions with respect to it. They all alike set forth on their way towards the "fresh woods and pastures new" of reform and general amelioration without any definite plan or design, save that of quitting the intolerable evils of the position in which they were.

That Canino knew better than he told his audience under the windows of the Luna Hotel in Florence on the 10th of September, what the real limit was south of which a German soldier should not be allowed to pass, is extremely probable; but his principles, at that time at all events, were frankly republican; and tended to schemes for using a Popedom self-restored to Apostolical purity—and poverty)—as a lever for the upsetting of the Italian dynasties and general establishment of a somewhat more Arcadian than Christian state of universal peace and goodwill towards men!

The Florentines were not likely to be much in accord respecting any such scheme of politics, if fully developed to them. But they very unanimously shouted, "Viva Pio Nino!" and, although those who can recollect the jolly fat capon-lined figure of the Prince Canino, would perhaps imagine that the very last use to which he could have been successfully put on earth was that of a military tailor's clothes-horse, the then enthusiastically-military citizens were so struck with admiration of his civic uniform, that his advent among them decided that vexed and arduous coat and cap



question ; the helmet having been at once declared far superior,\* though infinitely less convenient, than a simple cloth cap, and the straight, classic Roman dagger—if that be the proper translation of “daga”—a far more suggestive “property” than a modern shaped sword.

And in truth, this tailor's contribution to the regeneration of social Italy symbolised some facts which the wise old spiders, sitting in the middle of their web at Vienna, well comprehended the ultimate gist and upshot of, if nobody else did. For, when the portly civic captain and his lither secretary presented themselves to the wise men of Italy, assembled in congress at Venice that year, in the martial splendour of their bran-new uniforms, the much disgusted Austrian authorities intimated an immediate order to the two military gentleman to right about face, and march back whence they came.

By the concession of the civic guard, the Grand-Duke had definitively entered on the path of reform, and must have been well aware that it was one on which it would be absolutely inevitable to proceed many stages further, unless such progress were violently and disastrously arrested. But the Duke might have avoided entering on this path. His subjects, no longer “tranquil,” were excited, discontented, clamorous for improvement,

\* Zobi, Storia della Toscana, vol. v. p. 127.

it is true. But he had the usual resource of Italian sovereigns at hand. He had but to utter a word—half a word—to have any number of Austrian troops which might be necessary to dragoon the Tuscans back again into perfect tranquillity and obedience. Austria\* was only too ready and anxious to send them. But Leopold the Second would not speak that word, despite his big cousin's officious offers, and underhand practices to bring about such commotions as might frighten him into doing so. And yet we know what the issue of the matter was. The troops which the Grand-Duke would not call in to enable him to resist reforms, which he was not then bound by any pledge to concede, he did ultimately employ to support him in breaking his oath to his people, and abolishing all that he had conceded, after he had solemnly sworn to maintain it.

The explanation of such conduct is probably to be found in a sentence addressed by him to a deputation from the city of Volterra, which came to Florence on one of the many rejoicing occasions. At Volterra there is an ecclesiastical seminary at which Pius the Ninth was educated; and Leopold, turning to the deputies from that city, congratulated them on that they "could almost call themselves the Pope's compatriots, seeing that he was educated among you. *It is he who has given me*

\* See Correspondence concerning the affairs of Italy. Lord Palmerston to Lord Ponsonby, on the 20th April, 1847.

*courage to undertake these reforms, at which we are all this day rejoicing.*" This was doubtless strictly and accurately true. The conscience of the Grand-Duke was enlisted on the side of progress, when progress was the faith preached by the head of the Church which had the absolute keeping of his conscience. But when that was no longer the case, when the reforming Pontiff declared by his acts that all the first years of his papacy were a mistake, to be atoned for by vigorous retrocession and active operation in the contrary direction, the Duke also saw the error of his ways, and hastened to commit a perjury, which, as a matter of conscience, could not be wrong, if it were caused by making his political conduct accord with that of Heaven's vicegerent.

And thus the fortunes of Tuscany, and *pro tanto* those of Italy, were dependent on the vitality of the phenomenon of a liberal and reforming Pope, —a monstrous and unnatural birth of the sick century, doomed by inexorable law of nature to almost immediate death, as surely as a calf with two heads, or any other abnormal existence, which is in impossible contradiction to nature's fundamental principles.

For the present, however, things were all going one way; and after the establishment of the national guard they began to go fast. A modification of the ministry became necessary; and although very injudiciously, enough of the retro-

grade party were left in to embarrass effectually the march of affairs ; one good man and true, at least, Cosimo Ridolfi, who was vouched for as such by the especial enmity of Prince Metternich, was placed in power. Ridolfi, acting as Signor Zobi\* says, on the maxim of Macchiavelli, that "in the case of a corrupt, rotten, and ruined government, the more you remove of the old, the less there remains of the elements of decay in the new fabric," determined that the Buon Governo should be abolished from the day of his entrance into office. The nature of this Buon Governo establishment, whose title was assuredly the most notable instance of the "lucus a non lucendo" style of etymology ever met with, has been already in some measure explained. Its action was altogether separated from that of the tribunals and offices which carried out the execution of the *law* ; and it was essentially the expression of arbitrary and irresponsible power as distinguished from constitutional authority. The chief agents by which the Buon Governo worked were called *sbirri*, and were quite distinct from the *carabineers*, who executed the ordinary and legal duties of police. The business of spying and gathering secret information, the prevention and punishment of political offenders, and the persecution of those suspected of disaffected or heretical tendencies, these were

\* Storia, vol. v. p. 151.

the special duties of the *sbirri*. The Buon Governo also was the especial and favourite agent of Austria, and the means by which she brought her maleficent influence to bear upon the government as well as upon the people. All this was in a great degree known, and in a still greater degree felt by the people. And it may easily be imagined that the *sbirri*, of necessity, from the nature of their business, men of worthless and infamous character, were hated with no ordinary hatred by the masses of the populace.

Now, it so happened that, from some careless and most Tuscan-like want of the necessary pre-arrangements, it was found convenient to retain these detestable agents in their ordinary offices for some few days after the abolition of them had been decreed. Anything less judicious could hardly be imagined. Though they were all to enjoy for life the emoluments in full which had been attached to their places, yet, animated of course by the bitterest hatred against the new order of things, feeling themselves to be marked out by an ineffaceable brand of infamy to the detestation and contempt of their fellow-citizens, they were savagely anxious to find specious opportunities of making their fangs felt yet once again before the luxury of oppressing was taken from them for ever. The animosity of the citizens on the other hand was of course fanned into a blaze by their approaching triumph, and was no longer

controlled by the fear of these officials, which had been their life-long incubus. In short, if it had been the object of the government to bring about a collision, they could not have adopted means more sure to produce it.

On the 25th of October, one Giorgio Battista Paolini, a sergeant, or foreman (or whatever his proper designation might be), of sbirri, met an old man begging in the Via Maggio. Now, mendicancy is, by Tuscan law, the monopoly of the mendicant religious orders; though, after Tuscan fashion, beggars of all sorts were and are in the habit of pursuing their vocation without any molestation. The sbirro, however, hungry for prey, and having nothing better to fix his teeth in, arrested the old man, not, as was asserted, without some measure of ill-usage. The beggarman shrieked as he was hauled through the streets as if he were being flayed alive; and the sbirro, with his victim, had not gone far before they met a knot of the new civic guard! These remonstrated with the officer, admonishing him to do his duty more gently. The sbirro replied with threats and abuse of the civic guard in general, saying, that, "sooner or later, he should live to wash his hands in the blood of them." This was the signal for an explosion of popular fury, which ran through the entire city in an instant like wildfire. The guard-houses of the sbirri were attacked, they were hunted from their hiding-places like rats by terriers; and the first

serious service to the cause of law and order which the civic guard was called on to perform, was to preserve the lives of these wretches from the popular fury ; a service which they rendered effectually, though not without considerable difficulty. The people scoured the city, seizing and dragging off to prison all whom they suspected to be in connection with the Buon Governo as spies or agents. The prison authorities received all as they were brought in ; and, as a measure of safety, locked them in for the nonce. In the house of the head gaoler, the long-disused machine of the guillotine was found by the people, and carried off to the dry bed of the Arno, where it was burned, and its ashes scattered to the wind. But there was no bloodshed in all the two days during which the tumult lasted. Nor were any shops plundered, nor excesses of any kind against property committed. There is probably no other town of equal population in Europe, where such would have been the case in a moment of licence so complete, and so thorough a temporary emancipation from the bonds of law and order.

Even the amount of violence which the people had been guilty of shocked the public sense in Tuscany very painfully. It had been very many years since Florence had witnessed such an outbreak ; and though infinitely less grave than many an election riot of which we think little, it produced a profound impression, and served the con-

servatives as a never failing text for declamations on the inevitable perils that threatened "society" from any step towards unchaining that dangerous beast—the people.

Thus came to a close the year 1847 ; and there was a general conviction in men's minds that they were approaching a critical epoch of change and revolution ; but the advance towards it in Italy was not only a stumbling, but almost a blindfold one. The nation was in the situation of a boat's crew on the rapids above Niagara. The movement of the stream was becoming every instant perceptibly swifter, and the engulfing force of the current more irresistible. But none on board had any just knowledge of the magnitude or nature of the cataract to which they were approaching. The onward rush of the boat, without any labour at the oar, was thought delightful by most of the crew ; and singing, festivity, and rejoicing, accompanied their ever-accelerating progress. The tremendous roaring of the cataract was not heard yet. But the year 1848 was still young when its earliest thunders were heard, and brought with them only despair to those who would fain have stopped their boat in its onward rush ; alarm to those few wise ones, who liked the onward movement, but hoped to guide it ; and unquestioning exultation to the many, to whom onward movement was at all hazards and under all circumstances desirable.



## CHAPTER VI.

---

### BRITANNIA'S MILD ESSAY AT RULING THE WAVES.

The lottery and tobacco rebellion.—Lord Minto's mission.—England's counsel.—Lord Normanby and the Nuncio.—More concessions.—Charles Albert's early history.—Leopold the Second's measure of sincerity.

THE blindest of all those who shared among them the shaping of the destinies of Italy were assuredly the Austrians. For they at least knew well their object, and were under no mistake as to the inevitable ultimate tendencies of all that was going on in Italy. Yet they acted as if they would draw down, rather than disperse, the gathering storm.

Their usual panacea in all difficulties, their unique resource and recipe of political wisdom, the exercise of brute force, was put in requisition, as ever, at the first signs of trouble in the social horizon. Bayonets and dragoons,—dragoons and bayonets,—are their instruments for the government of mankind; and if aught goes wrong,—more dragoons and more bayonets. For Austria, you see, is “a great military power.”

At the beginning of 1848, the Milanese invented, and put in practice a new mode of warfare against their enemies. The lottery and the tobacco monopoly are large sources of revenue to the Austrian government ; and the Milanese determined, at whatever cost of self-denial, to cut off the supplies drawn thence by the foreign plunderer. After the 1st of January, 1848, the most habitual gambler was not to spend a farthing on his favourite vice : the most inveterate smoker was to abstain from all indulgence in a habit, which was all but physically necessary to his existence.

The idea was not quite a new one. There have been others, who resented oppression less than the hundredth part of what the Lombards had to endure from Austria, by refusing to drink taxed tea. But the men of Milan did not so far emulate the men of Boston, as to attempt any active warfare against the subject of the tax. They destroyed no tobacco, and injured no lottery-office ; they simply abstained ; and those who know what a smoker's desire for his accustomed anodyne is,—to say nothing of the gambler's turning moral from patriotism,—will give them credit for the earnestness of their desire to manifest their hostility to their oppressors.

Austria cared but little for any loss that might accrue to her finances from this move. For she knew very well that all that could be squeezed out of the population was hers, and that if she did

not take it in one shape, she could put her hand upon it in another. But she was deeply provoked by the amount of public spirit which the fact indicated, and by the unanimity which it vouched for. Not even Austria could force her subjects to smoke cigars and buy lottery tickets at the point of the bayonet. But the usual remedy was applied notwithstanding. The soldiers were ordered to redouble their usual amount of insolence, aggravation, and violence. Arrests in great numbers were made on all sorts of frivolous pretexts; and patrols of cavalry, dashing through the streets at speed, rode down the citizens, or scattered them fugitives in all directions. One of the numerous Italian historians who have recorded these facts was, he tells us, an eye-witness to the death of an aged magistrate, Signore Manganini, whose infirmities prevented him from escaping with sufficient agility, and who perished beneath the hoofs of the Austrian cavalry.\*

Thus did the Conservatives (!) of the Aulic Council assist in urging the boat forwards towards the cataract.

In the other states of the Peninsula the real danger of the coming crisis arose from the universal blindness to the true nature and scope of it. The visit of Lord Minto to the various courts in the autumn of 1847 had in nowise enlightened

\* Zobi, *Storia della Toscana*, vol. v. p. 273, note.

them on this subject. Lord Minto,—who expressed the opinions of the same statesmen who, even in February, 1859, were still chattering about settling the affairs of Italy by “introducing reforms into the administration,” and inviolable respect for the treaties of 1815,—counselled the princes and courts in this sense, and contributed thus to the general ignorance of the real malady, and of the only real remedy. It is wholly untrue and unjust of the Italians to say, as was afterwards so generally said, that England by Lord Minto’s visit had first prompted and excited the Italians to revolution, and had then left them in the lurch. England was guilty of no such ill-faith or treachery in the matter. Her statesmen spoke honestly to Italy the best wisdom that was in them to speak.

Lord Palmerston’s letter of the 18th of September, 1847, lets us know what the nature of her counsels were. “The government\* of Her Majesty is profoundly convinced that it is a wise policy for sovereigns and their governments to introduce, and maintain in action in the administration of affairs, a system of progressive ameliorations, to apply a remedy to abuses, and to modify from time to time ancient institutions, so as to accommodate them to the progress of intelligence and of political science. The government

\* I re-translate from an Italian translation ; and verbal inaccuracies may therefore be found between the lines in the text and the letter which it purposes to quote.

of Her Majesty considers it an indisputable truth, that when an independent sovereign, in the free exercise of his will, is minded to undertake such improvements in the institutions and laws as he may consider efficacious in producing the welfare of his people, no other government has the right to endeavour to restrain him, or to meddle with the exercise of one of the attributes of independent sovereignty."

It needed, perhaps, no ghost, nor British peer even, to enunciate these truths to the Peninsula. And if this was all Lord Minto had to say, it may perhaps be thought that he might as well have stayed at home. He had no help to give the Italians as to the one thing necessary to their regeneration; warned them, indeed, against thinking of that one thing.\* When, therefore, the Italians half stumbled against, and half were led by circumstances to that one thing, they had no right to be angry with England—except on the score of unintelligence and ignorance—for not aiding them in seizing on it. If the English statesmen had had a statesmanlike knowledge of Italy, they would have known that no amelioration in her position was to be hoped for so long as Austria remained in the position guaranteed to her by the iniquitous treaties of 1815. Either the flesh of Italy or the parchment of the treaties

\* See Memorandum Storico-politico del Conte della Margarita, pp. 443-5.

must be lacerated. Which, under these circumstances, should be preserved from laceration, the English diplomatic mind has never pronounced, because it has never been able to arrive at the knowledge that one or the other alternative is inevitable.

Farini, more just, or more accurately informed than others of his countrymen, writes \* on this point strikingly enough : "Then let those who have been enveloped in a cloud of revolution, the fallen who have risen again, and the fallen who have been overcome, cease to blame Lord Minto, or England, or any other fancied cause of the disasters we have suffered, and of the misfortunes of our country. Let every man attribute the fault to his own want of innate nobleness and worth of mind, to his own errors and his own short-comings ; for every one of us has enough of them to account for our failures."

In fact, the English government in sending Lord Minto to Italy did exactly what, and all that Italy had asked it to do. Lord Normanby, writing from Paris on the 19th of April, 1847, to Lord Palmerston, rehearses the substance of a conversation that had passed between him and Monsignore Fornari, the Pope's Nuncio. \* \* \* \* "His Excellency (the Nuncio) added, that a more active moral support from England would be of the

\* *Lo Stato Romano dall' anno 1815, al 1850. 2<sup>do</sup> Ed<sup>one</sup>, vol. i. p. 277.*

greatest service to the progress of social improvement in Italy." Again, on April the 30th, in reply to a communication from Lord Palmerston, asking His Excellency "to explain more precisely the way in which he thinks that the British government could give more active moral support to the Pope," Lord Normanby writes, as the result of another interview with the Nuncio, that "His Excellency gave me to understand, as indeed must be obvious, that there could be no efficient moral support without direct communication." \* \* \* \* "He" (the Nuncio) "threw out, as his own suggestion, that if a minister could not be established at Rome, it would at least be a great support to His Holiness if some one in the confidence of Her Majesty's government could have a temporary opportunity of personally communicating with the Pope and his Minister."

The Italian rulers, with the exception of course of Charles Albert, were under an illusion, in which a large portion of their subjects partook, that the chronic ills of the Peninsula could be cured by a *quantum suff.* of such reforms in the internal administration, as should in no wise put an irreverent hand on the sacred ark of diplomatic handiwork. And they wanted to be encouraged and confirmed in their hallucination by the authority of British statesmanship. And British statesmanship being confidently of opinion, as we have seen from Lord Palmerston's despatch above

quoted, that good government was good, and bad government bad, had no objection to comply with the request that some diplomatic pundit should be sent to pat them on the back and say as much. Had indeed the British Government answered the invitation by saying; "With howsoever good intentions, you are on a path which is leading you in nowise towards that millennium you dream of, but towards a consummation to which you have not yet opened your eyes. Any approach to such a measure of good government as will satisfy your people, is rendered impossible in Italy by the position Austria holds in the country, and doubly so at Rome by the additional reason of the essential nature, utterly unchangeable save by excisions which would be fatal to it, of the Papal system. So inevitably true is this, that the very reforms you are engaged in commencing will lead, as their earliest consequence, to a struggle to get rid of the Austrian domination. If you have no mind to embark in such an enterprise, attempt no liberal concessions, for they will tend thitherwards as surely as the sparks fly upwards. But at the same time observe! Though we *do* confidently believe, that good is good, and bad, bad, and though we candidly tell you that the only approach to good is freedom from Austrian domination, you must not expect any help or encouragement from us in any attempt to realise aspirations to improvement at any such price. We are very sorry, and



wish it were otherwise, but there are treaties in the way ; and however sacred may be the rights and happiness of some millions of men existing in flesh and blood, treaties absolutely extant in parchment and wax are more sacred still." If the British Government had answered thus, it would not, it must be presumed, have spoken more honestly than it did. It would only have manifested a real forecasting knowledge of the subject with which it was meddling, which in reality it did not possess.

However much the Grand-Duke may have been assured that in the opinion of the British government no foreign potentate had any right to prevent him from doing his best for the welfare of his subjects, Leopold the Second must have known quite enough of his Vienna cousin's ways and habits to be quite sure that his recent doings would meet with no approval nor encouragement there. But the "pressure from without" was becoming stronger from day to day, and on the 17th of February, 1848, he was driven to take a step which is equivalent in the Austrian code to Monarchical *felo-de-se*. On that day was promulgated the "Statuto fondamentale," which was the base of a new constitution, endowing Tuscany with a complete representative system. The King of Naples had in the previous month found himself obliged to take a similar step. *He*, in consequence of former royal falsehood and treachery, had to swear

to observe the new law, with all sorts of extra adjurations and imprecations, which the silly people fancied would have power to bind the conscience of the King. On the 8th of February the sovereign of Piedmont had done the same thing. There there was less solemn swearing than at Naples. But there alone has the constitution been preserved,—with what results to that country the world is now seeing.

But, unhappily, there also the royal character was not unblemished. It would require another volume as bulky as the present to examine and relate the circumstances which led to, and in some measure excused, the conduct that at the outset of his life affixed the stigma of falsehood and treason to the name of Charles Albert. The story is a curious one, which in some of its parts has not yet been altogether cleared of the veil of mystery. But whatever may have been the amount of Charles Albert's early sin against the secret societies and conspirators, who constituted at that time the liberal party in Italy, it is certain that it was wholly forgiven, and deemed to have been cancelled by some of the most unexceptionably high-minded and upright among the old heads of the liberals of that generation. By others it was never either forgotten or forgiven. And to others again, who would under no circumstances have consented to march under a royal banner towards the liberation of their country, the fatal blot on

the earliest pages of the Piedmontese monarch's political life afforded an excuse for the want of patriotism, which suffered them to prefer their own theories to Italy's emancipation, and a weapon unscrupulously used by them to frustrate any liberty save such as shaped itself according to their own preconceived pattern. In any case, whatever partition of blame may duly be made between those facts of the king's early life, which alienated the confidence of the liberal party, and the republican bigotry, which used the remembrance of these to paralyse any except purely republican efforts for the liberation of Italy, the juvenile sin, that Charles Albert so bitterly expiated, must be reckoned as one among the peculiarly unfortunate circumstances attending the hopes and efforts of 1848.

And Leopold the Second in Tuscany? With what amount of good faith is he to be credited in his somewhat sudden liberal convictions and tendencies in February, 1848? The sovereign's share in the joy and exultation manifested on the occasion, his participation in grateful *Te Deums*, and his apropos discovery, that his people, having been from the dawn of history downwards regularly growing in political stature, have just attained the requisite number of inches and can now be declared "major," and able to take care of itself and its own affairs,—all this we must be content to set down to the account of the understood and per-

mitted dose of falsehood, recognised by common consent as necessary to the decorous transaction of such matters. If the absolute monarch will bend his back to the rod, we need not require him to kiss it also. Power is sweet. Few among all recorded mankind have been able to understand that it was better for them not to possess it. The tenderest mother is apt to miss seeing that her child has in the appointed course of things outgrown her authority. Unwillingness, therefore, to resign the authority of absolutism, and give up the so pleasingly metaphorical pastoral care because mankind has "become tired of hearing itself called a herd," we may well pardon. But if a treacherous *arrière pensée* be cherished in the constitutionalised monarch's breast; if it be found that oaths have from some peculiarity of their constitution no power over royal personages, and that the first opportunity only is waited for to vault once more into the saddle, slip the old curb into the mouth, and undo all that with much ado has been effected,—then only a final and entire separation between the parties can lead to any useful result.

That Leopold the Second became a traitor to the constitution we know. That he was such, while still professing to respect and hold it inviolable, we have the certainty, as will be shown in a future chapter. Whether he was so from the beginning, whether while swearing to observe and preserve its provision faithfully, he intended to

deny and abolish them on the earliest possible opportunity, we have as yet no\* means of knowing with certainty. He may have been sincere, at the time. To have maintained a representative system in Tuscany through all the events which subsequently crushed the hopes of Italy, we may admit to have been out of the question. Austria would have destroyed it by the strong hand against, if not with, the will of the Grand-Duke. But Leopold and his subjects would in that case have been drawn together by a tie, which would subsequently have secured to him more than the mere continuance of his dynasty as rulers of the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany. But the position that might have been so taken, was a difficult one. To place himself in it would have demanded something of heroism in the Austrian Archduke who unhappily was Grand-Duke of Tuscany.

And Leopold was, as has been said, by no means a hero.

\* The suspicions, and the means which are supposed to exist for turning these suspicions into certainty, will be adverted to in a subsequent chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

Revolution in France.—At Vienna.—Charles Albert crosses the Ticino.—Difficulties of his position.—News of the invasion of Lombardy reaches Florence.—Leopold the Second sends troops to assist the Piedmontese.—Assertions of his treachery at this time.—Circumstances then deemed favourable to the Italian cause, in truth were the reverse.

THE three states of Naples, Tuscany, and Piedmont had barely obtained from their sovereigns the recognition of representative institutions, when the news of the French Revolution on the 24th February, 1848, fell like a bomb-shell into the midst of the already seething elements of Italian politics. A sovereign, who had consented to change absolutism into representative government, was now driven out to make a further advance from constitutional monarchy to republicanism. The example was not an encouraging or re-assuring one to the Italian princes, it must be confessed. But less than ever was it possible to halt, much less to draw back on the path on which they had begun to move. Like small boats swept along by

the force of a mighty swollen current, the Italian states were hurried onwards. All thought of standing at the helm and directing the course was nearly abandoned. To avoid total upset and engulfment was all that could be hoped, as they were whirled along by the furious stream of the popular will and enthusiasm.

And now one event followed another with a rapidity and violence that seemed to take away the breath, and might well try the strongest nerves. The established governments of Europe fell down one after the other like a series of card-houses, the fall of each of which knocks down its neighbour. The revolutions burst one after the other like the explosions of powder in a ship-of-war on fire. On the 13th of March broke out the insurrection at Vienna. On the 18th, like an echo, followed that of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. On the 23rd, Charles Albert decided on crossing the Ticino, not till after much misgiving, hesitation, and indecision, and urged by the entreaties of the Lombards and the importunities of his own subjects.

In truth the difficulties that unfortunate prince had to contend with were most varied and arduous, —indeed insuperable, as the event proved. The diplomacy of Europe was active in striving to deter him from the war, to which all the best interests of his own country and the popular voice throughout Italy was urging him. England especially was active in denouncing any attack upon the Emperor.

And the eagerness and persistence of her efforts on this subject have appeared explicable to the Italian only on the—to Englishmen—ridiculous supposition, that England is jealous of the power which Italy would acquire if she were once free and united. Notions of economic science are far too rare among even the best educated sections of the nation for it to be possible to make them understand, that a prosperous and commercially active nation occupying the rich valley and extended coasts of Italy from the Alps to the promontory of Syracuse, would be a powerfully contributing element to our own prosperity.

“The English government,” says one of the most esteemed of the historians\* who have narrated the recent eventful story of Italy; “though it had been in no wise displeased with the reforms and granting of constitutions, was on the other hand utterly adverse to war and revolutions, and especially to those in Lombardy, the scope of which were to render Italy a great and free nation.” The English minister urged on the King’s consideration, says the historian,† “the imprudence of which he would be guilty in violating the solemn treaties of 1815, established by the great powers for the peace and stability of Europe, and the injustice of attacking a prince who had not offended him (!) and who

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Italiane*, vol. ii. p. 91. Edit. Firenze, 1859.

† *Ibid.*, p. 92.



had ever been, on the contrary, the protector of the sovereigns of Italy."

It would have needed a front of more than the most indurated diplomatic brass to speak to Charles Albert of the *protection* accorded by the court of Vienna to those of Italy as a motive for his gratitude towards Austria, in any one tolerably well acquainted with the history of the relations between them. But the views of the position and conduct of Austria in Italy which English statesmen have put forth in their places in Parliament, even since the commencement of 1859, have been such as to make any amount of ignorance in those from whom they draw their information appear probable enough. But Italians cannot be made to believe that this blind and uninformed opposition, so consistently persisted in by English statesmen and diplomatists, is all due to mere reverence for the treaty fetish—that it is simply the "nothing like leather" of men whose life-long occupation has been to rule mankind by virtue of parchment and red tape, and who regard any escape from the bonds so formed as equivalent to universal cataclysm.

But this opposition of the foreign ministers at his court was not the only, or indeed the greatest of the difficulties with which Charles Albert had to contend. A great portion of his own cabinet and court were composed of the old noblesse, who were opposed to all change, either at home or abroad. But neither was this the worst. The

King of Sardinia was one of the very few men in Italy who had comprehended, from the beginning, the end to which the course initiated by Pio Nono must tend. He was well aware of the press of circumstances which had forced the Pontiff already much further in the path of concession than he had ever intended to advance. He knew how much and how far the liberalising professions and acts of the other sovereigns were spontaneous and trustworthy, and how little confidence was to be placed in their loyal and staunch assistance in such an enterprise as a war against Austria ; and worst of all he did not disguise from himself the fatal schism of the people themselves, the mischief done by the impracticable Giobertinian dreamers, who still insisted on looking to the Pope as the centre of an Italy to be free under an apostolic and regenerated theocracy ; and the yet more dangerous enmity to himself, and to any solution of the problem of Italy's future by his means, of the republicans of the Mazzini school.

Under all these circumstances it can hardly seem surprising, and surely ought not to throw much blame on the king as a strategist, nor *any* as an upright and loyal man, if he hesitated long in taking the fateful step, and if after he had taken it, he was anxious to be assured of the stable will of the Lombards to support him before he committed himself and his troops to a further and more dangerous advance.

The first news of the insurrection in Lombardy reached Florence on the morning of the 19th of March ; and the effect of it throughout Tuscany was extraordinary. Pisa, Siena, Arezzo, Pistoia, Lucca, Florence, all resounded with the same impetuous cry of the people for arms to go to the assistance of the Lombards. Matters had now reached a point at which the true aim and first necessity of any and every Italian movement, the expulsion of the Austrians, had become clear. But the jealousies and follies of the republicans, who could not endure that the great enterprise should be conducted by, and above all turn to the profit of a king, prevented that united and whole-hearted support from being given to Charles Albert, which alone could have resulted in success. The very facility, too, of the first successes of the insurrection, the ease with which the Austrians had been driven from Milan, did infinite mischief to the national cause. It gave the Italians an utterly erroneous estimate of the extent and difficulty of the task before them. Finding the capital abandoned to them almost without a blow, they thought that the work of deliverance was as good as accomplished.

On the 21st of March in Florence a large crowd, including specially a great many of the medical students in the hospitals and other young men of the like classes, assembled in front of the residence of the municipality, demanding "arms and all else

necessary for their immediate departure for the defence of the frontier."

In every way the demand was an absurd one, and indicated the thoughtless inexperience and ignorance of the youths who made it. Why come to the municipality to ask arms and permission to start on such an expedition? The municipality had no power to grant such a request, and no arms to give. Was it an hereditary instinct in the Florentine crowd that led them in the dawn, as they fancied, of their recovered liberties, to recognise no higher authority than that of the Gonfaloniere, the only existing representative of the old republican government? For what purpose, again, did the Florentines want to go armed *to the frontier*? What did they imagine could happen there? The Austrians were known to be in full retreat. Against whom did they think of defending the frontier?

The Gonfaloniere, the Baron Bettino Ricasoli, told the mob, that he would be the bearer of their patriotic request to the government. Nor did this mean that he would in official style, in the course of some days, with the usual official loss of time, —forward the petition to the Palazzo Vecchio, and apprise the city of the reply in due course. The feverish agitation of the public mind, which since the beginning of this notable year had really become chronic, would admit of no such delay. The people had to be dealt with in a very different manner.

The Gonfaloniere started off at once, accompanied by a portion of the crowd, to the Palazzo Vecchio, where the ministers were assembled, and communicated to them the desires of his fellow-citizens. The ministers could not undertake to give any reply to so important a proposition, but would go and ask the Grand-Duke! And these were constitutional ministers, responsible to the country! But the incident shows how utterly unprepared men's minds were for receiving the fundamental notions of constitutional government, and how inveterate was the habit of referring everything to the will of the master.

So the minister started for the Pitti palace, as the Gonfaloniere had started for the Palazzo Vecchio, accompanied by a cortège of the youths who were so anxious to defend their country. By this time, however, there were cries of "going to the assistance of our Lombard brothers," mingled with the demands for departure to the frontier. The Duke was as obedient and as quick about it as the Gonfaloniere and the minister had been. It was ten o'clock a.m., when the crowd had first gathered in front of the municipality; and before mid-day the consent and approbation of the Sovereign was communicated to the people. In the course of a few hours the feeling of Leopold the Second was more at length expressed to his people after the usual fashion, by placarding on the walls the following important proclamation.

“Tuscans!” cried the Prince, “the hour of Italy’s complete resurrection has arrived unexpectedly. And no man who really loves our common country can refuse to give the aid she asks. I promised you on another occasion to second the impulse of your hearts when the occasion should present itself; and now I am ready to keep my word. I have given the necessary orders for the march of two columns of the regular troops to the frontiers. \* \* \* \* \* I, with my government, am watching over the other requirements of the country; and am in the mean time pressing on the conclusion of the powerful Italian league, *which I have always wished for*, and the negotiations for which are now pending. \* \* \* \* \* Long live constitutional Italy!”

Such was Leopold the Second’s exposition of his policy and sympathies on the 21st of March, 1848. Florence, not only as represented by the hot-headed but generous-hearted boys, who were mad to be doing something for the regeneration of Italy, and were ready to do anything if they only knew what, but generally throughout all ranks of its citizens (except the retrograde party, and the determined and uncompromising republicans, in whose eyes no monarch could do any good thing), was delighted at the frank patriotism of its Sovereign.

It does not seem to have struck the Tuscans,

that the position which the Grand-Duke had assumed, or into which they had forced him, was a very extraordinary one for an Archduke of the House of Austria ; that to have thus courageously thrown off the bondage which had so long been alike his slavery and his support, and cast in his lot with that of his people, with their hopes and fears, was an act of much higher calibre than could reasonably have been expected from such a Prince as Leopold the Second ; and that the enthusiasm he expressed for " constitutional Italy," must be of very recent and very sudden growth !

It has been said in a previous chapter, that it is doubtful at what period of the subsequent events the Grand-Duke began to be false towards his subjects ; and it has been supposed, that as long as he was supported by the example and countenance of the Pope, he was in earnest in wishing to inaugurate a new system. And although we have unfortunately proofs that he played false at a later period, none have yet been made public that he was so even from the beginning. No proof has been published, and none has come to the certain knowledge of the present writer ; and it is fair, therefore, to write in the presumption that the Grand-Duke's conduct was what it appears on the face of it to have been. But there is in Florence a dark story so generally believed among those, who are for the most part well informed on such matters, and which would place the whole of the

Grand-Duke's conduct during the entire revolutionary period in such a very different light, that it cannot be passed in silence, though the reader will attribute to it only such weight as he thinks it may deserve.

It is asserted, then, that a quantity of papers, correspondence chiefly, which had belonged to Radetzky, was purchased for a very considerable sum in Milan; that among these papers was a letter from the Grand-Duke to the Austrian general, telling him that he sent him twelve thousand "*canaille*," which he hoped he—the general—would rid him of.

We shall see presently how the great Austrian commander executed this request, and the very considerable trouble the Florentine "*canaille*" gave him in the performance of it. But if in truth their sovereign, while he was fooling their generous enthusiasm to the top of its bent, by crying "*Viva l' Italia costituzionale!*" and pretending to be heart and soul in the liberal cause, was sending forth these poor youths, his subjects, with traitorous wishes and recommendations for their destruction—it would be difficult to find a parallel for the atrocity of the act even among the annals of Italian royalty.

Of the existence of this damning paper the present writer has, he repeats, no evidence save the very positive assertions of usually well-informed and upright persons. But it may be mentioned



that an exceedingly compromising document, which, in fact, furnishes the most conclusive proof that Leopold the Second was at all events false to his country at a later period, and which has been printed, made part of the same collection of papers, and was obtained, it is said, in the same way and at the same time.

Italy had now then at last got her shoulder to the wheel, which stuck in the mud and impeded her progress. The real work before her was now at length acknowledged and avowed; and the opportunity for achieving it was thought wonderfully, uniquely favourable. With all Europe in revolution, with thrones fallen or falling on every hand, with her own sovereigns frightened into putting themselves at the head of the enterprise, with a reforming Pope to bless the attempt and turn the war against the stranger into a holy crusade—now surely or never, men said on the north as well as on the south of the Alps, Italy will achieve her freedom. If she fail to accomplish the work with the aid of such a combination of circumstances in her favour, she will never do it; and may be fairly deemed—it was added by many—so imbecile and impotent to help herself, that she neither merits nor would be able to profit by liberty.

But in truth there was scarcely one of all these circumstances which were then judged to be so favourable, that did not powerfully contribute to

the miserable failure that ensued. The French revolution imparted a very powerful impulse and energy to republicanism throughout Italy. In the disorganisation, and almost anarchy, which followed the bursting forth of the wild hopes and schemes engendered by the first acts of Pio Nono, the result of this sudden recrudescence of republican doctrines after the worst French pattern, would have been much more disastrous to the internal economy of each Italian state, had it not been that the Italian populations were, and are, wholly unprepared for, and averse to, any such doctrines. But on the external efforts which Italy was called on to make—on the fortunes of the war—the result of the stimulus thus given to the republican party was most fatal. It broke the strength of the country, it sowed jealousies, it produced an army divided against itself; it even introduced treason into the camp at the fateful moment of the last struggle.

The trust reposed in the co-operation and good faith of princes, to whom the war was naturally a source of terror and detestation, soon began to produce the evils that might be expected from it. Of course it is not intended to include the King of Sardinia among the sovereigns whose unwilling acquiescence for the nonce in the wishes of their subjects was so prejudicial to the cause. But the disastrously well-timed treachery of the King of Naples, and the antipathies, avowed at last, and

strongly to be suspected from the first, of the Grand-Duke were deeply injurious elsewhere than in the field.

Even the insurrection at Vienna, which struck Austria with momentary consternation, and made her retire so readily before her insurgent Lombard subjects, and abandon Milan almost without a blow, even this can hardly be ranked among the favourable circumstances of the occasion. For the utterly false measurement of the magnitude of the task before them, which was thus presented to the inexperience of the Lombards, not only led them to take the matter so easily as to neglect or postpone the most necessary labours of preparation and self-exertion, but flattered them into a bragging confidence, that they were quite capable of clearing Lombardy of the Austrians for themselves, and disposed them to depreciate the value and desirability of the Piedmontese assistance.

Worst of all, however, and most fatal, was that feature of the time which was deemed its crowning excellence and unique good fortune. For fatal was the error which, despite the teaching of a thousand years, could imagine that the Papacy could be turned into an engine for the freeing instead of for the fettering of mankind! How immediately even in the comparatively easy matter of the simplest internal ameliorations the unnatural tentative failed, has been partly seen in the previous pages, and may with advantage be studied in

detail in the abundant narratives of Signori Farini, Ranalli, Gualterio, and Zobi. But the influence of Pio Nono and his mock liberalism was productive of far more important evil, in imparting a false and radically impossible direction to the views and hopes of a large portion of the best heads and hearts in the Peninsula. And we have now to see what was the assistance given to Italy in her great struggle, at the moment of the pinch, by a liberal and patriotic Pope.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TUSCAN THERMOPYLE.

Pius the Ninth finds out his mistake—The Crusaders.—The Pope's a Pope for a' that.—The Encyclic.—Its consequences.—Tuscan soldiership.—Calumnies.—Curtatone and Montanara.—The Tuscan forces.—Radetsky's judgment of them.—The news of the battle at Florence.—The bronze tablets.

VERY soon indeed after having evoked the spirit of Italian patriotism did Pio Nono, like the unskilful conjuror to whom he compared himself, become terrified at it, and seek in vain to dismiss or quiet it. The military ardour excited in Rome and its subject provinces by the insurrection in Lombardy, was at least as great as in Tuscany. And it caused the Pope more serious distress than it caused the lay prince; possibly, because he could not so easily come to an understanding with the rational enemy to the effect, that he was not to be supposed hostile to the Emperor because he was unable to prevent his headstrong subjects from following their own desires; and partly, perhaps, because his nominal adherence to the cause of

Italian independence and his papal benediction of the warriors engaged in it were in themselves a real force. For the Roman volunteers insisted upon calling themselves "Crusaders." The huge figure of the Barnabite friar, Father Gavazzi, marching at their head as Chaplain-general to the army (with a full captain's pay), was their Peter the Hermit; and when the motley mass, which included many patricians, as for instance the Marchese Patrizi, and the Prince Ruspoli, together with large numbers of the poorest classes, marched out of the eternal city, every man bore the red cross on his breast.

The Pope also had hoped to compromise matters with his "Crusaders" by letting them go "to the frontiers," and then detaining them on one pretext or another. But when they got there under General Durando, the position of that officer became untenable. In vain he applied again and again to Rome for orders authorising him to proceed. Charles Albert had ordered him to invest Mantua. His troops became unmanageable, insisted on passing the frontier, and beginning at least their crusade. The various papers and popular meetings in different cities, were crying out against Durando's delay and inactivity. In vain he urged the Roman ministers to send him the necessary orders; for they in vain were striving to induce the Pope to give them. He was waiting, he told them, for the reply of some

German theologians whom he had consulted on the point, whether it were lawful for the Father of the Faithful to make war on a Christian\* sovereign! On one occasion when his new lay ministers were urging on him the necessity that the troops should pass the Po, he said that if it was necessary he did not forbid their obeying necessity! And when one of the ministers remarked in reply to this, that it was impossible for them to assume such a responsibility without orders from him, he answered that in case he should decide on not permitting his subjects to take part in the war, it was always time to call them back from the camp!

The distressed ministers wrote back to Durando, ordering him to prepare everything for crossing the Po (as if he were not long since ready), but not to do so till further orders. In the meantime they tried a last effort to induce the Pope to declare himself in favour of the war. Fresh tumults arose in Rome from day to day, and made it absolutely imperative on the ministers to obtain a decision one way or the other. On the 28th of April they presented a memorial to the Pope in which all the evils and dangers of these delays and uncertainties were pointed out, and implored his immediate answer. But the Sanfedisti, who had never ceased to work in every possible way upon the weak mind of the pontiff, had at last brought a very powerful

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Italiane*, vol. ii. p. 164.

influence to bear on it. They caused letters to be written to Rome from various parts of Germany, in which a schism of that country from the Catholic Church was pointed out as the certain result of the Pope engaging in a war with the Emperor. This seems at last to have decided the hesitating head of the Church. But the mode of communicating his decision, as well as the nature of it, and of the grounds upon which it was founded, seem all to have been selected, as if purposely, to show the world the incompatibility between the offices of the lay ruler of a nation, and the head of a church claiming to be universal. Pio Nono vouchsafed no answer to his lay ministers. But on the 29th of May he read an encyclic letter to the Cardinals assembled in consistory, after the old ecclesiastical fashion, in which he declared that he had for some time perceived that his name was used to accredit an enterprise which he had never thought of undertaking ; that he had only intended to bestow gradually on his states an improved internal administration ; and that he had hitherto held his peace in the hope of avoiding grave disorders, and perhaps bloodshed. But that now, since it was wished to drive him to take part in a war alike unjust, mischievous, and unfitted to his position as head of a religion which forbids all wars, and commands him on the contrary to consider all nations equally his children, he neither could nor would be silent. Protesting, therefore, that he was wholly



averse to the war, he declared that he only allowed the troops and volunteers to march to the frontiers, because he could not restrain them, and that General Durando had passed them in direct disobedience to his commands.\*

Here was a sad and sudden bursting of the bubble, which the poetical Giobertinian fancies had painted with such bright and seductive hues! This was the ending then of the "crusade," which the "Liberator Pope" had blessed! To say the truth, indeed, Pio Nono had never blessed, nor pretended to bless the *crusade*. He had simply blessed the *crusaders*, having given them at their request before their departure, the Papal benediction, which, as a matter of course, is never refused to those who ask it. And it must be owned that of the enormous and perilous illusion, with which the Italians had been making themselves drunk and happy for more than a year past, the greater part at least was of their own spontaneous preparation and seeking. Pio Nono then; it was now at last discovered, was after all but a Pope, such as the world has known Popes to be since it has had acquaintance with them,—merely a priest after the fashion and nature of his fellows!

The disappointment, the indignation, the rage in Rome and throughout Italy were proportioned, not to the fair merits nor lack of merit in a hapless

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Italiani*, vol. ii. p. 170.

and helpless Pope, who had dreamed utopian dreams of being in some degree a beneficent ruler, and who was necessarily very soon waked to the conviction that the only beneficence to humanity possible to him in the nature of things was to cease to be ; but to the greatness of the hopes which had been raised, and the immensity of the affection and popularity which he had been receiving, as it now seemed to his subjects, upon false pretences.

One powerful element in the popular anger at Rome was the consideration that all those volunteers who had gone to fight for Italy, leaving each of them some dear ones behind him, would now, in consequence of this disclaimer of the Pope, be treated by the enemy, not as soldiers, but as rebels, vagabonds, and malefactors. Tidings were spread through Rome, fabricated, there can be little doubt, to match the occasion and excite to madness the dangerous mood of the populace, who were thus admirably playing into the hands of the Sanfedisti, to the effect that in Friuli, a Roman soldier had been found hung on a tree, with a paper affixed to his breast bearing the words, "This is the treatment reserved for the soldiers of Pio Nono !"

Every imaginable means were resorted to by the ministers and the leaders of the liberal party to induce the Pope to think better, or at least in some way modify his decision—in vain. Pio

Nono was for once firm. And Rome was in the most imminent danger of being filled with mere anarchy and bloodshed.

This memorable 29th of May may be considered as the high-water mark and turning point of the Italian fortunes upon this occasion ; although on the surface of things such might not appear at that time to have been the case. Too large a portion of the foundation of the contemplated edifice of a regenerated Italy had been laid on the ideal of a reformed and reforming Papacy, for that basis to be rudely and suddenly withdrawn without fatally shattering and dislocating the plans on which the superstructure had been projected. For so much depended on the ideal existing in the minds of the nation. So much had to be accomplished by voluntary and popular effort. If Piedmont and her king had been in a position to do the work unaided, or if Charles Albert had been able to command the sympathies and unite the suffrages of the nation, the Papal defection, even if it had carried with it that of the whole ecclesiastical state, (which it by no means did) would have been far less important. The real mischief was in the moral effect produced. And most curiously does the extent of this moral effect, which was possible in 1848, mark the long long distance which has been travelled over by moral Italy in the last ten years !

The farce of a cabinet of lay ministers, who

not only enjoyed no portion of the sovereign's confidence and exercised no influence over his mind, but who were even ignorant of what he was about to do, and learned the measures he had adopted when the public learned them, was maintained yet awhile. And the best men in Rome were engaged to the damage of their own reputation in striving to avert the calamities of anarchy, and to secure the safety of the knot of Cardinals, who were successfully plotting against them for yet a short time. But from this time forward the Pontiff renounced the part he had so disastrously undertaken. He had at length comprehended his position and destinies in this world, and has ever since been every inch a Pope.

The immediate effect of the encyclic letter of the 29th of May was injurious in many ways in Lombardy, where the war was progressing as yet with prospects on the whole tolerably favourable. But it would be entering on ground far beyond the scope of the present volume, and much too extensive to be at all satisfactorily treated within such limits, to attempt any narrative of its facts or fortunes.

One episode, however, there is, which should not be left untold by anyone professing to relate, however summarily, the share which Tuscany had in that revolution, which was a failure, with the causes of miscarriage, as well as her part in that

which, it may be hoped, is a success, with the grounds of that more fortunate issue.

The Italian troops which marched to the assistance of the revolted Lombards, were, with the exception of the Piedmontese, exceedingly bad soldiers. The Tuscans and the Romans were especially so. Both armies had for many years been so managed and governed as to make it impossible that they should have been otherwise. And the volunteers, newly raised and wholly unused to discipline, could not be expected to exhibit those soldier-like qualities which discipline alone produces. The Italian historians have judged the shortcomings of the different contingents as severely as the most hostile critic could do.\* But it is essential that the nature of the faults attributed to these levies should be rightly understood. It is one thing not to know the duties and business of a soldier, as a necessary result of never having been taught them. It is another, and very different matter to betray that pusillanimity which incurs and justifies contempt, and which, when existing as a national characteristic, is the most fatal of all symptoms, that the race exhibiting it has sunk to a degree of degradation from which recovery is hardly to be expected. Now it has been asserted that the Tuscan character is marked by this fatal want of manhood. It is a favourite theory with

\* See Ranalli, *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 141.

those whose moral cowardice leads them ever to be of the party of successful might against oppressed right, and distrust all movements for the redressing of wrongs which do not gall their own withers, to maintain that the Italian—the Tuscan especially—is unfitted for freedom by his cowardice, and condemned by nature to foreign domination from his own proneness to yield, and incapability of resisting the superior energy and hardihood of the Teuton race. Respecting national characteristics, assertions are easily made, prejudices are apt to be lightly yet obstinately entertained, and proofs are rarely and with difficulty obtainable. It is right, therefore, that the opportunity the Tuscans had of giving the lie to the calumnies which have been cast on them in this respect, and the very notable use they made of that opportunity should be known.

The day of Curtatone and Montanara was, for the Tuscans, one which any nation might be proud of looking back to in its annals for many and many a generation. And the actions named from those now memorable villages were infinitely more remarkable as indications of national character than any battles can ever be that are fought by merely trained standing armies. Though of course the troops of any nation are samples of its national quality, still the trained soldier is so exceptional a being, and acquires as it were a second citizenship, often obliterating to so great a degree the qualities

of the first one, that the behaviour of a body of undisciplined civilians fresh drawn from the body of the people, unformed by the hardening of habit, and unused to danger and scenes of bloodshed, is a much more valuable indication of the stuff of which a nation is made.

Now, on the 29th of May, 1848, the Tuscans, who fought at Curtatone, were 1316 soldiers of the Grand-ducal army, and 1166 of the newly-raised civic guard; youths from the university of Pisa, and other equally unwarlike sources. The whole body of Tuscans was under the command of General Laugier. The officers under him, chiefly Piedmontese, are spoken of as having been good officers. But of the leaders of the volunteers, we are told, that "though they were all distinguished and *exceedingly erudite* persons, they had nothing military about them, save the honour, the courage, and the dress." These civic bands had not even had the advantage of a few months' drill to give them the first elements of combined movement and action, having been hurriedly assembled on the eve of their departure from Tuscany. So hasty had been their starting, that many objects of first necessity had been neglected or forgotten. Much of their ammunition was, on attempting to use it, found not adapted to their arms. For artillery they had at each of the two positions, three small cannon and one howitzer, drawn to the field by post-horses and post-boys from the neighbouring

post-houses, who took the first opportunity, naturally enough, of riding off with their horses, so that it was impossible to move their tiny force of artillery from one part of the field to another.

These were the forces opposed to 35,000 Austrian troops in the most perfect condition, commanded by Field-Marshal Radetzky, with General Hess for the chief of his staff. The villages of Montanara and Curtatone—names wholly obscure till that 29th of May, but which will henceforward not be forgotten by history—are distant from each other a mile and a-half or so, and about twice as far from Mantua. The Piedmontese army occupied positions from Peschiera to Goito, by which latter alone the exposed avant-posts occupied by the Tuscans communicated with it. The object of Radetzky, who had just received his reinforcements from Germany, was to succour Peschiera, then in imminent danger of falling, to free Mantua from blockade, and to force the Piedmontese to re-cross the Mincio. The post of the Tuscans was thus extremely exposed and unprotected, save by a few works in the village of Montanara, and a battery—with its two six-pound cannon and its howitzer, that could not be used for want of ammunition fitted to it!—erected some forty feet in front of the buildings. And there this little body of soldiers, who had never seen fire, composed of citizens and university lads, had to sustain, and did sustain, the attack of twenty-eight Austrian battalions,



twelve squadrons of cavalry, fifty-eight cannon (twelve-pounders), and five batteries of rockets!

The Tuscan general had received, in the course of the night, three successive despatches from the Piedmontese general, Bava, under whose orders he was acting, informing him of the probability that he would be attacked by the Austrians in force—though he spoke of a force very much smaller than the reality—charging him to hold out to the utmost, and promising to come up to his support. Laugier replied, that dead or alive, the Tuscans would be found at their post.

No reading is so generally unintelligible and profitless to all readers, save professional soldiers, as a minute and technical description of a battle. I will not therefore attempt even to give a condensation of the detailed accounts which have been published of this really memorable fight. The best of these may be found in a volume published at Florence in 1854, entitled “*Racconto Storico della Giornata Campale pugnata il di 29 Maggio, 1848, a Montanare et Curtatone,*” and said to be by an eye-witness of the fight. For our purpose it is sufficient to know the result of the struggle. For more than six hours the devoted little band held in check the enormous force opposed to them, and although the promised Piedmontese support never came, the Tuscans gained the object in view, and stayed the advance of the Austrians long enough to enable the Piedmontese army to win the battle

of Goito on the following day. Again and again did the fury of their attack make the Austrian column waver and retire.

“These boys,” said grim old Radetzky, half in provoked anger, half in admiration—“these boys will make me lose an entire day!” The Austrians found the resistance such as to make them consider the victory of some 35,000 of their well-appointed troops over less than 5000 Tuscan raw recruits and volunteers “glorious,” as the field-marshal himself termed it in his despatch; and a war-steamer of the Austrian navy was named *Curtatone* in memory of the achievement.

The losses were of course very heavy on the side of the Tuscans. Three professors of the University of Pisa were amongst those left on the field,—two slain; the third, mortally wounded as was thought, but who survived to take a leading part in the events which were to follow, was that Giuseppe Montanelli, with whom the reader has already made acquaintance.

Strangely mingled and profound were the emotions produced in Florence by the tidings of the great successes of Goito and Peschiera, and of the glorious yet disastrous part which Tuscany had borne in achieving them. The lament of mothers, wives, and sisters over their lost ones was less loudly and violently overborne perhaps in that small society, where almost all are more or less connected with and known to each other, and

among a remarkably sympathetic and easily moved people, than is wont to be the case under similar circumstances among the larger communities of nations more habituated to the harsh, earnest, and bitter realities of war. To the Tuscans, wholly unused during long years to any violent exhibition of force, this first and sudden baptism into its terrors and sorrows, was as the unexpected shock of an ice-bath. But no murmur of a wish that the great task had not been attempted was heard, nor any confession of regret that a son, a husband, or a brother had been one among Italy's martyrs at the Tuscan Thermopylæ. Florence was justly proud of her contemporary Florentines. This sensation also had, it must be admitted, all the pungency of novelty, and men began already to realise the connection between political and moral regeneration.

The names of the slain were engraved, at the public cost, on tablets of bronze, which were affixed to the wall on either side of the high altar in the church of St. Cross,—the celebrated and well-filled Pantheon of Tuscany. The records of martyrdoms are vivacious, and have a spell of might in them more potent than anything that the champion yet unmartyred can attain to. And the bare bronze catalogue of those obscure names of the "Florentines who laid down their lives for Italy at Curtatone and Montanara," was soon, as we shall see, found to speak most eloquent treason

to the prince who had, with his own imperial lips, told these poor youths, "that if they loved their country, they could not refuse her the aid she claimed of them." So dangerous was the preaching, that His Highness, in the fervour of his repentance for having been thus false to his order, imposed on himself the terribly self-abasing penance of removing the obnoxious memorial, and with the signal discomfiture that never fails to mark such fighting against the eternal, striving so to bury it,—silly prince—that its voice should be heard no more.

But for us and our present purpose, the value of the day of Curtatone and Montanara, and the main object of dwelling on the facts here, is, that they furnish a sufficient confutation of the often repeated assertion, "that the Italians have had all the energy and worth of manhood crushed out of them,—that they have neither the will nor the strength left to strike for their own freedom, and that it is hopeless to look for the re-construction of a nation of freemen from such materials." *This* calumny at least has been sufficiently answered. Among all the races of Italy, the gentle, quiet, ease-loving Tuscans have been pointed at as more especially destroyed beyond the possibility of return to virility, by the poisonous influence of three centuries of a despotism, heavy and maleficent enough to lull to death like torpor, and immoral enough to enervate with effeminate vice, without being harsh or violent enough to goad its victims

into active resistance. Yet Tuscans, even of those classes to whom the easy, sleepy, careless life in the pleasant cities on the banks of the Arno is dearest, could shake from them the sweet charmed slumber, and go forth to a soldier's death, when the prize held out to them was to make Italy once more an honoured name among the nations. Of inexperience, of childish folly, of unwise and unworthy jealousies, enmities, and divisions; of utopian dreams and baseless illusions, of misplaced trust and misplaced suspicion; of ignorance of social science, and of the fundamental principles of liberty and its conditions,—the Italians have shown to the world but too much. The enemies of despotism, lay and spiritual, need not fear that the case of Italy does not confirm, with all the force of most eloquent evidence, the truth of their principles. Despotism has done its work. The eternal laws have not been altered or suspended. Poison has not lost its power to poison. But it is not yet too late for remedy. The victim is not dead. Italy does not understand how to use freedom. But with a little practice of it she will learn. Had she ceased to wish it, or been incapable of suffering and bleeding for it, the case had been hopeless.

But this calumny, once again I repeat, has been answered. And it may be hoped, that we shall hear no more of the Italians not being able or willing to fight in their own cause.

## CHAPTER IX.

---

### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The progress of the war.—Republican intrigues.—Murder of Colonel Giovannetti.—Weakness of the Tuscan government.—Elections for the chambers.—Guerrazzi.—Going down hill.—Agitation in Florence.—Alarming condition of Leghorn.—Guerrazzi at Leghorn.—Guerrazzi minister.—The “*Costituente*.”—Guerrazzi and the Duke.

THE progress of the war from this period was, though chequered by some events apparently favourable to the Piedmontese and the cause of liberty on the whole pretty steadily advancing towards its disastrous conclusion. The story is sufficiently well known in its general outline, and it has been abundantly and honestly told in detail by the Italian historians whom I have occasionally quoted. The Tuscan share in it, though necessarily small, was not devoid of interesting incidents. But any attempt to relate the story of those months would not only be wholly incompatible with the limits of this volume, but would in truth be out of place in a sketch, the main object of which is to indicate the circumstances, under which Tuscany went into

her first revolution, and the temper, in which she managed it, as compared with the circumstances attending on, and her conduct in that second chance, which has been offered her under the auspices of an Emperor instead of under those of a Pope.

The share which Tuscany took in the war may be said to have been brought to an end, when the troops were drawn into that district lying between Tuscany and the Modenese, called the Lunigiana, at the beginning of August, 1848. On no occasion had the Piedmontese generals had any reason to complain of any want of courage or gallantry on the part of their Tuscan allies. But their want of discipline had been a continually increasing evil, which had accurately kept pace in its development with the growth of unhealthy humours in the body social at home. For it was not the common mutinous spirit, which is apt to invade armies when ill-governed and mismanaged, that was disorganising the Tuscan force, but an infusion of republican doctrine, which taught them to disapprove of the service, on which they were engaged, and to detest their alliance with a *royal* army. From the breaking out of the French revolution in February, and the granting of the constitutional *Statuto* by the Grand-Duke, the republicans had been becoming from day to day more noisy, more impracticable, more loud and violent in their demands, and a more fatal obstacle

in the way of any hope of establishing a tolerable system of government in the duchy. And the communication kept up between the Tuscan cities, Florence and Leghorn especially, and the army, reproduced in the latter an exact counterpart of all that was going on at home. The camp was continually inundated with printed matter of the most violent, anarchical, and anti-social description, as well as with anonymous letters to its general and inferior officers. General de Laugier, in the narrative he has published of this campaign, mentions one letter of the kind, in which he was threatened that if he did not immediately lead the troops home, the first shots fired by them in any encounter with the enemy should be directed against their officers. But there were means of knowing with certainty that this paper came from Leghorn, whence others of the same kind had preceded it.

The fatal violence, perversity, and dishonesty of the republican party, playing into the hands of the emissaries of Austria, as it is impossible that they should not have had the sense to perceive, finally ruined the hopes of Italy by, and for the sake of, ruining Charles Albert. And the same party were guilty of an act, that covered the Tuscan army with disgrace. It was no set-off to the glory of Curtatone and Montanara, for it was after all the act of an individual, while the fighting at those henceforth memorable places was a



proof of the qualities and calibre of a people. And if I relate the fact, it is not that it appears to me important in itself, but because the conduct of the democratic government at Florence, arising out of it, was so.

It was the 9th of August, and Colonel Giovannetti, the next in command to De Laugier, had made a mid-day halt in the village of Pecorile, on the north slope of the Apennine, about eleven miles from Fivizzano. After a couple of hours of rest he ordered the drums to call the men into column to resume their march. They loitered; the colonel became angry, and refused with some irritation the application of a sergeant to be allowed to get into the baggage-waggon, as he was unable, he said, to continue the march on foot. The man replied in anger, and Colonel Giovannetti struck him on the arm with his sword. A cry of "Hold there! we will have no blows!" arose from many voices. The colonel advanced towards one of the most clamorous, when he was in an instant surrounded by a certain company of grenadiers, which was known to be especially marked by a spirit of insubordination, and was in the next laid dead by a shot in the back.

The vile act was at once recognised by all sides as a manifestation of party hatred. The retrogrades and Sanfedisti were delighted. "These are the soldiers," they sneered, "with whom the liberals were going to turn the Austrians out of

Italy !” The moderate party were greatly shocked ; and grieving over the disgrace thus thrown upon the Tuscan arms, were loud in demanding that exemplary justice should be done on those who had caused it. The violent republican party alone said nothing, conscious enough that the foul blow had come from their own ranks. At first it was impossible to discover who was the murderer. But after some little time, the general one day ordering the grenadiers to be paraded, suddenly called the sergeant-major, one Bartolomeo Capeccchi, to step forward, and accused him of the murder of his colonel. The man strove to deny his guilt, but was seized with convulsions, and at last admitted it. The general applied for powers to Florence, and was told in answer *to pass over the matter and dissimulate*. Determined however to do *his* duty in the matter, he had the man tried by court-martial in Massa, where he was condemned to death. But the “council of revision” sitting at Pietra Santa referred the case to the ministry of war at Florence, by whom the murderer was finally acquitted, and restored to his rank and position !!!

A riotous and noisy crowd had assembled outside of the court, in which the military commission were deliberating on their sentence. Their cries and threats were audible to the judges in their court ; and the monstrous acquittal was pronounced almost avowedly because they did not dare to condemn the prisoner. Such an example was of course not

lost upon the demagogues ; and their increasing excesses did much to convince many, both within and without Italy, that if ever she might hope to be, she was at least not yet fit for constitutional liberty.

The first assembly of the Tuscan chambers, elected according to the provisions of the "Statuto" accorded by the Grand-Duke on the 17th of February, was to take place on the 26th of June, 1848. The senate was to be named by the Sovereign, and the lower chamber elected by a scheme of franchise quite liberal enough for the requirements and best interests of the country, in this its first attempt at representative government on the modern plan. The first draft of the scheme gave the franchise to all owners of real property to the value of ten pounds a-year, besides a variety of other categories devised to include all who possessed either any education or interest in the stability of the state. These arrangements had as a matter of course been violently opposed by the democratic party as *far* too oligarchic. And the government at once strove to meet their views by lowering the mark to five pounds.

Of course such concessions, so made, are only confessions of fear and weakness. The republicans understood them as such, and acted accordingly. The retrograde party were of course as loud against elections of any kind at all. Unluckily the churches had been named as the places for

proceeding to the election, in the rural districts, for want of any other building that could answer the purpose. In the best days of Florence, when the religious sentiment really was strong, instead of being as it now is almost wholly a pretence, the citizens were wont to meet in the churches for the transaction of political business, deeming that their efforts for the weal of their country were sanctified by the sacredness of the place, rather than that the latter could be profaned by such means. But now the priesthood, opposed of course almost to a man to any and every scheme of improvement, raised a cry of sacrilege through the country, and made their ignorant parishioners believe that it would be highly sinful to take any part in the elections.

Large numbers of the Tuscans thus abstained from exercising their new privileges. But at length the chamber was elected and met on the appointed day.

It is remarkable that the city of Leghorn did not return Guerrazzi as one of its four deputies. His influence there among the populace was immense, so great that he at one time wielded in his hand the power of exciting it to rebellion or calming it to obedience at pleasure. And it may be argued that the exclusion of one so highly esteemed by the masses is a proof that, however low in figures, the limit of the franchise was too high in fact, since it enabled the few to exclude

the candidate of the immense majority. But the population of Leghorn is a peculiar one, in no respect resembling any other in Tuscany. A very much larger portion of its inhabitants than could elsewhere be found in that country, is composed of classes who not only are mere livers from hand to mouth, many not knowing and little caring when they rise from some doorstep in the morning where they shall rest their limbs at night, but who are not of Tuscan race by birth or lineage, who have not only no stake in but no connection with the prosperity of the country—mere Arabs of civilisation, to whom all restraints of law and order are equally detestable, whether enforced in the name of a despot or of a parliament. The absence of Guerrazzi from the first returns to the Tuscan chamber was not so much a proof that the scheme of the franchise was too narrow, as that he, the idol of these dangerous classes, was not a fit man to be returned.

It was not long, however, before the eloquent agitator found a constituency willing to return him in the capital itself; and the fact that this man, who in June, 1848, could not get himself returned by the most violent and republican constituency in the duchy as a member of the legislature, was in the October of that same year the Grand-Duke's minister, most unwillingly accepted by the sovereign in that capacity, as the sole remaining possibility—the only man still perhaps able, if fortunately

he should be willing, to save the country from utter anarchy : this fact is a sufficiently notable indication of the rapidity with which the whole edifice was going to destruction.

The best men whom Tuscany possessed—the most upright, most capable and most patriotic in the opinion of all save the retrograde party and republicans—Capponi, Ridolfi, Ricasoli, &c., were one after the other found useless. The country was ungovernable ; and it cannot be asserted, that the moderate party in their attempts to struggle against the difficulties which environed them, and to govern it, gave proof of ability, wisdom, or energy at all proportioned to the rectitude of their intentions.

To write the history of these months—by no means an uninteresting or uninteresting one—would require sundry such volumes as the present. For almost every day brought with it its event. Florence, which had so long been used, if to no higher social blessing, at least to that of security and tranquillity, now lived in the midst of never-ceasing alarms. One day an inroad of the peasantry, armed and incited by the retrograde landowners, for the purpose of putting down the constitution and restoring the old order of things by force, was feared, and for awhile kept the citizens in mortal terror. And the alarm was not altogether groundless. Schemes of the sort were attempted, and were under the circumstances pro-

bable enough. Nor was the possibility of such an invasion an unreasonable source of fear. The "*contadini*" who dress the vines and press the oil on the hills around the city are a very different race of men from the more sharpwitted but far less stalwart citizens. Led, still in a great degree, and far more at that period, by their landlords and priests, never disposed to feel very cordially towards the citizens, and very much more than a match for them in any hand-to-hand encounter that might arise, this threat of the "*contadini are coming,*" was never without its effect in Florence.

Then again on another day there would be an alarm from a diametrically opposite quarter. Leghorn, in comparison to which Florence was all the time tranquil and orderly ; Leghorn, with its dangerous and swarming population of porters, fishermen, mariners, and such like, violent republicans every man of them, without the shadow of an idea of what the "*repubrica*" as they called it, meant ; Leghorn was in a state of almost chronic rebellion, which at times flared out into sanguinary violence. On the second of September in this year the city was in a state of civil war. "The blood of brothers was shed by brothers' hands !" — writes Guerrazzi himself in the bulky volume of "Apology" for his conduct, which he published when all these things were over ;\* "After the

\* *Apologia*, p. 82. Firenze, 1851.

atrocious battle, what was the state of this flourishing city, the sole emporium of Tuscan commerce? The authorities were in flight. The public offices were empty. The corporation was dispersed. The citizens were trembling. The civic guards were in doubt as to the destiny which awaited them. The fortresses had been given up. Audacious adventurers were at the head of the people. The populace, who had already tasted of blood, were atrociously incited to crimes of the deepest dye. Abominable words were heard, and deeds worse still were feared. On all sides were anxiety and fear. Fire, rapine, and massacre appeared imminent."

In truth the moment was a terrible one for Leghorn. For well did its rich merchants and brokers know, that their population was a very different one from that of Florence; that the worst excesses might be expected from it; that of force to control it, and protect the lives and property of the citizens, there was none, inasmuch as the armed civic guard consisted in fact of this very populace, from whom there was everything to fear. In these circumstances the citizens who were in favour of order,—which meant now at Leghorn what it means in the earliest rudimentary stage of civil society, all those who possessed anything, and who desired to protect it from the envy and cupidity of the great majority, who possessed nothing; the friends of order sent, in their terror, a deputation in all haste to the government at



Florence, to implore that Don Neri Corsini and Guerrazzi might be sent to Leghorn, to appease the insurgents and persuade them to lay down their arms.

For it must be understood that it was not merely the fear that riots might take place. The city had avowed itself in open rebellion to the government at Florence. It had even fortified itself against any force that might be marched thence against it. And all the framework of society was in complete wreck and dissolution.

The ministry at Florence refused to accede to the desire of the deputation. The state of things at Leghorn made the responsibility of doing so very heavy. But this refusal, and the very intelligible motives of it, explain the whole position of matters in Tuscany during the summer of 1848. It was the old story ;—the inevitable first chapter of every escape of a nation from the bonds of absolute government ; the power first passing into the hands of the moderates, the respectabilities ; their uniform imbecility and necessary tendency to fall between two stools ; the continual pressing in of those in the outer circle ; the government passing into hands more and more democratic, less restrained by conventionalities, and more inclined to sympathise with those below than those above them ; and lastly, the constant tendency of violent outsiders to become “moderate” as soon as they are no longer outsiders. Now the moderates of

the first inner circle were at this time in power at Florence ; men whose social standing had not placed a gulf between them and the prince, unimaginable to be bridged over by any intercourse in the eyes of courtly etiquette, although they were men whose political opinions had hitherto kept them aloof from the courtly circle. Such men, however upright and single-minded in their anxiety for the public good, can never rule the storm for long in times of revolution. Their names, which but a week or two before were the nation's hope and the terror of the court, had in that short space become, by no shifting of theirs but by the shifting of the whole social quicksand on which they were standing, the court's anchor of salvation and the mark for popular odium.

Guerrazzi was now the man at whom the powers of government, floating along upon the revolutionary current, had arrived. But Guerrazzi was a republican ; had been the leader, fosterer, and hierophant of the young Italy secret conventicles ; whose principles both in Church and State were altogether subversive of much that fancied it could still stand upright a little longer. How could such a man be the Grand-Duke's minister ? Truly the current was running very quick, and the moderates were losing their heads in the whirling of it. And yet to admit that they had no other means of restoring the first rudimentary elements of civil society to the city of Leghorn, save sending the republican

agitator Guerrazzi to persuade it to listen to his charming!—it was as good as giving up the game!

So the moderate ministers would not listen to the proposal of the Leghorn deputation. These gentlemen—there were four of them—then sought out Don Neri Corsini. Either they could not find him, or he refused to undertake the job they proposed to him. Guerrazzi in his "Apology"\* says he does not know which was the case, but that if it was the latter, he could not blame Don Neri, for the enterprise was a desperate one. Then the four Livornese deputies went to Guerrazzi, begging him, if not by commission of the government, then without any commission save the urgent necessity of the case to come with them and save Leghorn. Guerrazzi at first declined, esteeming it, as he writes, "an enterprise to think twice of, and then let it alone." But the Leghorn men insisted, implored, spoke of his duty to his native town. For to these merchants and their frightened fellows, who had wives and warehouses, "daughters and ducats," to say nothing of lives of their own, in the lawless rebel city, it was no longer a question of political movements and proprieties, but of life and death. "Young Italy" or any other Italy it might be for them just then. Their simple political creed was, that this man Guerrazzi could

\* Page 83.

with his tongue, if only he would exert it, persuade the unchained monster that was threatening them, to lie down and let itself be chained up once more. So they spoke in earnest, and persuaded him. And he started with them on the errand of subduing this ferocious people in arms, carrying with him for the purpose his brains in his skull, and his tongue in his head.

“Between Pisa and Leghorn,” he writes,\* “the carriage was upset, and we all fell into a ditch one upon another. As I lay in the ditch I said, this is the first, but will not be the worst misadventure in this business. When we got near Leghorn we found advanced sentinels who surrounded it, and who conducting us through a labyrinth of barricades, brought us at the end of a long hour into the centre of the city. I pushed my head from the window of the carriage, and saw with no small alarm that numbers of those who were carrying arms had neither hats nor shoes. *In truth we had reached the bottom.*”

It must be admitted that the task before him was an arduous one. But by a vigorous use of the forces he had brought with him—the sound brains and the subtle tongue—Guerrazzi saved Leghorn.

This took place on the 10th of September, 1848. And on the 26th of the following month Guerrazzi was the Grand-Duke’s minister.

\* *Apologia*, p. 85.

He and Montanelli entered the ministry together ; the latter to render Guerrazzi not wholly intolerable to the Grand-Duke, and the former to give strength to Montanelli in the opinion of the people. It was Montanelli, who when the moderates found themselves altogether unable to rule the country, was "sent for" by the Grand-Duke, and commissioned to form a ministry, which he undertook to do in the first instance without including Guerrazzi in it, who was the special bug-bear and aversion of not only the Duke, but of all the moderate party. He had, whatever other gifts or deficiencies may have been his, at all events force, energy, power, and was accordingly a terror and abomination to those who had none of these. Montanelli soon discovered that he could do nothing without his old rival in the affections of the Tuscan youth, the man who had been preaching impracticable young Italyism at Leghorn, while he had been spreading still more pernicious Giobertinianism at Pisa. Either political creed looked forward to an Italy in which a Grand-Duchy of Tuscany would have found no place. Yet now the gentle-natured, poetical, humanitarian dreamer, and the energetic, rough, eloquent, but somewhat cynically-minded republican were in harness together as Leopold the Second's ministers !

Both were even now pledged supporters of a scheme, which was at that time the grand panacea

with the liberals in every part of Italy, the establishment of "*Costituente Italiana*,"—the name of which sufficiently declares the utterly radical aspirations which it was hoped would be realised by it. Such a body, collected from all parts of the Peninsula, with such a mission,—the rather large one of first entirely sweeping the political soil of Italy of all existing land-marks, divisions, sovereignties and other incumbrances, and then building up on the so cleared area such a new and beautiful edifice of a regenerated Italy, one and indivisible, as should appear most lovely, symmetrical and uniform; such a body would hardly be likely to find a place in the façade of its new building, which would fit a Grand-Duchy of Tuscany. And the grand difficulty of the new ministers on entering office was, both with regard to the sovereign and people, this "*Costituente Italiana*." Montanelli may have still looked forward to it with hope and faith. Guerrazzi, one would think, must by this time have been convinced that it was an unrealisable vision. But at any rate both of them had to keep up the appearance of extreme enthusiasm for the "*Costituente*." This for the people. But for the Grand-Duke? Signor Ranalli assures us,\* that in the first conversation between the sovereign and the new minister, whom he had been so grievously unwill-

\* *Istorie Italiani*, vol. ii. p. 484.

ling to employ, Guerrazzi, leading the conversation to this dreadful subject, asked him frankly, if he had given any consideration to the proposed constituent body, which might in its operations depose princes? To which the Duke replied, that he had thought much on the subject, and that he was disposed even to lay down his crown, if it should appear that such was for the good of his people,—a declaration the perfect sincerity of which is in no wise incompatible with the Duke's subsequent conduct; since not only may it be well supposed that it never *did* appear to the Grand-Ducal mind that his abdication would be for the good of Tuscany, but it may reasonably be doubted if any possible condition of affairs or combination of circumstances could have ever brought such a conviction home to it.

Guerrazzi, it is added, left the Duke much less averse to the dreadful demagogue he had been compelled to admit to his august—but alas! of late very far from “serene”—presence, and assured him on parting that he would do all that man could do to avert any such danger from the throne.

Nor was such an assurance necessarily insincere even in one who really wished and hoped to see the realisation of the much-talked-of “*Costituente*.” For it did not by any means follow that the plan for Italian regeneration to be adopted by it *must* involve the destruction of the Grand-Duke's throne.

On the contrary, it was quite upon the cards—then as it is now (July, 1859)—that the dominions of the sovereign, whose capital is Florence, might be increased to a kingdom of central Italy; one of the favourite schemes for the new constitution of the Peninsula, contenting itself with no nearer an approach to unity than could be accomplished by a federative alliance of three or possibly four states.

Guerrazzi, it is true, had been all his life an avowed and ardent republican. But then he had never before been a minister. And if it should be supposed that a constitutional monarchy, guided by himself, may have seemed to him more likely to realise the welfare and prosperity of the country, than even the once sighed-for republic, administered by perhaps other hands, the supposition would not cast a very unheard-of degree of blackness on the democrat's character.

At all events, Guerrazzi—the demagogue, the republican, the adept of secret societies—was now evidently the only man capable of holding together for the nonce the tottering, staggering edifice of civil society in Tuscany. This service at least he did perform; with such guerdon as we shall presently see.



## CHAPTER X.

---

### CONCESSIONS.

Ungovernable children.—The terrible “*Costituente*.”—Montanelli and Guerrazzi with the Grand-Duke.—Difficulties of Leopold the Second.—The Duke yields.—“*Te Deum*” wanted, and no Archbishop!—Salutary lessons.

IN truth it had become a task well-nigh beyond the power of any ministers whatever to govern the ordinarily docile Tuscans. Docile enough to the exhibition of force. And now, with two or three regiments of reliable gendarmes, all Tuscany might have been “governed” with ease; not, as has been sufficiently shown, because the people are cowards, but because the long habit of submission to the authority of force has become a second nature to them. But this was not the problem to be solved. It was that remarkably difficult one, of governing a troop of unruly children as if they were reasonable adults. To govern a people wholly unable to govern themselves, and persuade them the while that they were doing so with the

most perfect wisdom,—this was the task. And the habitual gentleness and docility of the people increased instead of diminishing the difficulty of it. For despotism in Tuscany, unopposed and unquestioned, had plodded along its sleepy torpid course without any necessity for recurring to violence. Even the crimes most needing repression in any civilised community were visited with a leniency unknown elsewhere. And when such was the course of things under the old tyranny, the people were little disposed to acquiesce in repression under the new regime of liberty. The most ordinary action of police, such as is quite a matter of course, and recognised as absolutely necessary among communities accustomed to self-government, would have appeared to these newly liberated subjects of a despotism, an unheard-of violence and barbarism.

Notwithstanding the Grand-Duke's patriotic declaration to Guerrazzi about his readiness to lay down his crown, the great difficulty of the Tuscan ministers during the winter months of 1848-9 had reference to that question of the "*Costituente*," which it was possible might lead to such a consummation. The people, in their "circles," or "debating clubs," and in the Piazza, insisted on a law for the appointment of the Tuscan deputies to that great Amphictyonic council being at once passed. The sovereign, on his part, was naturally enough very reluctant to any such measure.

Montanelli was an enthusiast for this "*Costituente*," and for the unlimited powers to be attributed to its members. The more practical and vigorous mind of Guerrazzi was, in all probability, much less under any illusion on the subject. In January, 1849, tumultuous meetings assembled in the great square, in front of the Palazzo Pubblico, threatening to proceed to violence if the desired law were not at once passed. The ministers thought themselves unable to resist ; and it is clear enough that all *government* was at an end. As it was found impossible to persuade the populace to do for awhile without this top brick of the chimney for which they were crying, Montanelli went to the Grand-Duke,\* and endeavoured to induce him to yield the point, but without success. Guerrazzi then went to the palace ; and it is remarkable, that already this man, who with his tongue had quelled and saved the city of Leghorn, had become more acceptable to the Grand-Duke, who had so feared and shuddered at his very name, than his colleague Montanelli, who first with much ado induced the prince to admit Guerrazzi to his presence. Montanelli had told the Duke that the populace insisted on this obnoxious law ; that there was no means of controlling them ; and in short used no argument save that of fear. And in truth he left Leopold much alarmed and distressed, but hesitat-

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 112.

ing and undecided. Guerrazzi took another tone : —pointed out to him, that if in the struggle going on in Lombardy the Austrians were victorious, his crown would of course be safe ; and that in the case of their defeat, the very best security for the preservation of his dominions, with a very considerable likelihood of their being increased, would be found in his having spontaneously accepted the decision of the people on his claims to it.

But the Duke had another difficulty in the matter. This dreadful "*Costituente*," if it spared or even aggrandised him, would not assuredly deal equally mildly by the Pope. The temporal power of the Pope would most assuredly never be spared by any lay assembly of Italians, who had it in their power to abolish it. And how could the conscience of so catholic and religious a sovereign as the Grand-Duke permit him to consent to a measure, the result of which would be sacrilege so terrible ?

To meet this difficulty, Guerrazzi at once undertook that the law should be worded so as not to include any reference to Rome at all ! The Duke, however, still hesitated. But the English minister, Sir Charles Hamilton, who had always hitherto counselled the Duke not to give way on this point, whether by chance or expressly summoned, was at the Pitti. And not only did the honey-tongued tribune bring the sovereign to look without repugnance on this dreadful "*Costituente*," but

talked over the English minister to the same way of thinking. A further exercise of the same faculty induced his colleague, Montanelli, to agree to modify the preamble of the proposed law in the promised sense ; and thus the difficulty was tided over, which was doubtless the whole scope and object of the dexterous minister.

But it is remarkable, that if in this collision between the unquestionably vigorous intellect of Guerrazzi and the assuredly not particularly bright one of Leopold the Second, there was one party deceived by the other,—it was the blockhead who deluded the man of mind. For the minister came away from the conference quite convinced, and boasting that he had completely gained the mind of the Duke upon this subject, and had worked a sincere conversion in him. But never did man make a more complete mistake. The obtuse Hapsburg obstinacy was not so easily overcome. And if the prince feigned to be convinced, he made no doubt such due “mental reservation” at the time, as—whatever the profane may think on the subject—would fully justify him in the ecclesiastical and royal world, whose judgment is alone of importance to him.

The popular triumph was of course immense at the concession of their grand specific for curing all the ills of Italy—the “*Costituente*.” As usual the masses rushed off to the cathedral to celebrate their success with a “*Te Deum*.” “*For*,” says the

historian,\* “it was the custom at that time to run to thank God for everything.” *Thanking God*, indeed, had little probably to do with the matter; but these constant “Te Deums” were the chief and favourite means of exhaling enthusiasm and amusing an hour. But upon this occasion the devout revellers were amusingly enough disappointed of their dissipation. For whether it were that the Archbishop had become weary of these popular calls, ordering him out to run his stage with the imperiousness of a postmaster’s “first pair out!”—or whether it were that it was especially distasteful to him to give thanks for that which would by no means be deemed a favourable dispensation by the Pope,—so it was, that the Archbishop and his clergy completely struck work on this occasion. The multitude found the vast church empty, the altars unfurnished, the candles extinguished, dead silence all, and not a priest to be found. In exceeding indignation the sovereign people rushed to the neighbouring palace of the recalcitrant functionary, bent on compelling him to do his office by fair means or by foul. But the Archbishop had been too wise to abide the wrath of his new masters, where he knew they would look for him; and had betaken himself to some place out of their immediate reach.

It seems strange, that during the whole of these

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 111.

Tuscan troubles and quarrels, while prince, ministers, and people were all struggling and labouring for their different objects, it does not appear to have occurred to any of them, that in fact the destinies of Italy, including all the points and minor arrangements about which they were making such moil, were being settled by quite other agencies on the plains of Lombardy. All the matters for which republican demagogues, retrograde conspirators, constitutionalist ministers, were so anxious, depended wholly and exclusively on the fortunes of the war between Austria and Piedmont. But it was a fatality attending the whole of the '48 movement in Italy, that the too abundant and too varied sources in which it took its rise impressed on it too diversified and multiform a character and direction, and prevented its being seen with sufficient clearness or sufficiently early in the day, that the one thing needful, the one only possible solid foundation for any ulterior improvement, progress, or change, was the victory of Charles Albert over the Austrian forces. One would suppose that Italians had had no experience of Austria, and of the stamp of her iron heel, when they could busy themselves with schemes for "constituting" Italy, with parliaments and votes and Te Deums, while Radetzky was still unbeaten.

But no lesson less awakening or less severe than that which followed such blindness and lamentable folly, would have sufficed to effect that truly

wonderful advance in national sentiment and political capacity which Italy has achieved in the last ten years. It may be doubted whether any people ever made so large and palpable an improvement in so short a time before. Dreadfully painful and humiliating to the Italians was the utter and, it must be said, disgraceful failure of all the high hopes of '48. But assuredly, without that wholesome though bitter tonic, the nation would not have shown the strength, prudence, self-restraint, and union which promise to aid in turning the present opportunity to a better account.



## CHAPTER XI.

—♦—  
"WHO'S THE DUPE?"

A FARCE BY HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE D—E OF F—E.

Radetzky's letter to the Duke.—The Pope will have none of the "*Costituente*."—The Duke retires to Siena.—Montanelli's interview with him there.—Guerrazzi's loyalty.—The Duke's flight.—His letters.—Santo Stefano.—News of the Duke's flight at Florence.—Scene in the chambers.—Triumvirate appointed.—Military mutiny.—Riots.

WHETHER the Italian writers, who became possessed after Marshal Radetzky's death of a packet of papers at Milan, did in fact find among them, as is asserted, a letter from the Grand-Duke, recommending to his tender mercies the hapless volunteers who went from Tuscany to join the Piedmontese army, remains for the present doubtful, as has been said, inasmuch as no such letter has yet been published. But a draft of a letter from Radetzky to the Grand-Duke *was* found, and has been printed first by Signor Nicomede Bianchi, in his "History of the Political System of Austria with regard to the Sovereigns and Governments of

Italy ;” \* and a second time † in a little work entitled “Tuscany and Austria,” which forms one of that series characterised by Lord Normanby in his place in Parliament ‡ as “very treasonable, but also very tedious,” and bearing the names of such men as the Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi, the Barone Bettino Ricasoli, the Cavaliere Ubaldino Peruzzi, &c.,—men who, not only from their position and standing in Florentine society, but also from their talents and worth, and the universal respect in which they are held by their countrymen, are entitled to be called the foremost men in Tuscany.

The letter in question bears date the 2nd of February, 1849, and the publication of it must be admitted to be, if not accurately “tedious,” yet extremely unpleasant to the prince who received it, and to all those who would fain still dream of seeing him a second time restored to his throne.

This terribly compromising letter runs as follows :—

“ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

“According to precise orders received from the Imperial Government and from the Emperor our sovereign, it is gratifying to me to signify to your

\* Storia della Politica Austriaca rispetto ai Sovrani ed ai Governi Italiani, p. 259.

† Toscana e Austria, p. 72.

‡ See debates on the address, which preceded the fall of the Derby Ministry.

Imperial Highness, that if you will in everything, and throughout everything,\* conform to what has been already announced to your Highness by the Aulic government, in a dispatch dated the 26th of January last, your Highness need only abandon your states on terra firma, and place yourself in safety at San Stefano ; and I, as soon as I have subdued the demagogues of Sardinia, will fly to your aid with 30,000 of my brave troops, and will replace you on the throne of your ancestors. If the courier, who will give this present letter into your own hands, brings back no answer, I shall consider the affair as arranged."

This letter did not find the Grand-Duke in Florence. The modification of the law for the "*Costituente Italiana*" obtained by Guerrazzi had not, it seems, sufficed to render that measure innocuous in the eyes of the Papal court. The latter phrase, the Papal court, now once again avowedly means what in fact it always did and ever must mean, the knot of ecclesiastical advisers who rule the state, and, if Church interests require it, the Pope also, according to the supposed interests of the sacerdotal order. The miserable, helpless farce of a Popedom managed by lay ministers had at last been declared a farce ; the Pope had in the preceding November secretly escaped, as is well known, from his capital, and sought the friendly

\* " In tutto e per tutto."

and congenial shelter and hospitality of the King of Naples at Gaeta ; and the “Papal Court” was now therefore to be found there. The Pope, thus once again a Pope in earnest, was threatening excommunication against Leopold, if he did not withdraw the consent he had so unwillingly given to the law for the establishment of the “*Costituente*.” But how was that to be done at Florence, where he was beset by heretical foreign advisers, demagogical ministers, noisy crowds of Florentines making speeches under the *loggie* of the city, and far more dangerous crowds of Livornese brandishing knives in the piazzas, and threatening to march on Florence? The much perplexed and troubled Duke adopted the plan of escaping from the annoyances that surrounded him by retiring to comparatively tranquil Siena. And it was there that the insidious and baneful temptations of Austria reached him.

But it was difficult in those days to find a spot in Italy which party divisions and hatreds had not invaded. A retrograde cabal soon began to gather together around the prince at Siena. The jealousies, fears, and hatreds of the opposite party were aroused, and there was a danger of some outbreak of civil war once again in that grim old city, which had seen so much of such things in its hot-blooded younger day, though now its old age is passed in the shadow of a death-like calm. A strange commotion, such as had not awakened the echoes that

sleep between the lofty stone palace fronts of her narrow streets for the last 300 years, began to stir Siena.

The ministry were alarmed, and sent the Gonfaloniere of Florence and the commander of the civic guard to entreat the sovereign to return to his capital, and put an end to the fears his absence was calculated to arouse. These messengers found the Grand-Duke in bed, very ill, to all appearances. However, His Royal Highness bid them be of good cheer, and expressed his hopes that he should soon be well and able to return to his beloved capital. The two ambassadors came back to Florence, perfectly persuaded that they had seen and heard the simple truth, and that the Duke would shortly return.

But as he continued to delay doing so, the ministers wrote further pressing remonstrances, and threatened to resign if he did not return to Florence. To which Leopold replied, that it was not any concealed motive that kept him at Siena, that his indisposition prevented him from leaving that place immediately; and added, that if they felt any doubts about the matter, one of them might come and keep him company. It was decided that Montanelli should accept this invitation; and it has been considered a great misfortune that such a step was adopted.\* That

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Ital.* vol. iii. p. 182.

Giobertinian enthusiast, still bent on the realisation of his republican schemes, and true to these at the expense of being very inexcusably false to the sovereign whose minister he was, has been accused of having started on his expedition to Siena with the intention of so speaking to the Grand-Duke, as to induce him to fly his dominions. And whether he did so purposely or not, his conversation with the Duke was certainly not of a reassuring nature. The immediate point was, to get the sovereign to sign that law for the calling together of the bugbear “*Costituente*,” which he had so unwillingly consented to permit the introduction of in the Florentine chambers as a government measure. And the arguments urged on his consideration by the either perfidious or singularly maladroit minister consisted in pointing out that, if the monarchic principle were triumphant in the great national council, he, who should be the first to accept its jurisdiction and submit to receive his crown from its hands, might well anticipate being rewarded with all that the universal hatred to sacerdotal rule would assuredly take away from the Church. And this was holding out to the pious and orthodox Leopold the prospect of excommunication, interdiction, anathemisation, and eternal perdition, without any doubt whatsoever upon the subject. Or (pursued the tormentor, who, gentle-hearted as we are assured he was, had no pity in his republican heart for a tortured

Serene Highness), if the republican principle should prevail, the prince who had voluntarily bent to the decision of his fellow-countrymen would ever remain an honoured and beloved citizen! Heavens and earth! to think of a Serene Highness of the House of Hapsburg, with the blood of Maria Teresa in his veins, having to lie still between the sheets, and be talked to thus by a plebeian professor of the lowest republican principles! For the much-suffering Duke had been found by Montanelli still in bed; and it was as he lay on his supposed sick-pillow, that the ruthless democrat administered this cruel dose to him.

Yet we have the satisfaction of thinking that there was some little amount of consolation for the sorrows of the Grand-Ducal heart in that bitter hour, in the consciousness that if his minister was insulting him, he was befooling his minister. Every animal, physiologists tell us, receives its highest pleasure from the exercise of the qualities and faculties with which it is especially endowed; and we must suppose, therefore, that cats and kings are particularly happy in practising successful deceit.

Montanelli had not a doubt but that the Duke was really ill; wrote with much anxiety on the subject to Guerrazzi, who repeatedly wrote to Siena, inquiring after the sovereign's health, and urging the necessity of his return at the earliest possible moment. "We must save him," wrote Guerrazzi

at the foot of one of these notes to Montanelli, “even despite himself.” And there is in truth every reason to suppose that, while Montanelli was true to his old principles, and altogether false to his present position, engagements, and honour, Guerrazzi was false to his former theories and true to the prince whom he had undertaken to serve, and who had, as he very innocently supposed, given him his confidence. Nor is there necessarily aught to blame in the desertion of his early principles, implied by Guerrazzi’s support of Leopold’s throne. Failing a republic—the impossibility of which was every day becoming more apparent, though the silly democrats, who spouted in Florence streets, and could see nothing beyond the roofs that hung over them, thought that they were rapidly advancing towards the fulfilment of their hopes—failing a republic, constitutional monarchy, especially “constitutional monarchy with *me* for its prime minister” (as Guerrazzi may be pardoned for saying to himself)—was the next best thing.

On the morning of the 7th of February, Montanelli, on returning to the Grand-Duke, found him up, and looking perfectly well, and in very good humour. Having expressed his delight at finding His Highness so much better, he asked eagerly, whether he had signed the law for the assemblage of the “*Costituente*.”—The Duke replied that he had hitherto been too unwell



to do so, but would sign it without any further delay. At the present moment, however, he wanted to get a little fresh air. With which he gave the minister his hand, and dismissed him. And thus the royal carriage passed out of Siena on the great Maremma road, without causing the least suspicion to anybody. It appeared afterwards that not even the servants who accompanied the carriage had the slightest idea whither they were going, or where they were to stop.

Soon afterwards the postmaster of Siena handed two letters from the Duke to Montanelli; the first private, the second intended for publication. In the first he merely said, that he had no intention of quitting Tuscany; that he trusted that his family and servants and baggage would be permitted to follow him; and that if they kept the road to the Maremma, they would find indications of the route they were to pursue to rejoin him.

The letter for the public explained the motives of his departure. He was unwilling to give rise to commotions by his refusal to sign the law for the "*Costituente*;" and as he, nevertheless, found it impossible for him to do so, he thought it best to withdraw; that as long as it was only a question of submitting his own crown to the decision of the nation, he was willing to accept the sacrifice; but that, having written to the Pope to ask the Holy Father himself whether he could sign the law

without offence to the Church, he had received a reply which effectually put the matter out of all question, inasmuch as such an act would expose himself and all pious Tuscans to that greatest of all misfortunes, the censures of the Church. He concludes by desiring that these his reasons for refusing to pass the law should be made known to his subjects in their entirety, and intimating that if that wish were not forthwith complied with, he should be obliged to publish his explanation from the place to which it might please Providence to direct him.

All which might do very well, were it not that we have caught sight behind the scenes of the “Providence,” which was directing the wandering sovereign’s steps, in the likeness of the Austrian field-marshal Radetzky. The farce above recounted was played at Siena on the 7th of February; and Radetzky’s letter, it will be remembered, bears date the 2nd of the same month. It is impossible to avoid seeing that it was the Austrian proposal that decided his conduct. It was, accordingly, direct to Santo Stefano that he went from Siena. The little village of that name is not, as the Austrian field-marshal appears from his letter to have imagined, on any island; but is a small fishing-port on terra-firma, just opposite the little island of Giglio, and situated on the north side of that remarkable neck of land, which joins the isolated Monte Argentario to the low coast of

the Maremma. Such a place of refuge could only have been selected with a view to the facilities it offered for unobserved escape to some still securer and more distant asylum, in case of any occurrence which might seem to threaten to subject him to coercion.

It has been considered, as was said above, very unfortunate that Montanelli should have gone to Siena, and by his maladroit, if not perfidious, suggestions to the Grand-Duke, should have driven him to flight. But, in the first place, the published letter of Radetzky proves that he, and not Montanelli, was the author of the Duke's retreat; and, in the next place, how can any of the little circumstances of the game that was then being played be deemed either fortunate or unfortunate, now that we look back on the entire scene from the vantage height of ten years' distance. To the "little victims," who played or struggled "unconscious of their doom," the vicissitudes of their impotent striving may have seemed important. But to Providence-Radetzky it must have seemed then, as to us now, supremely indifferent whether the Grand-Duke took this or that step, or his ephemeral ministers succeeded or failed in their plans and endeavours. The providential field-marshal knew very well that "thirty thousand of his brave troops" could kick down the constitution, tear up the *Statuto*, sweep the ministers into space, and chuck the Imperial Serene Highness on to his

absolute throne again, with a thwack on his back, and a “There, now, sit fast and hold your head up!” All this the brave thirty thousand could do just as easily and readily, whether republicans, constitutionalists, moderates, or retrogrades were uppermost in poor little Florence, and whether the bubbling bustling storm in that spluttering tea-kettle were at the height of its fury, or at lull.

And it seems most strange, that all these striving and plotting politicians should not have been perfectly aware that this must be the end of their pickle-herring farce, except on the one, sole, possible condition of Austria being definitively worsted by the forces of Charles Albert,—a consummation of which the probabilities were now becoming disastrously smaller every day. Yet the news of the Duke’s flight, we are told, came on Guerrazzi “like a thunderbolt. Astonishment, grief, rage, fear of immediate ruin, disappointed ambition, and many different passions assailed him, among which was shame. For often, in talking with his colleagues and others of the flight of the Pope from Rome, he had boasted that if he had held rule there, things would have fallen out otherwise.”\*

On the 8th of February, Florence was in an indescribable state of confusion. The tidings had by that time become known throughout the city

\* Ranalli, *Istoria Ital.* vol. iii. p. 187.

that the Duke had fled, no one knew whither. There was his own statement, to be sure, that he was not about to quit Tuscany. But as he had gone furtively, and without making any provision whatever for carrying on the business of the government, he could have no ground of complaint against the ministers he thus deserted, if, under pressure of the very difficult circumstances in which they found themselves, they adopted whatever means might seem to afford the best hope of preventing the fabric of civil society from falling into absolute chaos and dissolution. And in truth on that February morning, the task of so preventing it had every appearance of being no easy one. The factious, noisy, naughty-child-like populace, led by worthless men, professing red-republican, socialist, communistic, or any other principles, violent and specious enough to be made the lever for stimulating the passions of the masses, whose obscure names it is of no interest to history to preserve ; and the mob irritated by the underhand instigations of the re-actionist party and the agents of Austria, who were constantly endeavouring with no great measure of success to tempt them to excesses of violence, thronged the grand old Piazza, where the demagogues of the hour harangued them from the splendid terrace of the *loggia* of Orgagna. The Chamber of Deputies hurriedly met together in the Palazzo Pubblico —yet once again in its long and storied career the

Palazzo del Popolo — and each man vainly sought from his neighbour the suggestions as to what was next to be done, which his own sense and courage did not furnish him with. The ministers entered the hall with the air, as one of the narrators of the scene says, of men who had been outwitted by those whose capacities they had looked down on. Montanelli came forward and proceeded to show how grievously deceptive had been the whole course of the Grand-Duke’s conduct ; remarking that he had, after long conference with the English minister, accepted the proposition for the “*Costituente*” with apparent alacrity and genuine approbation.

He was still speaking, when suddenly the tramp of a rushing multitude and a Babel of voices was heard outside the council-chamber, which in another minute was invaded and thronged by the populace. The President told the foremost that none had a right to speak there, save the deputies elected by the country ; and added, that if the people had any petition to present, he was ready to receive it. To this, the leader of the band, who was a paid agitator, working for his ill-gotten bread, and who had not even such right to meddle in the matter as Tuscan birth and citizenship might have given him, replied that the people were not there to petition but to command ; that the cowardly flight of the sovereign had restored his subjects to their natural freedom, in rightful exer-

cise of which they proclaimed him deposed,—declared the chamber dissolved,—created a provisional government in the persons of the citizens Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Manzoni ; and in case the appointment should be refused by them, would then decide what further steps to take.

This, it must be admitted, was bringing things parlously near resolution into the primitive social elements, and the dismissed deputies one after the other slunk off like whipped curs. But Guerrazzi remained, and springing into the rostrum, succeeded, after some considerable expenditure of the oil of his eloquence, in stilling the heaving waves of the popular storm, and obtaining the retirement of the multitude from the chamber. He and Montanelli then called back the cowed deputies, who crept back to their places one by one, very crestfallen, and perfectly ready to do whatever they were bid. They were bid to begin playing at parliament again, and go on where they left off. So some one got up and began speaking, but arrived very quickly at the obligatory conclusion of his harangue, recommending the constitution of a triumvirate, consisting of Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Manzoni, who had been one of the ministers brought into office by them. The proposal was seconded by Don Neri Corsini, Marchese di Lajatico, and was of course carried *nem. con.* The triumvirs then betook themselves to the senate chamber, where the same business was

gone through, with one diversifying incident of importance. The Duke of Casigliano, Don Neri Corsini’s elder brother, in expressing his adhesion to the appointment of the provisional government proposed, said that it ought, however, to be administered in the name of “Leopoldo Secondo.” Upon which Guerrazzi, interrupting him with much impetuosity, declared that “he had served the prince with sincerity and fidelity, but that he had found him disloyal and untrustworthy; and that he should be lying to himself and to the public, if he did not seize the opportunity of declaring that he now intended to govern solely in the name of the people.”

There is every reason to believe—and those who best know the man are most persuaded of it—that Guerrazzi spoke no more than the truth, when he said that he had served the prince faithfully and sincerely. The same can probably not be said of Montanelli. His ministry was no doubt intended by him to serve only the cause of republicanism; and while pretending to the sovereign—who, after all, with right royal superiority at such weapons outwitted him—that he was striving to uphold the throne, he was in truth insidiously busy in undermining it. And be the motives what they may, history can only brand such a course as dishonourable and abominable. Of Guerrazzi’s conduct on this occasion men’s judgments will be probably less uniform. While



many will hold that the position he occupied, as confidential minister of the sovereign (although the upshot proved that the confidence which he was deceived into thinking he enjoyed was in reality withheld from him), ought to have precluded him from being the man to step into the supreme place left vacant by his ousting, others may think that, having served to the best of his ability the interests of his country by supporting and guiding the monarchy as long as that course was open to him, there was nothing in the sovereign's desertion of *his* duties to prevent his minister, when thus deserted, from continuing to do what he judged most conducive to those interests under the changed circumstances which he had in no wise contributed to bring about. Something also must be allowed to the fact, that this man alone in Tuscany appeared capable of stemming in some degree the swollen flood of popular violence, and saving the country from the terrors and disasters of absolute anarchy. Who could have tranquillised for the nonce, at least, that threatening and lawless crowd which invaded the chambers, and menaced with immediate ruin the very foundations of civil society? Assuredly not any one of the deputies or senators who slunk off at the first peril. Not the Florentine bourgeoisie, whose *poco-curante* sluggishness permitted the worthless riff-raff that filled the piazzas to assume to be the Tuscan people, and speak in its name. What but the

same energetic will and skilful tongue had saved Leghorn from the horrors of mob law? and again very shortly after the memorable 8th of February conjured by his courage and ever-victorious eloquence the perhaps still more fearful danger of a revolted and ungovernable soldiery? Some of the men, not unnaturally perhaps, considered themselves released from their military obligations by the deposition of the prince; while others insisted on restoring him by force of arms. All were inclined to use them for the purpose of making themselves the masters of the destinies of Florence; and the “fortazzo da basso,” as it is called, where the principal barracks are situated, was a scene of the most complete anarchy and confusion. Guerrazzi and Montanelli rushed to the fortress, entered undismayed by the threats of the soldiers that they would fire on them: Guerrazzi harangued them, and once again brain and tongue triumphed over brute force, and the mutiny was quelled.

Something surely of right to seize the helm must be accorded to such proofs of ability to hold it in the storm when none else could.

Yet it must be admitted, that these and other such successes of the triumvirate were of the negative kind,—prevention of that worse which matters might have reached, rather than the attainment of any good, or the realisation of any thing that could be fitly called government. The follies enacted, the unreason, the ignorance, the

childishness, the fecklessness of all, the blind and stupid violence of the republicans, the Jesuitical double-dealing of the retrogrades, who scrupled not to stimulate and provoke the people to commit excesses, and the supine, cowardly, and immoral indifferentism of the body of the real Florentine people, all contributed to make a government based on the theory of national *self-government* impossible. Now "the people" (which means the shouting audiences of the street orators, who fill the city with their noise), ask, and obtain permission to "celebrate" the departure of "the tyrant" in that noble old hall of the "palazzo vecchio" in which Savonarola was Guerrazzi's most recent predecessor in the part of demagogue. And there they sang, danced, and howled till early morning. Now again "the people" are dragging a huge tree into the Piazza to be raised as a "tree of liberty;" and the ubiquitous Guerrazzi has to rush out, and persuade the crowd to abandon a project, which certain associations of ideas rendered extremely undesirable. Then the owners, drivers, ostlers, and touters of the hack-carriages that had been wont to ply between Empoli and Florence, when the railroad from Leghorn to the capital had only reached the former town, discovered that it was contrary to all true republican principle that their trade should be spoiled by the railroad. So they broke up the road, and burned the Empoli station. Worst error

and most dangerous of all, however, was the indiscriminate giving of arms to the populace. There were complaints in the city that the public security was not sufficiently protected. A civic guard was at once proposed for the guarantee of order. And any citizens making application, and giving sufficient proof of their good citizenship and trustworthiness, were to have arms given them. Of course every ragamuffin in the city rushed to the Piazza, and the arms were rather scrambled for than distributed, all inquiry into character and respectability having been abandoned as impracticable. Great numbers of those who could do so now left the city. The rich went to their villas; foreigners hastened out of the country; and a reign of terror began in Florence, modified in its consequences by the unanimity with which all classes and parties were afraid of each other, and by the prevailing habit, which the usages of three centuries had made a Florentine’s second nature, of seeking a vent for all the more violent passions in words rather than in deeds.

## CHAPTER XII.

---

### NAPOLEON GUERRAZZI.

All lost at Novara.—Illusions.—Leopold the Second at San Stefano.—De Laugier on the frontiers.—Mazzini in Florence.—Trees of Liberty.—Guerrazzi as Captain-General.—Montanelli's rival expedition.—The "Contadini" at the gates.—A reign of terror in Tuscan fashion.—Meeting of the Chambers.—Guerrazzi Dictator.

BUT while the Tuscans were frightening each other by their unruly violence, were disgracing themselves in the eyes of Europe by their follies, and proving to the abundant satisfaction of Austria, and the sad disappointment of mankind's well-wishers, that in truth they were not capable of self-government, the destinies of Italy for yet another decade of suffering years were being decided elsewhere. While they were ringing their joy-bells in delight—poor fools!—at that unmanly flight of their sovereign from his duties and responsibilities, which destroyed the only small remaining possibility of any good thing being saved to them out of the general shipwreck of Italian hopes, another monarch of a different mould was pre-

paring for the last fatal struggle against the—in fact and in truth, though not in appearance—united forces of blind Mazzinian republicanism and perfidious, clear-seeing Austria: the last fatal struggle, the failure of which he was determined not to survive.

On the 23rd of March, 1849, the battle of Novara was lost. The narrow-minded, dog-in-the-manger republican party had their will. Austria had her triumph. And Italy had ten more years of intensified slavery and re-doubled burthens, of manifold disillusiones, and bitter, bitter repentance before her—fortunately. Fortunately; for so were ten years made to do the work of half a century, in preparing and fitting her for the second struggle in 1859. Fortunately; for at no less price of suffering, insult, humiliation and mortification, could the errors, vanities, egotisms, and illusions—which not only turned all the hopes and chances of '48 to failure, but which have rendered previous efforts vain—have been purged away so effectually that the men of '59 look back on the men of '48 with the feeling and ideas of a posterity enriched and matured by the life and experience of more than a generation. Both men and nations live fast, it is said, in these latter days. And truly in the history of mankind it would be difficult to find a period of ten years, which had produced by its lapse changes in the feelings, opinions, and sentiments—it might almost be said, in the

character—of a nation, so notable and so important. No more childish braggadocio of "*Italia farà da se!*" Italy knows that she is weak, and she knows why she is so, and intends that the knowledge should turn to means of future strength. No more insane rejoicings, with perpetual "Te Deums" to serve the childish crowds for a gratuitous theatrical exhibition; no more rioting, threatening, speechifying, and scrawling on the walls! But united effort, directed knowingly, and with intelligent unbending purpose, to one great end; unanimous postponement of all differences and minor questions whatsoever to the achievement of this; an amount of personal and national self-denial worthy of all praise; above all, an amended conception of the mutual relative position of the Papacy and the nation, a total and final awakening from all dreams of basing an Italian nationality, or basing anything whatever, on that quicksand, ever shifting, yet ever unvaryingly fatal to everything approaching it; and withal a wise determination, despite all strong temptations to the contrary, to defer all consideration of this hideous internal gangrene, till liberation from external oppression shall have been attained.

But in '48—that very imperfect and altogether undressed rehearsal of the performance of '59—the most inconceivable of all the strange illusions was the non-perception in Tuscany and other states of Italy, that all depended on success against

Austria—that Austria excluded from the peninsula, all was won, and that failing this, all was lost. It is true that mysteries have been revealed since '48, that all the iniquitous compacts for the keeping of Italy bound hand and foot, which are now known to the whole of Europe, were then known to but few. Still it might have been thought that Italy had picked up experience enough since 1815 to teach her where the real master rivet that fixed her chain was built into the wall of Austria's system. Yet Novara was lost; and Tuscany still continued to busy herself about republican and constitutional schemes of life for the future! With how fierce and grim a smile of contempt must Austria have looked on at her struggling, heaving, and writhing, while tarried yet awhile the coming bear's-paw blow, which was to stun her into "order" and submission.

The Grand-Duke had quitted Santo Stefano for Gaeta on the 21st of February, just a month before the fatal day of Novara, after a pitiable exhibition of indecision, weakness, and conflicting fears, which he would have spared himself if he had been content to remain where he was for a month longer. But on the 21st of February Leopold was grievously perplexed by doubts. For Piedmont and her constitutional ministry had offered to replace him at Florence, and set him up as a constitutional ruler. But then there was the promise of Radetzky to set him up with "thirty



thousand braves," and no constitution at all! Far better, if only the fortunes of Austria might be relied on. The demagogues of Sardinia must be put down first, Radetzky's letter admitted; and that had not yet been done. But, in the meantime he had begun to conceive fears for his own safety at Santo Stefano. There were two English vessels of war, it was true, at Santo Stefano, for his protection; but he had heard that the Giglio, —a little Tuscan steamer somewhat larger than a penny Thames passage-boat,—filled with furious Livornese, was coming out against him; and what protection were the *Thetis* and the *Bulldog* against such enemies as these. Besides, Orbitello, a neighbouring little city, had recently declared itself republican, and was firing salvoes of pop-gun cannon, which boomed in the Duke's ears at Santo Stefano, with a sound painfully suggestive of that of the guns at the taking of the Bastille. Then letters came from a host of good friends, all more or less under a cloud, who had sheltered together during the storm at Gaeta. A certain Saint Marc, one of those French legitimists, who spend their lives in swimming against a stream which carries them along with it despite all their efforts to the contrary, and who, finding nothing to be done at home, are only too happy to be permitted to lend a hand in anything that looks like a conspiracy in favour of tyranny and despotism against the welfare of mankind,—was the bearer of them.

There were despatches from the Holy Father,\*—quite a reclaimed and respectable Pope by this time, who could be recognised by the most spotless legitimist; despatches from the court of Naples; despatches from Cardinal Antonelli, from Esterhazy, from the Duchess de Berri, and from the *pur-sang* legitimists in their trains, to the Grand-Duchess, to the Duke's sister, to the members of the court, all urging a fellow-sovereign in trouble to join them, and cast in his lot with theirs; reminding him that in no case would Austria dream of permitting a constitutional Piedmontese intervention in Tuscany—faugh! And assuring him that Austria, France, Spain, and Naples would soon restore the Pope by force of arms, while Piedmont, with its constitution, was outlawed both by the Holy Empire and the Church. It was hardly in a serene Highness to resist such an invitation. Yet Leopold hesitated. He summoned all the foreign ministers, who were around him at Santo Stefano, and asked their advice. Having listened with much attention to the unanimous recommendation of all of them (with the exception of the Pope's Nuncio) that he should not leave Tuscany, he dismissed them with a request that they would call again on the following morning, and then—forthwith went on board the *Bulldog*, having made up his mind to do so.

So Leopold was carried by England to Gaeta;

\* Farini, *Lo Stato Romano*, lib. v. cap. i.; Ranalli, *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 242.

and the last addition to the party of sovereigns who had been led away in an evil hour into giving constitutions, but who had been brought to see the error of their ways, was doubtless received with all the delicate sympathy which the case demanded.

And in due time Radetzky performed all he had promised. Piedmont was conquered; Charles Albert's heart was broken,—a manifest and “very proper” judgment of God on a recreant king, who had deserted his order to side with the people;—and the rising sun of order and legitimate authority once again shone forth over the storm-vexed world. And yet Tuscany persisted in shutting her eyes to the glorious fact; and seemed bent on employing the short interval, which the press of more important business compelled the “saviours of society” to allow her, in justifying to the world by her outrageous and absurd conduct, their interference and their claim to that much-abused title.

While the Duke at Santo Stefano was making up his mind, amid agonies of doubt and indecision, to the step that has been related, General de Laugier, whom we have seen fighting heroically at Curtatone for the liberty of Italy, while the Duke still professed to be the ally of Piedmont and the enemy of Austria, but who had refused to throw off his allegiance to his sovereign, or to acknowledge the government set up after the Duke's flight from Siena,—De Laugier was preparing to execute orders which the vacillating prince had sent him,

to the effect that he was to unite himself with the Piedmontese troops, who had been offered for this purpose, and to march on Florence for the suppression of rebellion and restoration of his authority. All this project of course fell to the ground, as soon as it was known that the Duke had preferred to throw himself into the arms of the retrogrades and legitimists at Gaeta. But in the meantime De Laugier had circulated in the provinces of Tuscany nearest to the Piedmontese frontiers a proclamation, assuring the inhabitants that Leopold had not abandoned the country nor his throne, and that he (the general) was about to cross the frontier with twenty thousand Piedmontese, for the re-establishment of the sovereign and the constitution. The populations of those provinces were delighted with the news.\* But when it reached Florence the effect was very different. The populace, directed by their usual mob-leaders, demanded the instant declaration of the republic and fusion with that of Rome. Mazzini, like the petrel in a storm, was then in Florence, and did his wonted office in exciting the ungovernable mob and haranguing in favour of every most violent and maddest proposal. Montanelli, now once again returned to his "Young Italy" principles, followed his lead. Manzoni, the third member of the triumvirate, was silent; but, as his opinions had always been republican, he was

\* Ranalli, *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 235.

assumed to be in favour of the demand. Guerrazzi alone opposed it, urging that the legally elected representatives of the country were alone competent to pronounce so important a decision, and not a tumultuous band of unavowed individuals. Mazzini replied with the true demagogue's ignorance and contempt of the principles of liberty, that it was necessary not to persuade, but to impose the republic on people who did not know and could not understand its advantages. "But by such means we shall not attain the object in view," retorted Guerrazzi, "and we shall cause the shedding of blood in evil broil." "So much the better!" cried Mazzini; "by blood so shed the republic is solidified and sanctified."

At last Guerrazzi, knowing well the sort of populace who were shouting around him, said to the crowd: "Well, then, give me two thousand well armed and tried men, and I will at once proclaim the republic!" "Five thousand, if you will!" they shouted in reply; "ten thousand! Thirty thousand, if need be." So the rolls were forthwith opened in the Piazza, and the people were invited to enroll themselves. An immense crowd thronged the huge old square. Vociferous cheers saluted every gallant republican who enrolled himself among his country's defenders. Immense was the exultation! Loud the boasting! And endless the speculations on the incalculably important results of this day's doings of the Floren-

tines on the future destinies of Italy—nay, of the human race. And at the end of the day some two or three hundred names were all that had been collected towards the two—ay, five—ten—thirty thousand, so readily promised.

The absurd result enabled Guerrazzi to stave off the immediate declaration of the republic by the—so-called—government ; but not a bit did it shame the brawlers of the streets from declaring Tuscany a republic after their own fashion. On a sudden the great bell of the Palazzo Pubblico was heard over the city. The windows were illuminated, and, amid songs and vivas, a huge tree was raised in the midst of the Piazza. Certainly there were more men in Florence that night, by three to one, who looked on, some with hatred at this demonstration ; but no voice, and much more no hand, was raised in denunciation or prevention of it.

In the other cities of Tuscany similar puerilities were exhibited. In Pisa, the populace not only set up a tree in the principal piazza, but compelled the Archbishop and his clergy to be present and bless the job ! They “ sung lauds in the Cathedral,” illuminated the city, and during the live-long night made its dull and quiet streets resound with all sorts of mispronunciations of the talismanic word, “ *la Repubblica*,” without the remotest conception of the meaning of it.

Mazzini, Montanelli, Manzoni, and their followers, insisted on it that these disgraceful farces should

be considered by the government as the formal and valid declaration of the country in favour of republican government. But this Guerrazzi with much ado prevented.

Still all this availed nothing against De Laugier and his twenty thousand Piedmontese. In reality the Duke's change of plan had disconcerted all De Laugier's scheme, and that of the Piedmontese government. But nothing was yet known of this at Florence. So it was determined that an armed force must be sent to the frontier, to protect it against the threatened invasion; and Guerrazzi decided on leading it in person! But for that circumstance it would hardly have been worth while to mention this absurd and needless expedition; truly such in any case, for if there really were twenty thousand Piedmontese troops marching on Florence, the force Guerrazzi had with him was utterly incapable of arresting their progress for even an hour. It is, therefore, as a characteristic trait of that undoubtedly very remarkable man, rather than as a part of the history of Tuscany, that the story of this farcical expedition is worth telling.

Amid a world of weakness and imbecility unequalled, this Livornese lawyer, Guerrazzi, stands alone as a man of energy, strength, resources, and, to a certain degree, of genius. Of saving the country it is idle to talk, when we know that the maleficent form of giant Austria is already looming

large on the horizon ; and that no amount of worth, wisdom, and strength in sovereign, leaders, and people combined, would have availed any more than the complete lack of those qualities in all the parties concerned, to save little Tuscany from the deadly gripe. But it cannot be denied, that in this tribune of the people, first dreaded, then crouched under, and lastly persecuted by the Florentine aristocracy, was to be found the only spark of those qualities by which nations are saved from their dangers and shortcomings. And yet how curiously the weakness of the man shows itself on the surface ! The intense vanity, the overbearing individuality, the childish love of appearing, of theatrical tinsel, and strut, which marks the southern nature !

The historian Ranalli \* insinuates that Guerrazzi knew all the time that De Laugier had no troops to march against Tuscany with. This may have possibly been the case, but there are no means of knowing that it was so, and there is no need to suppose it. The triumvir was, as the historian remarks, “ often wrapped in the drapery of his classical erudition ”—for among much else Guerrazzi is a ripe scholar—“ and it struck him that this was a fine opportunity for renewing the ancient practice of the times when the consuls or other magistrates marched in person at the head

\* *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 281.



of the armies of the state." So he conferred on himself extraordinary powers, and placing himself at the head of his very ragged regiments marched to Lucca. There he began at once to make abundant proclamations ; for, as Signor Ranalli remarks rather spitefully, if he had no knowledge of the use of arms, he had more than enough of that of words. Indeed, an excessive indulgence in the use of spirituous placards on the walls, a perfect flux of proclamations, has been a weakness noticeable in all Italian attempts at political regeneration. And if a nation could be harangued into greatness by addresses printed in large letters, beginning "TOSCANI," and ending with three or four substantives, each expressing a cardinal virtue, and each followed by one or more notes of admiration, then Tuscany would have been a great nation by this time.

But a graver fault committed by Guerrazzi on this occasion, was the allowing himself to be accompanied by a knot of the most notorious of the street orators, who had been for months past exciting the Florentine mob to violence by their fustian speeches, and who were, most of them, very far from being reputable adherents in any point of view.

I cannot quote the learned and eloquent triumvir's proclamations, though it should be in his eyes the historian's only unforgivable sin. They are very fine, but very long ; and may be with

tolerable accuracy described by a handful from the sack, sample fashion. "Friends!—Brothers!—Fraternal blood!—Cursed be the traitor!—Cursed be he, who—. We come to," &c. &c.—"not to," &c. &c. "Brotherly love!—sacred soil!—three farthings a day extra pay, O soldiers of your country!" The intelligent reader can construct a *quantum suff.* of eloquence from these hints.

When the consul marched from Lucca towards the frontier, he ordered his men to advance with their muskets carefully *unloaded*, with sprigs of olive stuck in the muzzles of them, and other olive branches in their caps; "which," says Signor Ranalli, "would have been a queer way of meeting the enemy had there haply been any to meet." But the country folk turned out as they passed to see this Tuscan Birnam-wood of an army. They clapped their hands, and rang their church bells, and behaved much like the Islingtonians when Gilpin took *his* memorable ride. But De Laugier had retired to Massa, beyond the Tuscan frontier. Guerrazzi "walked his olived" men-at-arms as far as Pietra Santa, and then marched back again and entered Florence "with *quasi* triumphal honours, as if he had won a great battle; and proceeded in a great coach with military honours to the cathedral," for bell-ringing, Te Deum, band-playing, &c. Whether he had anybody on the monkey-board of the great coach to remind him that he was mortal, is not mentioned.

But to complete the ridicule of the thing, and cap the absurdity of his colleague, Montanelli, jealous of all this military glory, must needs have *his* expedition to the frontiers also ! The Austrians, it was said, were threatening an attack on the north-west frontier. So Montanelli put himself at the head of the troops, and, determined not to be outdone by the great deeds of his rival, he not only published more and longer proclamations than ever, but harangued the people in every village he passed. But his assurances that the Austrians were upon them, and that every man must fight for his own hearth, were in more than one place answered by cries of "Better Austrian, Russian, or Turk, than the republic of Mazzini." But Austria knew that the fight was elsewhere, and that Charles Albert once down, there would be no difficulty about Tuscany, and would not do Montanelli and his patriot bands the honour of taking any notice of them.

Truly tragic enough in the entirety of its action is the drama of this relapse of Italy into the cruel Austrian gripe, after an unavailing struggle and a disappointed hope. Yet, provokingly for the historian who would tell the Tuscan portion of the tale in epic vein, the Florentine follies and puerilities are ever and anon impressing on their contribution to the heroic whole the character of farce.

On the 21st of February, 1849, the whole city

was thrown into inconceivable commotion by the cry that "the *Contadini* were coming." Fires were seen at nightfall blazing on the hill-tops that surround Florence, and a rattling of musketry was heard from the same perfectly safe distance. It really resembled the means we are told the Chinese braves adopt for striking terror into their enemies. However, the *Contadini* did come as far as the shut and barred gates of the city, armed with scythes, pitchforks, clubs, &c., and led by a certain Smith, an Englishman, and one Ricciardi, a Neapolitan, "a vile and contemptible spy," says the historian. Immense was the supply of patriotic ardour called forth within the city walls by this silly escapade. "Arms! arms! To man the city walls! Rush to the gates!" The whole city was in a tremendous ferment. But Englishman Smith, whose naturally aristocratic sympathies with fallen royalty—or fallen serenity, I should say,—had led him to give his feelings this indulgence, when he found the city gates shut, went home again, unwillingly leaving to the Grand-Duke's other protector, the Austrian Emperor, the honour of replacing him on the throne of his ancestors, as Radetzky called it.

But the triumvirate considered themselves called on, after this narrow escape of the city from being sacked by Smith the Englishman, to show their energy by some demonstration against the retrogrades. So a law was passed that every possessor

of property who had left Florence should return to it, or be subjected to a daily fine ! A military tribunal was appointed to judge summarily, and punish within twenty-four hours, any one guilty of sedition by word or deed, or injuring in any way the life or property of any citizen. All which would have been a very decent imitation of the ways of the old Reign of Terror, had it not been that, in strict accordance with Tuscan traditions and habits, whether in time of revolution or otherwise, nobody returned to Florence, and nobody paid any fines, and nobody was tried for sedition, nor punished summarily or otherwise, mainly because the members of the new Court would not be bored by sitting in it.

Then came the meeting of the new Parliament, elected under the auspices of the triumvirate ; and, as usual in such cases, the passive imbecility and cowardice of the moderates was as injurious to the country as the active imbecility and violence of the republicans ; or rather, it should be said, would have been as injurious if there had in reality been any question of Tuscany being permitted to try the experiment of self-government. The most respected men would not sit, even in cases where, despite themselves, they had been elected. Then the ultra-republicans had it all their own way. Montanelli opened the sitting with a renewal of the proposal to unite the republics of Tuscany and Rome. Guerrazzi still opposed such a measure strenuously.

There is every reason to believe that he had even then hopes and intentions of restoring the Grand-Duke as a constitutional prince, and perhaps as King of Central Italy.

But Guerrazzi was beginning to lose favour with the republican party and the violent portion of the populace, as it became clear that he was bent on restraining them, and preventing the government from committing itself to any extreme measure. At the same time the constitutional party, and even the retrogrades, were beginning to hold him in less abhorrence, and to perceive—too late—that he was in truth the only man capable, despite his ridicules and his vanity, of doing anything, and disposed, despite, or perhaps by reason of, his ambition, to favour the views of the former, or to be made a convenient tool of by the latter. For a while he withstood the cry for the fusion with the Roman republic. But it is hardly probable that, unassisted as he was by any active co-operation of those who now looked to him as the only remaining defence against utter anarchy, he would have been able to stem the current much longer, if the assembly of rogues and blockheads, who called themselves the Tuscan Parliament, had not been terrified by the news that all was lost in Lombardy.

Violent, and not a little disgraceful, was the debate—if such it may be called—which followed this announcement. None of the mutual abuse, accusations, and recriminations, which such a situ-

ation is wont to call forth, were wanting to complete the humiliation of all who, on either side of the Alps, had looked with hope to the movement in Italy. A Dictatorship was proposed; and one man rose and said, that for such a trust Guerrazzi would have been the only man, had he not sold himself to the Duke. This called up that great master of tongue-fence to a duel, in which few adversaries of any clime or class would have been likely to come off otherwise than signally worsted. The question having been put to the vote, Guerrazzi was named Dictator; and the assembly proposed to discuss the extent of the powers to be entrusted to him. Then followed a world of declamation, with infinity of reference to the precedents to be found in classical school-books; hyperboles of profuse adulation, and of abuse as excessive, and almost as ignoble—Kossuth and Barrabbas appearing to be about the extreme points of comparison between which admiration and vituperation oscillated—were addressed to the only calm man there, who sat silent and grim, till they had at length expended their breath, and come to a vote, according to him what all considered very ample powers, limited, however, to care for the defence of the country, both external and internal, and to be accounted for at the end of twenty days.

But Guerrazzi's triumphant friends and enraged rivals and enemies were equally taken aback by his then quietly declining to accept of any powers

short of wholly unlimited dictatorship. Then arose a storm of confused abuse on the one hand, and entreaties on the other. But the one man present, who had anything of value to offer, stood firm to his price ;—and it was accorded.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Visions of restoration.—The demagogues continue, but the people give up the game.—The Livornese in Florence.—Municipal hatreds.—Bloodshed in Florence.—The demagogues frightened into hiding.—Fall of Dictator Guerrazzi.—Provisional Government.—Tumult in the Piazza.—End of the first revolution.

BUT the end was now rapidly drawing near. And to our view of the case, as we are now able to see it—(which however should only serve to remind us of the always vast difference between the view of the most sagacious contemporary, and that which a very ordinary mind can command, when looking back on the played-out game ;)—to us it seems extraordinary, that after Novara, anybody could have dreamed of looking to aught else, save at the best a return pure and simple to the old order of things. There is reason to think that Guerrazzi from this time began to contemplate the necessity of returning to the dominion of the Grand-Duke. Signor Ranalli \* declares that he, the historian,

\* *Istorie Italiani*, vol. iii. p. 356.

had heard him express himself to that effect among his colleagues. It was still however to be "the return of the Grand-Duke with sufficient guarantees for the establishment of constitutional government." They little guessed how far beyond any such hope their bark had already drifted. But they had not seen the Austrian Field-Marshal's letter, as we have, nor suspected the sort of hopes and plans that were being hatched and matured at Gaeta.

As for the rank and file of the revolutionary party, they do not seem to have been in the least aware how nearly they had run to the end of their tether. The journals continued to print every day in huge letters "Union with Rome!" and the mob within and without the walls of the Chamber of Deputies were constantly vociferating the same cry. The audacity, confidence, and violence of the extreme republican party so manifestly increased during those last days of the revolution, in defiance of all common sense and the most ordinary calculations of the chances of coming events, that, as one of the historians remarks,\* it would be inexplicable, were it not known that there were traitors mixed among them, paid by the retrograde party to inflame the minds of the people, and lead them if possible to commit excesses that might serve as a plausible excuse for

\* Ranalli, *ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 380.

calling in foreign arms. That all that real enthusiasm for political regeneration, which had existed in such abundance among the real people when the Tuscan volunteers extorted from the Duke the permission to march to the assistance of the revolted Lombards, and which sustained them so nobly at Curtatone and Montanara, was utterly gone out and extinguished, might be seen convincingly enough in the utter failure of the attempt to raise some men for the defence of the frontiers. In vain placards and addresses were issued by the government, full of "Spartan mothers," "Roman fathers," "hearths and wives," and all the stock properties of patriotism, when in want of "a few fine young men" to fight for a desperate cause! Not a Tuscan would undertake to do more for "liberty," than shout in the streets of Florence.

And in truth this holding aloof from the revolutionary cause at the present crisis by the real masses of the Tuscan people, who had been so ready at an earlier phasis of its career to support it, is by no means calculated to detract from the character for shrewdness and practical good sense which the Tuscan man of the people enjoys. The revolution had disappointed him. Unlike the Parisian mob, whose appetite seems to grow by what it feeds on in times of licence and social dissolution, the Tuscan people, more profoundly civilised, more rational, and, despite its easy-going *insouciance*, more thoughtful than the French *prolétaire*, had been

disgusted and alienated by the mode in which "liberty" had been showing herself in the streets of Florence for the last year past.

But the difficulties of the almost impossible task imposed upon Guerrazzi were increased not a little by the impossibility of disposing of any portion of the force of the country. The moderates and retrogrades were more and more drawing near to him ; or rather, were more and more perfectly persuaded, that during the interval, whether longer or shorter, that must elapse before their hope of the Grand-Duke's return could be realised, they could look only to him for the preservation of any degree of civil order. They implored him to keep the reins of government in his hands, and were well content to accept security for life and property at his hands. But this very show of confidence on the part of the monarchical party injured Guerrazzi very considerably with the republicans, and rendered it day by day more difficult for him to perform the service expected from him.

The chambers were to meet again on the 15th of April ; and the point was to keep things quiet till then. Guerrazzi had found them docile enough under his hand. He had, moreover, been sending agents in whom he could confide through the country, to sound and prepare the members for the step he was about to take ; and he hoped thus to have replaced the Grand-Duke on his throne—not, as some of the leaders of the moderate party had

already been attempting it, by secret intrigues and negotiations, but by the constitutional and legal means of the regular vote of the representatives of the country ; and surrounded by all the constitutional guarantees against absolute power, which the experience of other countries had shown to be necessary.

“Unconscious of their doom, the little victims play !” indeed. They had yet to learn that right or no right, treaty or no treaty, Austria “ would not permit the approach to representative government by any state of the peninsula ;” and was fully decided to interfere by force of arms to prevent it.

But an event—one of those which seem to be brought about by a merely fortuitous chain of circumstances—prevented all Guerrazzi’s plans, and precipitated the catastrophe of the latest Florentine republic. Having failed to induce the Florentines to enrol themselves for the defence of the frontiers against foreign invasion, he went to Leghorn in person to try the effect of his eloquence for that purpose there ; and having harangued the people in the principal church, he did so far succeed as to persuade some hundreds of more or less ragged tatterdemalions to enroll themselves, and brought them to the Fortezza da Basso in Florence to be drilled before proceeding to the frontiers. Another band of Livornese also, who since Guerrazzi’s notable march to Pietra Santa

had been stationed at Pistoja, were called to Florence. The arrangement was not a prudent one, for a body of Leghorn men who had in the early days of the revolution been stationed for awhile at Florence, had left no favourable impression of themselves on the Florentines, ready enough, after the fashion of Italian citizens, to feel an animosity against the men of a neighbouring municipality. Neither the fresh recruits, nor the soldiers from Pistoja, were calculated to conciliate the good-will of the Florentines by their appearance. The latter, a remarkably douce, quiet, and decent population, were disgusted at the ragged, often hatless and shoeless, ruffians, who were as violent in manner and insolent in conduct, as they were unprepossessing in appearance. All kinds of stories circulated through the city, that the Livornese had bullied a shopkeeper here, insulted a respectable woman there, and refused to pay for what they had consumed in a third case. Guerrazzi, it will be remembered, is a Leghorn man, and the Florentines said that he had brought these ragamuffin fellow-townsmen of his to overawe Florence, and be a body-guard for him. The band from Pistoja had been ordered to remain in Florence only till it could be in some degree clothed and armed ; but strong representations were made to Guerrazzi that their presence in the city was highly dangerous, and that clothed or not clothed, he would do wisely to send them


away without the loss of a day. "But the Dictator," says Signor Ranalli, "accustomed to make light of danger, or perhaps not thinking that the Florentines would ever come to blows, or would get the better if they did, let matters alone." The Livornese, on the other hand, knowing of these applications that they should be sent away, and quite conscious of the feelings they excited in Florence, felt as if they were in an enemy's country ; and, hating the Florentines fully as much as they were hated by them, were anxious to pay the proud citizens of the capital for their scorn before they went.

For awhile the quiet Florentines were true to their character for aversion to violence, and endured as best they might the continual insolences and provocations of their loathed guests. Of course this was an opportunity not to be lost by the agents of the retrograde party, who laboured to blow the fire to a flame by spreading all sorts of exaggerations of the ill-doings of the Livornese—how they had killed a child in this street, done violence to a woman in such a house, and plundered such a shopkeeper. At last the rage of the Florentines, with difficulty suppressed, boiled over. On the evening of the 11th of April, that indefinite sort of agitation prevailed throughout the city which seems always to herald an outbreak of popular violence. At last the regiment had been ordered to Pistoja ; but it was just too late. They

were on their march to the railway station when the crowd began to pelt them with stones ; they did not hesitate a moment to fire in return on the populace. The Florentine civic guard, who were coming up to keep order, seeing this, fired on the Leghorn men. Shots were also fired against them from the windows of the houses, and they in return fired into the windows.

At last, and so near the end of the movement, was Florence thus stained with blood shed in civil broil !

Guerrazzi hurried to the scene of the disturbance ; finding there a few horse-soldiers, he made one of them dismount, and springing into the saddle rode into the thick of the fray. He was fired at, but not hit ; and at last by his intrepidity and authority he succeeded in putting an end to the fight on *that* spot. But similar outbreaks were taking place in other parts of the city. Some Tuscan soldiers, in one instance, tracked three fugitive Livornese into a shop, and insisted upon dragging them out and dispatching them. Professor Zanetti, whose reputation as a surgeon is an European one, and whose zeal for liberty and unblemished character had induced the Florentines to persuade him, with some difficulty, to accept the somewhat incongruous position of Colonel of the National Guard, happened to be on the spot, and strove hard to save the unfortunate men, in vain ; the three Leghorn men were





dragged forth and literally torn to pieces. The sight of blood, and the consciousness that irreparable deeds had already been done, had the usual effect even on the generally peaceful Florentines. The hapless Livornese, now everywhere fugitives, were hunted down like wild beasts. Many were saved by the humanity of citizens, who opened their doors to admit them, and hurriedly closed them upon their pursuers. But the day was a terrible one, the remembrance of which will continue to be a subject of shame and horror to the Florentines, for a longer period than a similar event might survive in the memory of many another community with higher claims to an enlightened civilisation.

On the following day the results of the unusual excesses into which the Florentines had been betrayed were remarkable enough. In the first place the city was in no small agitation from a fear, industriously spread by the retrogrades, that Leghorn would march *en masse* on Florence to avenge the slaughter of their citizens. Such an event, perfectly in accordance with the old traditions of the hates and vengeance of rival municipalities, was not altogether off the cards even in the midst of the 19th century. And if it should happen, Florence might well tremble.

In the next place, it was observable, and singular enough, that the noisy and factious supporters of the extreme republican party, who had done such

an infinity of mischief, and who but the day before had thronged the piazzas and talked as loudly and as violently as ever, had utterly disappeared. Florence was quieter than it had been for many a day. The demagogues knew that the day of their popularity was over in the city; that they had held their noisy influence thus long only by bullying and overbearing the more worthy, more timid part of the population; and they feared, when they saw the citizens, driven beyond their long patience, thus unexpectedly rise in their wrath, that their turn might come next, if they gave further provocation while the city was in its angry mood.

Lastly, the event of the 11th of April gave a damaging blow to the falling credit of the Dictator, and a lift to those who were intriguing for a restoration. Florence was heartily ashamed of itself; and felt a very strong desire to lay the onus of its ill deed on some scape-goat's head. Such things never had happened when the Duke was here. His absence, therefore, had occasioned them. And the presence of the Dictator was the cause of all. Guerrazzi was indeed much to blame for the imprudence with which he had delayed to send the Livornese out of the city. But no man in Florence had so exerted himself in striving to stay the fury of the people. It was one of the occasions on which a victim is felt to be necessary; and Guerrazzi might have guessed that in the position

in which matters stood, it was most probable that he would be the man.

Utterly knocked up with the fatigue he had gone through on the 11th, he slept late on the following morning ; and the hours of his rest were busy and important ones in Florence. The retrograde party had been active during the night in arranging that large numbers of the peasantry should come into the town on the morrow—not in a menacing body as before, but quietly and gradually, four or five passing the gates at a time, as for the purposes of their ordinary avocations. The streets of the city were thus crowded from an early hour, and knots of men began to take down those trees of liberty which had been raised so recently. Others busied themselves in quickly restoring the Grand-Ducal arms in many places from which they had been torn down. These faithful and loyal souls, when they had thus testified their unalterable allegiance to the true prince, went from house to house to ask some reward for the services thus rendered to the cause of order ; and were recognised by more than one careful and observant householder as the same individuals who had come on a similar quest, on the plea of having helped to put the trees up and tear the arms down. They worked however conscientiously for their paymasters, and included in their day's work some cautiously spread, and not over loud cries of " Death to Guerrazzi ! "

Meantime the members of the government did nothing ; and the Dictator himself, now nearly in the toils, was sleeping. The municipality, which in every emergency seems in an Italian city to be the power most endowed with real innate life, to which the citizens turn with the instinct even yet alive in them—generated by the old civic existence,—the municipality met to consider what was to be done. It was a very curious instance of the undying influence of the municipal institutions which date from the Roman, or probably from still earlier times. The new parliament, representing the nation, was in session in Florence. The country was in a state of convulsion. And it was the municipality which came forward to act on the occasion. It was as if the corporation of the City of London should in any crisis of danger or difficulty, quietly, and with the full consent of the nation, supersede the House of Commons.

But the members of the municipality appointed under the present government were known to be men of no influence, energy, or worth of any sort. So it was proposed that they should add to their body five citizens of weight and name, which was accordingly done. Somebody, to whom it did occur that they were treating somewhat scurvily their new and so much desired representative system, suggested that the chamber should be invited to join itself to the corporation. But “the people” cried out against any such proceeding ; and the

“parliament” was quietly squeezed out of any share in the management of the country.

The most difficult question that presented itself to the new rulers in the outset was, what to do with the fallen but still formidable Dictator. It was proposed to ask him to proceed to Leghorn for the purpose of persuading that dangerous and ungovernable community to adhere to the new order of things. Guerrazzi was willing to undertake the commission. But they shrunk from trusting him and his tongue at Leghorn. It was suggested that he should be invited to take himself off into exile. To this also he acceded, asking only for means to pay the cost of a journey.

But, in the meantime, the crowd of peasants and paid agitators of the dynastic party was increasing in the square, and besieging the public palace. They were every hour growing more violent in their demands for “death to Guerrazzi.” They threatened to break into the building ; and Capponi, one of those who had been added so irregularly to the municipality, and the man of most weight, character, and influence with the people, was obliged to show himself three or four times to the mob, to assure them that Guerrazzi was in safe custody, and would be punished according to the law ! At length it was judged necessary for his safety—or the men newly in power pretended to think that it was necessary—that he should be transferred to the Castle of St. Giorgio, otherwise called the

Belvedere. They begged Zanetti to go to Guerrazzi, and signify this to him, and to undertake the disagreeable duty of escorting him thither. Zanetti did this, and gave his word to Guerrazzi, that he should be free to leave the fortress in a few days. All who know him agree in believing Professor Zanetti to be wholly incapable of saying this, had he not fully believed it himself. But never was honest man made the agent of a baser fraud. Guerrazzi yielded at once ; and, accompanied by the Professor and a guard, entered the fortress, to find himself instantly a most jealously guarded prisoner. His jailor was ordered not to lose sight of him. The windows of his prison were not only grated and barred anew, but were fitted with curtains preventing all possibility of looking from them, on the pretext that signals were made to him from a distance. Guards were placed above and below ; at the door and on the stair. No access was allowed to the prisoner. Every article of necessity that was introduced was scrupulously searched. Reading and writing were not permitted to him.

No baser or meaner persecution was ever prompted in vile and cowardly hearts by the ignoble hatred of rivalry, or the yet more ignoble desire of slavish natures to have, when crawling into the presence of the angry master, a propitiatory sacrifice in their hands, which the tyrant might deign to deem acceptable.

The other cities of Tuscany, with greater or less alacrity, followed the example of the capital, with the exception of Leghorn, which refused all submission to the new *régime*; elected chiefs of its own, and remained in rebellion till ultimately coerced by the Austrians.

Of course the change was accompanied by all the usual illuminations, processions, bell-jangling of the most horrible sort (for bell-ringing is a gentle art unknown out of England), Te Deums, &c., &c. The clergy of course were overjoyed at the change. They had been compelled to sing and to bless of late very much which they would far more willingly have anathematised. And the archbishop, to show that he kept something in reserve for the right side, which not all the compulsory Te Deum performances had obtained for the liberal dogs, uncovered an ancient picture of the Madonna, which was known to be in the habit of beginning to work miracles as soon as ever the coverings were removed and daylight let in upon her; and whose influence was declared to have contributed powerfully to the bringing about of the late happy change in the destinies of the country.

Thus ended the first of Tuscany's last two revolutions. And it cannot be denied that the great majority of the nation were heartily glad to see it ended. Long since it must have been evident to every sensible man that it had become powerless to secure any of those advantages which had in its

early days been hoped from it. Almost all had felt for many months past that it could not be durable; and the return to the old order of things promised at least certainty and stability—for a while.

The revolution then had been a complete failure; and it had abundantly deserved to fail. Of course if it had not so deserved, it would not have failed. But its causes of failure were so patent, so clear, and marked, that any political tyro might read them, and draw sage inferences as to the incapacities of a people who could so manage their affairs. The peculiarity of this episode in history seems to be that—with the exception of the brave youths who fell and bled at Montanara—no human being who was concerned in it, from the Grand-Duke to the vilest ruffian who hallooed for pay on both sides, acted otherwise than weakly, falsely, contemptibly.

Let us hold to the faith, however, despite all temptation to deny it, that this *is* a God's world, and must be on its way to be a "Cosmos." Let us hold to the faith; hope on, and try again!



## CHAPTER XIV.

### “TOSCAKA E AUSTRIA.”

Overtures to the Grand-Duke.—Austrian effrontery.—The Austrian occupation.—Very tedious treason.—Austria, Italy's best teacher.

AND now the republic being dead, all its odious trees pulled down and well burned, and, above all, the terrible Guerrazzi safe under hatches, the Florentines flattered themselves that all would go well. The paternal prince, with feelings as paternal as ever, was to accept the invitation of his affectionate children to return among them (with his *Statuto*), and be a constitutional father henceforth, and all that the rough times had produced of good was to be preserved, and all the evil wiped up and forgotten.

It is amusing to observe how innocently the municipality, who framed the address praying Leopold to return to the throne, think that the old monarchical theory and the new can be easily and harmoniously blended. “We have promised your subjects in your name,” they tell the sovereign,



“that you will return among them, like a father among his children, and like a constitutional prince among citizens obedient to the law.” They tell him that the intention of Tuscany is “to invite you to restore your constitutional throne, surrounded by popular institutions, as you wished it to be.” They imagine that, if only Leopold will consent to this arrangement, there is nothing to be feared. “Highness! your return will save us from the shame and the miseries of an invasion. It will save you from making foreign arms, which you ever abhorred, the foundation of your throne. \* \* \* You would not give to the laws a support inconsistent with the national honour, of which amid the misfortunes of Italy you were ever the unchanging defender, You made your glory consist in the profession of these truths, when you consented to give a constitution to your subjects, and when you took part in the war of independence.”\*

It is easy to imagine the sort of effect that this somewhat lecturing language would produce upon the Grand-Duke, amid his surroundings at Gaeta. One would like to know whether it was shown to the good company there, or whether Leopold felt too much ashamed in such society of the weakness it proved him to have been guilty of, and of the sort of tone his subjects dared to take with him.

\* The address may be found printed at length in the little work before quoted, “Toscana e Austria,” p. 72.

One can fancy the comments our brother-in-law of Naples would have made upon the occasion. And there, on the other hand, was Radetzky and his "thirty thousand braves," ready to do all that was necessary in a so much more royal and dignified style.

Nevertheless Leopold replies by a proclamation, dated the 1st of May, 1849, in which he appoints Count Serristori commissioner extraordinary for the re-establishment of order, and instructs him "to prepare the solid restoration of the constitutional government already instituted by us."\*

And the ministers appointed at the same time, in a circular addressed to all the authorities on the following 5th of June, write; "The Tuscan government is that of a monarchy tempered by a constitution. The Tuscan constitution is the fundamental statute conceded by His Imperial and Royal Highness the reigning Grand-Duke on the 15th of February, 1848,—a statute which the prince, always faithful to his promises, wills to maintain, however it may have been audaciously violated by others."†

How far Leopold the Second may have been sincere at that time in these promises and statements it is impossible to say and of little use to inquire. Happily his trustworthiness or the reverse is now of little importance save to himself. But it may be remarked, that if he had at any time come

\* "Toscana e Austria," p. 76.

† Ibid, p. 75.

to a complete understanding with Austria as to the course he was about to follow in governing his states, and had already determined on abolishing the "statute" and constitution, he would nevertheless have used similar language. For Austria herself, with wonderful effrontery and cynicism, used the same, and made the same professions at that time. "Tuscans!" said General D'Aspre in his proclamation, dated from Pietra Santa, the 5th of May, 1849, "I come to restore and render stable public and private security. Under their shadow only can the constitutional institutions given you by your legitimate sovereign take firm roots, and bring forth good and abundant fruit."

But the "thirty thousand braves" that Radetzky promised were not what the experience of mankind has shown to be good for the youth of constitutional liberty. The Tuscans had *then* sore misgivings as to this mode of securing a stable root to their constitution; but *now* we read these transactions and professions by the light of Prince Metternich's declaration, of the 6th of March, 1822, to Baron Venet, the Imperial Minister at Paris; "The representative system, with the institutions which are the necessary accompaniment of it, cannot and must not be established in any state of the peninsula."\* The falsehood and hypocrisy

\* Gemelli, "Napoli e Austria," p. 33.

of Austria are therefore proved. Whether the Austrian Archduke who reigned over Tuscany was admitted to the family council, and shared the family falsehoods, or was excluded from them and shared in the deception practised on his subjects, is of little consequence. His position as an Austrian Archduke made it impossible for him to protect his subjects, or suffer them to protect themselves by seeking help elsewhere against the propagandism of Austrian despotism. And the defence set up by the friends of the Lorraine dynasty for the Duke's abandonment of his promises, that he could not help himself, is as decisive of his unfitness for the position as the most abundant evidence of his own fraudulent intention.

What followed the restoration in Tuscany cannot be better nor more briefly stated than in the words of the authors of "*Toscana e Austria*," of the "tediousness" of which Lord Normanby complains. The short story which is so tedious in the telling to the partizans of Austria, runs as follows:—

"The Austrians advanced towards Tuscany; they occupied in the name of Parma and Modena the new possessions of Tuscany in the Lunigiana and Garfaynana. It was nothing! They were not coming any further. They could not pass our ancient and well-known frontier! So said our rulers, and so the subjects repeated after them. In the meantime the Austrian troops violated the boundary, and increased their numbers. Nobody

knew how it so happened ; not even the commissioner extraordinary sent by the Grand-Duke to govern Tuscany till his return. Who invited them ? By what right did they come. Nobody knew at that time ; and nobody can say with documentary certainty to the present day. The Austrian general, wherever his troops arrived and took up their quarters, disbanded and disarmed the National Guard. Men asked if this was the reward of the restoration that had been accomplished, and of the good order which had been maintained ? Men asked how could a foreigner lay violent hands on an institution of the country, declared such by the fundamental statute, by which the sovereign had recognised and sanctioned the rights of his subjects, and under which he had subsequently accepted his restoration to the throne ? They let us ask !—and continued to disband and disarm. The Austrians occupied Leghorn. They were allowed to do so ; and it was said that they would not come to Florence. They soon came to Florence, and behaved there as masters. They were allowed to come and be masters. They took up their quarters in the country, and they were permitted to do so. Then arrived the prince. Everybody spoke to him of the *Statuto*. And to everybody he promised to maintain it. The municipalities registered it as certain. The tribunals deemed it inviolable. The laws were promulgated according to the forms prescribed by it, but not

proposed, discussed, and consented to according to the rules it laid down. From all parts of the nation came clamours for the *Statuto* and for national independence, and entreaties that the chambers might be convoked. And meantime the *Statuto* was violated every day amid protestations of the determination to maintain it. Every form of liberty was repressed and suppressed by those who protested the while their intention to observe them all. Extraordinary tribunals were created ; the police was once again armed with all the attributes of arbitrary power. Taxes were imposed and increased. The anticipatory payments which had been made by citizens, under promise of restitution, were neither restored nor accounted for. The public property was pledged, and a public debt of thirty millions was created. Then the Parliament was definitively dissolved, before it had ever been re-called together ; and its meeting was indefinitely put off. Then, when Austria prepared a Concordat with Rome for the abolition of the laws of the Emperor Joseph, a Concordat was made in Tuscany in derogation of the Leopoldine laws. And lastly, when Austria abolished her Constitution of the 4th of March, 1849, the fundamental *Statuto* of Tuscany, which had been promulgated on the 17th of February, and solemnly confirmed with invocation of the Almighty on the 26th of June, 1848, was wholly abolished on the 6th of May, 1852.

“ In whose hands were we, then, that our every right could be thus with impunity violated ? We were in the possession of Austrian troops. Our affairs were regulated according to the will of the cabinet of Vienna. Rights of sovereignty in Tuscany were exercised by an Austrian marshal residing at Verona, and by the Austrian generals and colonels, his delegates in Tuscany. \* \* \* No offence against our dignity was wanting, no outrage to our nationality was spared, and no injury to our civilisation omitted. Even the most essential rights of sovereignty were usurped by the Austrians encamped in Tuscany. The right of administering justice, the right over life and death ; even that highest and most jealously guarded prerogative of sovereignty, the right of pardon ; were all exercised by Austrian officials on Tuscan citizens. In Leghorn, the Austrian commandant judged and punished even ordinary crimes according to Austrian military law, awarding the penalty of death, which was not then known in Tuscan law. Youths under age were condemned by the Austrian general to be flogged. Even in Florence, the Athens of Italy, the most cultivated city of highly cultivated Tuscany, where no state of siege existed, the Austrian general dragged Tuscan citizens arbitrarily before Austrian councils of war, and sentenced them to be beaten,—a punishment worthy only of a nation whose civilisation has not yet seen the dawn. \* \* \* And we had laws and



tribunals the while ! But the soldiers of Austria withdrew themselves as well as Tuscan citizens from the legitimate authority of the Tuscan tribunals, even to the point of refusing to appear before them as witnesses ! And finally, when thirty citizens of Leghorn were condemned to death by the colonel commanding the state of siege in that city, the sentence was referred to the commander-in-chief of the army at Verona ; and from Verona Marshal Radetzky wrote back, and usurped the exclusive prerogative of the crown, pardoning and commuting punishments to Tuscan citizens condemned by Austrian tribunals sitting in Tuscany !

“ If these things had not taken place under our eyes, and if they were not additionally confirmed by irrefragable documents,\* would civilised Europe believe that they could have happened in the second half of the nineteenth century ? ”

“ Very treasonable, but very tedious ! all this ; ” says my Lord Normanby. Treasonable ! Then the Grand-Duke, Lord Normanby’s client, accepts as his the acts of the Austrian invaders ! He feels that these reproaches fall on him ? Then, after all, it is admitted that Leopold the Second and his Austrian relatives are so bound up together that to reject

\* The documents vouching for the various facts stated in the above extracts are all printed in the notes to the little volume cited. But as the facts have never been denied, and as some of the documents are long, I have thought it unnecessary to reproduce them.

and protest against the interference of the latter is treason against the former. But it seems to the Tuscans, that for such to be felt to be the case, their Grand-Duke must first have been guilty of treason against them.

As for the tediousness of the unquestionably long account, one can on that score more readily sympathise with the feelings of Austria's advocate. A long long bill, rigidly scored up, every one of the numerous articles in which must be paid for, *is*, it must be owned, a very tedious document to the debtor, when the day of payment has come. But now that that day—long waited for and patiently—has arrived at last ; now that Austria must balance her accounts with long-suffering humanity ; now that Nemesis will wait no longer ; it is idle to talk of the disagreeableness of the articles in the long indictment against her, if the truth of them cannot be denied.

Can it be wondered at that when there came a chance for a blow at this insolent oppressor, who had added contumely to injury, and the most cynically arrogant assertion of might against right, to the haughtiest assumption of superiority—can it be wondered at that the Tuscan youths rushed to the volunteering rolls, to secure the chance of an opportunity of laying one of those insolent heads low ? Can it seem surprising that a government, which was known to sympathise with the foreign oppressor instead of with the nation, should have

been swept out of the way by the current of the national wrath? Of what use could it be supposed to be for the diplomatists and public writers of other countries to preach to the Italians of the possibility, that French intervention might perhaps end by making itself onerous and oppressive before it could be got rid of? "Away with such prating!" would have been the unanimous Italian reply; "away with prating about the contingencies of possible evils to one smarting under intolerable ills present. He that will help me to strike down the Austrian is my friend—he, and none other! For the rest, change, be it what it may, can but benefit me. I may defy it to make my lot worse than it is."

For had not Austria assiduously employed the ten years of hard schooling that had to intervene between the revolution, which was a failure, and the revolution, which *ought* to be a success, in teaching Italy where to strike the only blow that could break her chain?—in making it evident even to the artisan in the workshop and to the peasant in the vineyard, how grievously they had erred in suffering jealousy of royalty, or any other dividing feeling, or trust in the dream of a regenerated Papacy or in the promises of their own sovereigns, to weaken the national effort by misdirecting any portion of it to any other object, than the one primal need of freeing Italy from the gripe of Austria? Austria has taught the lesson well. She

has preached unity to the Italians in perhaps the only manner in which it could have been made thoroughly a part of the national mind in the short space of ten years. This time there was no mistake, and no doubting, no disputations, and no division. Italy delivered from the Austrian. This was the programme. It was the condition of allegiance to the actual sovereigns ; the sole test of friendship or hostility to Italy. Artfully has it been endeavoured to divert the Italians from their scope by raising questions respecting the ulterior fortunes of Italy ; questions which are felt there to be subordinate in interest only to the all-absorbing one of freedom from Austria. But they *have* been felt to be subordinate. With rare prudence and self-restraint, the Italians have refused to be led away from the great object. Afterwards ! is the only answer to all invitations to discuss such matters.

The schooling has been a rough one ; but the lesson has been learnt ; and the reward, it is hardly too soon to say—(July 12th, 1859)—has been won.

## CHAPTER XV.

---

### THE TEN YEARS' INTERLUDE.

The events of ten years.—How to sit with safety on a steam-boiler.—The anniversary of Montanara.—The bronze tablets.—Scene in Santa Croce.—Repeal of the "*Statuto*."—Concordat.—Austrianising of the army.—Outbreak at Leghorn.—Policy of the liberal party.—Conduct of Piedmont.

FEW words need be spent upon the events of the ten years which elapsed between the two Tuscan revolutions. Not that, as some apothegm-maker has put it, the history of them is a blank because the people were happy. Rarely has it happened, in the history of Europe, that so much discontent has been borne for so long a period with so little manifestation of it. And rarely has such endurance been rewarded by so rapid a national progress in all that constitutes national maturity.

But the events of these ten years of Tuscan history were all of the same kind; the tendency was very uniform; and, as links between the one revolution and the other, they do not require any

---

detailed examination. The history, indeed, of restorations is for the most part the repetition of a similar course of circumstances. Princes seem to be the most unteachable of mankind. The road which has led them once to ruin is, on the earliest opportunity, resumed with the blindest expectation that similar causes will *not* produce similar results. If they were busily engaged in stopping up every crevice that might act as a safety valve when the boiler burst last time, they think that if only they can, by redoubled diligence and dexterity, succeed in making it altogether air-tight, all will go well. And they begin their work accordingly; diligently watching every smallest aperture that might permit any portion of the vapour to escape, and forthwith zealously stopping it.

Not that this intelligent process was carried out in Tuscany with anything approaching to the same energy and completeness which characterised the policy of the other rulers of the Peninsula. Nothing, whether for good or evil, ever is done with energy and completeness in Tuscany. But the Grand-Duke and his ministry were quite as much persuaded as any other most statecraft-learned emperor or king whatever, that stopping up the safety-valve was the one thing needful to prevent the steam from coming out. So wherever he could spy the smallest jet of vapour escaping, the sagacious creature instantly clapped a patch upon the spot, and set to tinkering it with the utmost

solidity. "'Tis the only way," quoth he to his faithful advisers, "to sit on one's boiler in safety!" "The only way, your Highness!" replied the ministers unanimously, and they all hammered away eagerly at the rivets accordingly.

A considerable quantity of steam was observed, for instance, to be escaping every year on the anniversary of that battle of Montanara and Curtatone, which the reader will not have forgotten. Certain bronze tablets have been mentioned, on which the names of those who fell at that Tuscan Thermopylæ were inscribed, and which were hung up on either side of the altar in the church of Santa Croce. Each year, on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the battle, the Florentines caused a mass to be said, and sundry such solemnities as theatrical-natured nations love to use for the outward manifestation of that which is in them,—speech-making, hanging up of garlands, and the like—to be performed. This had been peaceably done in 1849 and 1850; and a great deal of steam had escaped from the boiler, to the infinite disgust and annoyance of the Serene Highness who sate thereon. Why will a stiff-necked people remember what their Sovereign would have them forget? Let them be forbidden to remember.

So it was ordered that no mass should be said for the dead at Curtatone on the 29th of May, 1851. Still people are so difficult to manage! Speeches might be spoken; garlands might be

brought! Forbid these and looks might be looked. Eyes might speak treason to eyes. These people are so odiously cunning, look you! and the police knew what sort of spirit they had to deal with.

The police by the bye, it may be mentioned, had been recently remodelled and reformed by adepts at their trade sent express for the purpose from Naples. It is good to have the best growth of any product:—tobacco from Havannah, rum from Jamaica, and police from Naples. Masters in the art of “repressing” were these importations from Naples, presents from fraternal King Bomba. And it does not seem to have occurred to the Tuscan Solomon, that this importation of police from such a source might create more steam than it suppressed.

Well, on the night of the 28th of May, the new Neapolitanised police secretly lodged a body of men fully armed in the Convent of Santa Croce. The confraternity of course were liege supporters of “the authorities,” and always ready to take part against the Godless “people.” A corps of Austrian troops were also in part occupation of the convent. The next step was to dress several police agents in citizens’ clothes, and direct these to oppose the placing of any garlands on the objectionable monuments. For there was reason to fear that if police agents, visibly such, had interfered to prevent this act of commemoration, the people might have quietly obeyed, and so a



fine opportunity of "repressing" be lost. As soon, therefore, as the church began to be densely crowded on the morning of the 29th, the disguised agents of the police began to seek quarrel with the people bringing their garlands. A father, brother, son, or even a mother, wife, or sister might, one can understand, be made angry by the insolent interference with their grief, of persons apparently clothed with no authority. The mourners resisted, a struggle commenced, and the opportunity desired by the new masters in police tactics was obtained. Then at a signal the men hidden in the convent issued forth from the sacristy, and the work of repression was begun. Firing into the thick crowd, shots that awakened echoes from the tombs of Dante, Machiavelli, and Alfieri, they advanced along the huge nave to the steps at the west front of the church, and thence continued to fire on the people in the piazza. The scene in the church may be imagined; and to intensify the horror of it, the terrified crowds were unable to leave the building. The armed men firing on the people occupied the western exit. There was another body of police before the small lateral door on the north side, and the passage through the convent on the south side was filled with Austrian soldiers.

A more atrocious or terrible scene in a Christian church, or a more wholly unprovoked act of violence by despotic authority was never witnessed.

When "order had been restored" the citizens were left to carry off their dead ; and in the night the tablets were removed from their places on the church walls, and concealed in the "fortezza da basso" by the paternal government.

So here was a very considerable steam escape soldered up in the most workmanlike fashion. The commemoration having been thus abolished, it was clear that the people would now cease to remember Curtatone. It was all wiped out and done with ; and the Tuscan Solomon felt more serene upon his throne.

The continued occupation of the capital by Austrian troops for six years, inflicting increased taxation and a large national debt, irritating the minds of the citizens of all classes by their overbearing insolence, haughty defiance of the law, and occasional violences, and judiciously reminding the people daily and hourly of the one great cause of their national calamity and degradation, contributed of course to the same result.

Not content with absolutely ignoring the "Statuto" in practice, it was thought that the "repressing" effect of formally annulling it would be greater, and would have the additional advantage of showing that sovereigns are in no wise bound by oaths to their subjects. Then again, as the Leopoldine laws were considered by the people of Tuscany the foundation of their superior well-being to the other states of Italy, it was thought

that a concordat with the Pope annulling, or at least severely mutilating them, would further help to bring the national mind into a fitting frame. A little religious persecution was added at the same time to remind the people what the ecclesiastical spirit was, to which they were being delivered over by the conclusion of the concordat. Europe was scandalised; but Austria's faithful agents and Jesuits were conciliated and re-admitted to Tuscany, whence the universal hatred and fear of them, but the entire nation had previously caused their removal.

Fresh severities, contrary in their principle to the traditions and habitudes of the mild Tuscan jurisprudence, were imported into the code, especially as regards political and religious offences. The penalty of death unknown to the Tuscan law since 1786 was re-enacted, and its infliction facilitated by making the unanimity of the court no longer necessary to the sentence.

In little matters as in great no means were let nor opportunity overlooked of impressing upon the popular mind the utter subjection of the nation to Austria. An Austrian general was placed in command of the troops, increased in numbers by conscriptions ruinous to the country both materially and morally, in obedience to the requisition of Austria and entirely for her behoof. Austrian drill and discipline were introduced into the army and even Austrian martinet formularies of military

language were translated with an effect as ludicrous as it was irritating to the Tuscan soldiers, into Italian, and made obligatory upon all ranks of the military hierarchy, as if expressly to remind the men and officers at every moment that, if Tuscans by birth and maintained by Tuscan pay, their real masters were Austrians. When Radetzky died the Tuscan army was represented at his funeral by a deputation of officers ; and religious services in commemoration of Austrian occasions of rejoicing were celebrated in those churches which were shut on the Tuscans, who wished to commemorate their dead who had died in fight against the same detested and ever-present oppressors.

So contrite was Leopold for having been led away for a moment into the passing weakness of an appearance of patriotism ! So incessant, so multiplied, so various were his efforts to please the hard masters at Vienna, and to merit their forgiveness and patronage ! So briskly was the fire kept up under the boiler, while redoubled vigilance was used to plug up every possible cranny of an escape for the steam ! Till suddenly an explosion occurred, which, partial and limited in extent as it was, might, one would think, have enlightened a Serene Highness as to the nature of the forces he was setting at defiance.

It was at Leghorn in June, 1857, that a sufficiently mad and altogether useless outbreak of the populace took place ; useless indeed as to any

warning it might have afforded to the rulers ; but perhaps not wholly so, as giving the ruled a opportunity of observing and meditating on the spirit in which their paternal government was administered, and a measure of its feelings toward its people. The Austrian general must have been proud that day of the way in which his pupils had learned to feel and to behave towards their fellow citizens. No regiment of Croats could have shown themselves more completely machines—more thoroughly divested themselves of all the feeling and sympathies of men and citizens. They fired on the flying populace again and again ; and, according to the recognised Austrian strategic method of proceeding for the restoring of order in revolted cities, fired from the opposite sides of the street into the windows of the houses on either hand. It is the regular thing ; found to answer admirably for the purpose, and quite as well understood in the Austrian army, I am told, as any other portion of a well drilled soldier's duty. So please indeed was Austria with the performance of her new pupils, that the Tuscan officers engaged in directing this slaughter of unarmed and fugitive citizens were rewarded by her with Austrian decorations thus condescendingly considering them her own soldiers, and qualified to share with her own troops the distinction, unique in Europe, till within the last few days, it has been shared by the gallant soldiers of the Holy father, of bearing on their

breasts chivalric honours, won by firing on women and children,

This isolated outbreak at Leghorn, thus easily and cruelly suppressed, was in no way plotted or anticipated by the liberal party in Tuscany. Their policy was a different one. They had made up their minds to wait. But it afforded matter of meditation not altogether barren during the years of expectation, which were even then drawing towards their close. For the exemplary patience and restraint, with which the time of liberation was waited for, could not be indefinitely prolonged. And those who have heaped blame on Piedmont, and her great minister for urging on the outbreak of hostilities with the great enemy of all Italy, are little aware of the condition of the country, and of the attitude of men's minds from one end of the peninsula to the other. Piedmont had earned her recognised place as leader State of Italy. And all good Italians were well content that it should be so, and were grateful to her for assuming such pre-eminence and leadership. But on the understanding that they *should* be led. For how long did the politicians of Europe imagine that the effects of the blow dealt at Novara were to last? The stunned victim was beginning to stir uneasily. And it could only have been at the price of losing altogether her moral position in Italy, that Piedmont could have declined or much longer deferred to enter on the course open for her.

What says Tuscany, as represented by her best and most moderate men, speaking in the early months of this year, before the war had broken out—

“ We learned our lesson ; and we waited with resignation. With resignation, because our misfortunes and our humiliations hastened on the ripeness of the times,—with resignation, because sure of the goodness of our cause and of that of the entire nation ; and because we saw that Piedmont, a truly free and Italian government, was gathering around her the affections and desires of all the populations in Italy, in a true and large view of Italian liberty and nationality ; and by maintaining order, and preserving her dignity, had been for ten years waging a more terrible war against Austria, than she did in '48 and '49 with fire and sword ;—a moral war in which it was impossible for Austria to be the conqueror, while love was on one side, and hatred on the other ; on one part right, and on the other abuse of all right ;—in one camp the proud and noble vindication of one's own liberty, and in the other the violation either fraudulent or arrogant of the liberty of others. And it was right to leave Piedmont, the generous martyr of Italian nationality, to complete her mission in tranquillity. For this reason we held our peace in resignation, letting men think as they would that our waiting arose from downcast hopes. But now that Piedmont

has by the regular and wise exercise of freedom demonstrated that the people of Italy are worthy of freedom, and ripe for the exercise of it, \* \* \* now we raise our voice to declare that magnanimous Piedmont must no longer suffer alone for us all, and fight for all ; and to assert that whenever Italy has to combat the foreigner for the cause of Italy, then Tuscany must and will have her share, mindful as she is, that when she did not share in the honours of the battle, she did not escape the humiliation of the defeat. Trodden down together with the rest of Italy, she must together with the rest of Italy raise herself up again. \* \* \* And if the fortune of war should yet again be against us, there will still be against Austria in Italy an enemy stronger and more invincible than fortune ;—the ripening of human destinies, and the necessities occasioned by the advancement of universal civilisation.” \*

These are the words not of one author ; but, as has been explained, are the joint manifesto of a knot of Tuscany's foremost and most respected citizens and nobles. And they should attract the attention of those, who have imagined that the outbreak of war in the spring of 1859, was due solely to Piedmontese ambition, and to a scheme hatched by her for her own aggrandisement. Nothing can be more erroneous. She has

\* *Toscana e Austria.* Florence, Mar. 15, 1859.



acted as the appointed leader of Italy for the redressing of wrongs, that pressed far more hard on other parts of the nation than on her. The war was a war for and by Italy; and Piedmont would only have declined to take the lead in it, the price of not only losing her influence in the Peninsula and her place at the head of Italian nationality, but of being regarded as Austria's vassal and Italy's enemy. To attribute the war to Piedmontese ambition is to make that most common of the errors of statesmen,—the contraction of the causes of national movements to circumstances infinitely too small and circumscribed have produced them. The men of cabinets unwillingly allow that mankind is moved by powers which have their rise outside of cabinet doors. The ambition of this prince, the views of the minister a few years ago, the jealousy of the minister's mistress, or the cupidity of the minister's mistress's lover;—these are the kind of roots which courtiers and statesmen are apt to trace wars and revolutions. They have had but too much reason to do so. But they may believe the author of "Arnaldo da Brescia;"—"Mankind is weary of being termed a flock." Popular feeling must be taken into account in seeking for causes. And so true is it, that inextinguishable national feeling has led to the present war, that Europe may be quite sure, and will find, that whether Piedmontese ambition may be gratified by the

terms on which it may be concluded or not, Italy will not be contented, and will not suffer Europe to have rest, until that feeling, which demands the *total* liberation of the Peninsula from Austria, shall be satisfied.

## CHAPTER XVI.

---

### PREPARATIONS FOR TRYING AGAIN.

Opening of 1859.—Attempts to enlighten the Grand Duke as to the state of the country.—Loyal conduct of Piedmont.—Duke's visit to Naples.—Illegal violence towards the publisher Barbèra.—Exodus of volunteers.—Lord Normanby and the Marchese Bartolommei.—Disposition of the Tuscan army.—Signor Landrini's visit to the Grand Duke.—Piedmont's offer of alliance.—Further attempts to make the Duke comprehend the situation of affairs.—His visit to the fortresses.

It is possible enough, that at the beginning of 1859, when the symptoms of coming storm were engaging the serious attention and exciting the alarm of all the cabinets in Europe, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and his ministers may have thought that the Tuscans were still "tranquil" as he had said in days now so far, far away; and that whatever troubles were coming upon others he might be able to remain quietly neutral. Austria of course would know that she had his sympathies and good wishes. And he trusted that she might be content to exact nothing further from him. His ministers,—the Cavaliere Baldassarone, who was the only man to be found t

countersign as minister the decree for the abolition of the sworn Constitution ; and Signore Landucci the most influential among them,—were not men to enlighten the prince as to his real position. Yet he was not allowed to remain in ignorance of it.

The Sardinian minister, the Commendatore Bon-Compagni, a man universally respected as an upright, frank, and honourable gentleman, in conjunction with some Tuscans of note, suggested to the Grand-ducal cabinet as early as January, 1859, the desirability of an alliance between Tuscany and Piedmont, in the probable case of war, and pointed out that the latter country considered that its own interest required the maintenance of the Lorraine dynasty in Tuscany. Signor Baldassarone appeared to be completely of Signor Bon-Compagni's opinion on that point, and went so far as to spread a report that he would resign his portfolio, if the prince would not consent to the Franco-Sardinian alliance. Neither the Sovereign nor his ministers, however, made any sign ; and Signor Baldassarone kept his place.

In March, the Sardinian envoy thought it right to pray Signor Baldassarone to observe, that “the Piedmontese government had no intention of making revolutions ; *but that neither did it look to undertaking any restorations.*” \* But this very significative hint obtained no attention whatever

\* Zobi. Cronaca degli Avvenimenti d' Italia nel 1859, vol. i. p. 104.

from the Tuscan cabinet. It is important to bear in mind these invitations and warnings volunteered by Piedmont at this early stage of affairs. For they are altogether incompatible with the truth of the calumnies so assiduously spread afterwards to the effect that the Tuscan revolution was brought about by Piedmontese intrigues, in the interest of Piedmontese ambition. The Sardinian government, by these steps taken by its representative, did its utmost to prevent any revolution in Tuscany, and would unquestionably have not only done so, but have preserved the Grand-Duke's throne to him to the present day, if its invitation of alliance had been accepted.

Don Neri Corsini, Marchese di Lajatico, also, as one of the first citizens of Tuscany, and representative of a family always closely attached to the Lorraine dynasty, strove, by a long and closely argumentative letter, to convince the Prince that his own interests, and those of the country, alike imperiously required him to decide on the alliance with Piedmont. But his letter did not even obtain any reply.\*

In the meantime the Duke and his ministers, with that strange imprudence which is so often witnessed in similar cases, and which has been proverbialised in the often quoted phrase, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat,*" sought, as it

\* Zobi, *Cronaca degli Avvenimenti d'Italia nel 1859*, vol. i. p. 104.

might seem, occasion to alienate in every way the affections of his people ;—if indeed it were not more accurately true to say, to confirm their feelings of estrangement and aversion. The visit of the Grand-Duke and his family to Naples at this conjuncture (the middle of January), was deemed of evil augury by the Tuscans. And certain unhappy circumstances attendant on the journey, the domestic nature of which would assuredly, in any ordinary mood of the Florentine mind, have prevented them from becoming the subject of hostile animadversion, were commented upon, not only by the gossips, but even by the chroniclers \* of the time, in a manner which proves the extreme irritation of the public feeling.

The young wife of the crown prince, Anna Maria of Saxony, the mother of a yet unweaned infant, and expecting shortly to become a mother a second time, accompanied the ducal family to Naples, leaving her child in Florence ; and unhappily died in the former city on the 10th of February. It was known that the marriage had not been altogether acceptable to the family of the prince ; and it was *said* that the life of the young princess, who died in her 23rd year, was not a happy one among the members † of her new and

\* Zobi, Cronaca degli Avvenimenti d'Italia nel 1859, vol. i. p. 57.

† Had not these matters become so thoroughly the public talk of Florence as to have been in a great part made matters of history, they would not have been mentioned here. But, having alluded to them, it is right to add, that public rumour always specially excepted the Grand-Duke himself from all suspicion of unkindness to his daughter-in-law.

strange family. It was observed with bitterness, that although room was found in the Grand-ducal *cortège* for two hair-dressers, none was made for any such medical attendant as the state of the princess imperatively required. And although the beauty and pleasing manners of the young bride had unquestionably made her an object of sympathy to the Florentines, yet it was abundantly understood and felt that the fervent manifestations of compassion for her sad fate which marked the passage of her remains to her tomb in Florence, "revealed," as the historian says, "a sentiment of profound reprobation for the survivors, who took no heed of, or cared little for the occasion."

The visit of an Austrian general, received at the Pitti, increased the popular discontent and irritation. And although such an occurrence can scarcely be deemed to justify disaffection, it must be admitted that under the circumstances of the moment it was, to say the least, injudicious and ill-advised.

Far severer terms of censure were merited by an act of the Government, which occurred in February of the same year, shortly after the return of the Grand-Duke from Naples,—the first fruits, as it appeared, of his recent conversations with his notorious brother-in-law. A posse of gendarmes went in the night to the house of a printer and publisher, named Barbèra, for the

purpose of searching for and seizing the sheets of a work, which had been denounced by the secret agents of the police as a libel on the reigning family. The publisher protested against their proceedings, refused all aid and concurrence ; and then submitting to force, let them do as they pleased. They were provided with no warrant or authority of any kind, signed by any competent authority ; and their proceedings were in as flagrant defiance of the law, as those of any band of burglars. The work in question was no other than that "Toscana e Austria," which the reader has made acquaintance with, and which Lord Normanby found so "tedious," notwithstanding its treasonable quality ;\* treason being, as may be noted in passing, *naturally* amusing, in his lordship's estimation. The attempted seizure was altogether illegal, and nearly the whole Florentine bar united in declaring it to be so. But the government found itself in a more awkward difficulty than the mere violation of the law as regarded its own subjects would have been considered by it. For it turned out that Signor Barbèra was a Piedmontese subject ; and the Sardinian minister called loudly on them for reparation for the illegal violence and wrong suffered by his compatriot. No redress was obtained from the government ; but as might be

\* "Very treasonable, *but* also very tedious."—Speech in the House of Lords.



anticipated, the illegality redressed itself, and indeed punished the authors of it, by causing the obnoxious little book to be sought for and read with unexampled eagerness; while the ministers were so much afraid to follow up their illegal act, that they did not even attempt to prevent the book from being carried over Europe by the post.

But while the Grand-Duke's government was thus using illegal violence for the attainment of an object altogether out of its power, it manifested the most remarkable supineness in matters where it might have interfered at least without illegality. Great numbers of young men were daily leaving Tuscany to enroll themselves as volunteers in the service of Piedmont; and the authorities did not put any obstacles in their way by refusal of passports or otherwise. Perhaps the paternal government remembered Curtatone or Montanara, despite the removal of the celebrated bronze tablets; and flattered themselves, that in permitting the departure of all these young men, they were a second time ridding themselves of a dangerous and embarrassing mass of "*canaille*," by suffering them to go forth to death at the hands of the victorious Austrians. At all events the Tuscan government looked on with acquiescence at the departing stream, which was rapidly assuming the proportions of an exodus.

Among sundry other statements in the notes to the speech of Lord Normanby in the House of

Lords, as published separately, to which I have had occasion already to refer, which indicate how sadly the information respecting the events of these days in Florence, on which his Lordship must have relied, misled him, is one to the effect that considerable sums of money were placed in the hands of the Marchese Bartolommei by Piedmont or by France, for the purpose of procuring and paying these volunteers. His Lordship's error is of so important a nature, that the statement should not have been made, without taking the trouble of verifying it. No money was placed either by France or Piedmont in the Marchese Bartolommei's hands for that—or any other—purpose. A considerable fund was raised by subscription among Tuscans, almost exclusively, for the purpose of aiding the volunteer movement; and this fund was managed by a committee, who used to meet at the Marchese Bartolommei's house.\* The mode of administration was as follows, and was as far as possible, it will be admitted, from bribing men to embark in the cause. Such volunteers as had not themselves means for the journey to Turin made application for assistance to the committee. But none were admitted to enroll themselves, save such as were furnished with a certificate by the police authorities to the effect that they had never come

\* The reader is referred to a letter from the Marchese Bartolommei to the author, printed in the Appendix to this volume, in which he energetically denies the imputations in Lord Normanby's speech.

into collision with the criminal or correctional law. This sort of certificate is common in Tuscany, and is granted to all who ask for it, and who are entitled to it *on payment of five pauls*, rather more than two shillings. Now this five pauls the committee did not in any case supply; but required the proposed volunteer to find at least thus much for himself in the first place, as an earnest of his seriousness and good faith.

The departure of these volunteers was anything but secret. Many parties of them were accompanied to the station of the railroad, which was to convey them the first stage of their journey, by large bands of friends and relatives, uttering shouts and cries, that not only manifested clearly enough their own sympathies, but abundantly declared the destination and objects of those whose departure they were celebrating. Upon one occasion there was among a party noisily cheering the start of a knot of friends for Piedmont, a subaltern officer of the Grand-Ducal army. He was cheering Victor Emmanuel and the cause of Italian independence as loudly as anyone. For this he was brought to court-martial by the general, and acquitted; a most significative hint of the state of feeling in the army.

Indeed it had long been well known in Florence that the Austrian discipline, and general, and Austrian forms of speech had failed in their object of denationalising the Tuscan army. When heavily taxed

citizens would groan over the cost of the large number of troops uselessly maintained, some further-sighted patriot might often during the last five or six years have been heard exclaiming, "Never mind, pay for the troops, and pay cheerfully. They are only being made into soldiers to serve the good cause some of these days!" And it was eagerly repeated among the Florentine gossips, that General Ferrari had recently declared to the Grand-Duke, that should His Highness order his army to march to join the Austrian troops in Lombardy, he, their general, would go, but would not be able to carry a man with him. Whereas, on the other hand, if the Duke should determine on allying himself with Piedmont, the whole army would march with alacrity, but the general would be constrained to decline to do so. All which, if, as is possible enough, it be entirely unfounded on fact, is nevertheless just as valuable as if it were true, as an indication of the state of discipline and of the sympathies of the Tuscan army.

An increased degree of association between the military and the civil inhabitants of Florence had been observable during the early months of the year 1859. It arose naturally enough from the military enthusiasm of the nation, awakened by the prospect of the war in Piedmont; from the consequent interest taken by men of all classes in military matters; and no doubt partly by anxiety to be able to judge, how the Tuscan army would

be likely to act, in case the sovereign should order it to take the field in opposition to the wishes of the nation.

Meanwhile the Duke had fully made up his mind to declare himself neutral in the coming conflict. And the proclamation for that purpose was prepared to go to the press on the 22nd of April.\* At that crisis Vincenzo Landrini, a barrister of high standing, who had never been in any way a party-man, but who was greatly esteemed by men of all parties, and who was moreover an acquaintance of many years' standing of the minister, Baldasseroni, determined to make an effort, to open the mind of the latter to the consequences which would inevitably result from the promulgation of the proposed proclamation. "It would," he declared, "assuredly throw the country into insurrection, and imperil the dynasty." Such assurances from so moderate and respected a man, and so impartial a judge of the matter, seem to have alarmed the ministers; the printing of the proclamation was suspended, and Landrini was requested to wait on the Duke on the evening of the 23rd.

The sovereign commenced by stating that he was in no wise bound to Austria; to which his interlocutor replied, "that had it been otherwise, there would have been no means or hope of putting

\* Zobi, vol. i. p. 109.

himself in accord with his people. The Duke then went on, however, to say, that neutrality was the line of conduct most fitted to secure the interests of Tuscany. To which the barrister replied, that the official proclamation of such a policy would alone suffice to cause a revolution in the country, which was entirely determined to ally itself with Piedmont and France. The Duke expressed himself to be far from believing that this desire was as general in the country as was represented. Upon which, Landrini exclaimed, "that His Highness was indeed too grossly ill-informed as to the condition of the country, and that he could not wonder at it, since the ministry lived as if they were in fact not in Tuscany." He added, "that if the Duke wished to know the real sentiments of the nation, his best course would be to inquire of a number of men of various classes of society, known for their moderation, independence, and judgment." "If," he added, "your Highness should find that they are in favour of neutrality, you will have at least found the persons most fit to aid in carrying it out." The Duke immediately demanded the list of the names of such persons; and though such a request, for which he was not at all prepared, was not a little embarrassing, Landrini, determined not to shrink from what seemed his duty to his country, named a variety of persons well known for moderation of political sentiment, and soundness of judgment in most of

the different classes of society. Of course the task of doing this was easier in such a small community as that of Florence, than it would have been in the huge world of London. And the names presented to the Grand-Duke were perfectly well known to all the world in Tuscany, though not sufficiently so beyond it, as to make it of any interest to the English reader to repeat them here. These persons were, most of them, if not all in fact, consulted by commission of the Grand-Duke, and their counsel was all to the same effect.

It was known throughout the city the same day, that Landrini had been invited to an interview with the Grand-Duke. And there is good reason to think that this knowledge caused the postponement of a popular demonstration, which it had been intended to make on the occasion of the Duke going in state to the cathedral on the following day—(April 24th, Easter Sunday)—as was the annual custom.

On the 25th, when the declaration of war by Austria was known with certainty, the Sardinian minister once again formally put himself into communication with the Duke's minister for foreign affairs, the Cavaliere Lenzone, proposing an alliance offensive and defensive between Tuscany and Piedmont, and backing the proposal with all the force of argument in his power. This is one out of an hundred facts in the history of these days, which goes to prove how utterly unfounded

are the calumnies that have been so industriously spread, to the effect that the Tuscan revolution of the 27th of April was brought about by Piedmontese intrigues and bribery, with a view to ousting the Grand-Duke from his throne, to the profit of the House of Savoy. Never was any popular movement more genuinely and fairly representative of the will of the great body of the people, and never did revolution spring more spontaneously and unsuggested from the true convictions of a nation. The facts, which have been already recorded, would seem sufficiently convincing that such was the case. But the efforts of those who would fain have saved the dynasty, if the doing so could have been made compatible with the higher object of allowing Tuscany to take her share in the struggle for the great object of all Italian hearts, were not yet exhausted. And the names and position of those, who were still striving to induce the Grand-Duke to save his throne, by adhering to the immutable will of the nation, are a further proof of the desire on all hands to obtain the end in view by means which would have effectually defeated the ambitious designs so calumniously attributed to the government of Victor Emmanuel, had any such existed.

The Cavaliere Leopoldo Galeotti sent to the Grand-Duke on the morning of the 25th a letter, in which he urgently pointed out the only steps capable of preventing revolution, and saving the



dynasty. The letter reached the hands of the Grand-Duke, but had no effect. The Marchese Lorenzo Ginori, a large territorial proprietor, and owner of very extensive porcelain works, and the Cavaliere Gio. Battista Fossi, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, presented memorials on the same day to the Grand-Duke, with the same object. Both these gentlemen were known to be ordinarily in the good graces of the sovereign; but on this occasion their representations were not well received. Leopold told them that, "when the sea is stormy, a good pilot has need of perfect liberty of action to bring the ship safely to port." Anxious still not to leave him under a delusion, they ventured to add, that they had reason to think—as all Florence except himself, perfectly well knew—that he could not count much on the troops. To which he replied by admonishing them, "not to calumniate his army." The Marchese Lajatico and the Advocate Salvagnoli, one of the few members of the Tuscan bar who has attained a reputation not bounded by the Alps, put themselves once more in communication with the minister, Baldasseroni, striving to impress upon him, that if the Grand-Duke would save his throne and dynasty, he must lose no time in declaring his adherence to the course which had been proposed to him. The same evening, the ministers of France and Piedmont, caused communications to be made to him to the effect, that

if he would enter into treaties of alliance with the powers represented by them, they would exert all the influence they could bring to bear on the people, to gain time for the government to consider its future course.

But it was all to no purpose. The Grand-Duke did not appear to be immovably resolute in his determination ; but rather to be incapable of doing aught save wavering, which, as under the circumstances it amounted to doing nothing, was as fatal to him as the most avowed Austrian sympathies. Instead, however, of paying any attention to the numerous and very various counsellors, who had all so urgently recommended the same course as the only one practicable, the Grand-Duke took the ominous-looking step of visiting in person his two fortresses,—the “Fortezza di Belvedere,” situated on high ground, which commands the entire city, behind the Pitti Palace, at the extremity of the Boboli Gardens ; and the “Fortezza di San Giovanni,” or “Da Basso,” situated on the opposite side of the city, between the San Gallo and Prato gates. This fortress is in the immediate neighbourhood of all that recently-built quarter of the town, called Barbano. Yet these visits, which ought to have had the effect of opening his eyes to the amount of reliance he could place on the army, which he had admonished his well-meaning advisers not to “calumniate,” do not seem to have had any such results.

Florence gossip circulated that evening what was declared to be a true and exact account of the sovereign's address to his troops in the "Fortezza da Basso ;" and if it does not chronicle accurately the words spoken, it at least conveys no unfair impression of the powers of eloquence usually attributed to Leopold the Second. The men had been drawn up, and the Duke, in his well-known attitude, resting on one leg, and with his head drooping on one shoulder, with his eyes on the ground, began his address to them :

"The duty of a good soldier, and a good Christian, is to be in any case faithful to his sovereign," said Leopold ; "and—and"—while his eyes resting on the feet of the men before him, instead of in their faces, suggested the only conclusion of his harangue that he could hit on,—  
"and to keep his shoes clean."

This stirring address was, like the whole of the prince's visit, received in perfect silence. Nothing could be more discouraging than the entire manner and appearance of both men and officers ; and whether the words attributed to the Grand-Duke on this occasion be historical or not, it certainly is so, that these two visits to the fortresses ought to have left no doubt on his mind as to the disposition of his troops.

## CHAPTER XVII.

---

“WHEN UNIFORM SLEEVES LINKED WITH FUSTIAN ARE SEEN,  
THEN WILL HIGHNESSES SHORTLY BECOME LESS SERENE.”

*Ancient Prophecy.*

The “Tombola”—Understanding between the military and civilians.—  
Revolutionary readings in the streets of Florence.—The Porta San  
Gallo.—Fraternisation of the army and people.—Unity of the  
national wish.—Letter of the Marchese Ridolfi to the Grand-Duke.—  
Proofs of the honesty of Piedmont.

IN the meantime, while no advance towards any attempt at “bringing the ship safe into port,” as the Grand-Duke phrased it, had resulted from all these remonstrances and efforts within the palace, the revolution had been making considerable progress in its scheme for steering the ship according to its own ideas of the course most desirable.

There had been on the previous day a “Tombola” in Florence. This Tombola is a sort of gambling game, of which the Florentines are very fond, and to which the paternal government has recourse, when it needs for any special purpose to extract a little money from the pockets of its

subjects. No more pernicious and deeply immoral mode of fostering the vices of a people for the sake of the profit to be drawn from them can be imagined, than the lottery as it is worked by the governments of Italy. This Tombola is a modification of the lottery; and it is not without a stroke of poetical justice that we find it actively co-operating in the destruction of the government that patronised it.

The game consists in the exposure upon a conspicuous board of certain numbers drawn at hazard; and the prizes are awarded by certain correspondencies of the number so shown, and others printed on cards purchased by the players previously. When such a combination occurs, the fortunate holder of the card is bound to shout "Tombola," on pain of forfeiting the prize accruing to him. The drawing takes place in the great Piazza, and a vast crowd is there assembled, under circumstances perfectly well adapted for a little quiet conversation between such—if such in Florence there can be supposed to be—as have matters more interesting to occupy them than the drawing of the Tombola.

At this last Tombola ever to be drawn in all probability under the paternal auspices of the dynasty of Lorraine, there were a great number of such persons. It might also have been remarked, that a very considerable number,—more perhaps than usual on such occasions,—of military, were

mixed with the citizens throughout the close-packed crowd in the vast square. And these military guests were not among the most attentive to the progress of the game. But the real game which they were there to play was making rapid progress the while. Up went the numbers on to the huge white board, and ever and anon came “Tom-bola!” shouted from out the body of the crowd in some distant corner of the many-angled old square. Soldier and townsmen were laying their heads together, understanding each other, and combining their plans the while; and when the officials swept up the government winnings at the end of the game, a large and important step had been made towards revolutionising Tuscany.

For the essential point was, that the citizens and soldiers should be able to count on each other. This is of course what every bad government is most anxious to prevent. By division and hostility between these classes only is tyranny rendered possible. It is by failing to attain to such understanding that revolutions are made bloody, and it was by succeeding in it that that of Florence was kept unstained by bloodshed.

On the 26th the progress towards the consummation was yet more rapid; and the supineness of the government, equally incapable, as it seemed, either of inducing the Grand-Duke to take such steps as might even yet have satisfied the people, and averted the catastrophe, or of exerting itself to

restrain the popular movement, was such as could hardly have been matched in any other country on the globe. During the whole of the afternoon of the 26th, individuals were busy in reading openly in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the city, printed addresses, exhorting the people to compel the government to an alliance with Piedmont. This business was carried on with far more quietude and composure than marks the addresses of open-air preachers in our own streets on a Sunday morning. Each time the address or programme was ended, the audience who had been grouped about the reader, dispersed thoughtfully and orderly as a church congregation. A fresh knot gathered itself around the same centre almost immediately, and a fresh reading of the paper commenced. Nay, so carefully provided for and arranged had this popular propaganda been, that it might have been observed, that when one of these readers had gone through his task so often as to have tired himself, there was another ready to take his place ; and the national education was not interrupted. There were three men thus engaged in reading their lesson each to the group around him, within sight of that corner of the Piazza into which the Via dei Calzainoli opens, perhaps the most public and thronged spot in the entire city. Neither noise, excitement, nor any large crowd marked this singular course of revolution made easy ; for in each case the assem-

blage was not larger than could conveniently hear the preacher, and the government took no notice whatever of the proceedings; but remained, as was understood, sitting *en permanence*.

In the evening of that same 26th of April, the penultimate day of a dynasty that had lasted nearly a century and a quarter, another large step towards the accomplishment of the pacific revolution was made good.

Outside the Porta di San Gallo,—that gate of the city which leads to the Bologna road, and which is the most distant from the great Piazza and the centre of the town,—there is a little enclosed garden, with a promenade under some lime-trees, the favourite resort of nursemaids and their charges during the day, and the wonted evening walk of many of the bourgeoisie, not of the aristocratic world—their haunt is the *Cascine*, and the “Parterre,” as it is called, is utterly unfashionable as a resort—but of the trading and respectable artisan classes. In the same immediate neighbourhood, just outside the gate, are some humble hostelries, which, not being far from the Fortezza da Basso, are the favourite haunts of the soldiers when enjoying their evening hour of leave. Some score or so of them may often at such times be seen indulging in those child-like luxuries and thin potations, which some English describers of the Florentine doings of these days have so magnificently sneered at and ridiculed.



It is a true bill! Tuscan troopers *do* revel in "thin" lemonade, while Britons drink beer. But though imbued with that respect for the juice of John Barleycorn which should animate every British breast, I do confess that my Italian experiences, as contrasted with my English ones, incline me to prefer lemonade to gin—at least for the purpose of making revolutions, popular elections, or any such work—as a national beverage.

On the evening in question, however, be this as it may, a very much larger gathering of soldiers might have been noticed about "the twenty-four,"—the hour of sunset, that is to say—than usual. Still the matter in hand did not excite these warriors to vary their usual innocent refreshments; they increased in numbers; they talked a great deal, perhaps rather loudly, for such is a Tuscan's nature; but they stuck to their thin potations, and did not get drunk; for such, happily, is also a Tuscan's nature.

As it drew towards the "Ave Maria," as the hour of sunset is called, not only the military portion of the, by this time, large assembly, but also the civilians, increased very considerably. At last, there may have been something like five or six hundred soldiers, perhaps, and four times as many townsmen. There was a very evident air about the assemblage of knowing perfectly well what they were there for, and what was the business in hand; the result, doubtless, of all the busy whis-

pering and laying together of heads that had taken place while the Tombola play had been going on.

The talk upon the present occasion, however, was not so quietly or so mysteriously conducted. The soldiers and the townsmen mixed freely together, and freely and openly talked of their common determination that Tuscany should take her part in the war about to be waged for the liberation of Italy from Austria, under her Grand-Duke, if so it might be ; if not, then without him. No other scheme or wish was mooted save this ; and upon this the civil and the military crowd found themselves perfectly of the same mind.

Both parties had, moreover, been for the last few days acquiring the conviction that such was the case by the clandestine printing, and secret, yet scarcely secret—for all seemed to feel that the government was paralysed, and that there was nothing any longer to be feared from it—circulation from hand to hand of two addresses, one from the townsmen to the soldiers, the other a reply from them to the citizens. This latter bears date April 23rd, 1859. But it was only this evening of the 26th that these papers were placarded on the walls of the city. That from the citizens was addressed, “ Soldiers ! Fellow-countrymen ! Brothers ! ” It spoke of no revolutionary or other projects, with the exception of the determination of taking part in the coming war of independence and liberation from Austria. There

was no talk this time about "Spartan mothers!" and "Brutus!" "Rights of humanity!" and "Two farthings a day extra pay!"

"The hour of battle will come," the paper said "and all of us united under your banner, which shall have an additional colour" (to complete the tri-colour) "will rush together to the extermination of the oppressors of Italy. But until that hour has sounded, until the cannon of our Piedmontese brothers has given the signal—Prudence! Moderation! Order! \* \* \* For the present be models of discipline in the barrack, as you will be of courage and ardour in the field. When that day shall arrive, if it shall be said to you, 'Soldiers of Italy! go, and fight for Italian independence,' you will go, and we will go with you. But if it should be wished to keep you with the sword in the scabbard when your country is in danger, answer, that it is your and our disgrace which those wish who would so order you; that they are enemies to Italy, and allies of Austria, and that every pact is broken between them and you. Tell them that the Italian soldier is observant of discipline, but will not be made an instrument of tyranny. \* \* \* Our word of union is—Brotherhood between the army and the people! Let yours be—Order in the barrack! Courage in the field! No neutrality, but war against Austria!"

The reply of the soldiers addressed to their "Tuscan brothers!" re-echoes the same senti-

ments, and concludes, “Let us have fraternisation then between the army and the people! No neutrality! Down with Austria! and hurrah for Italy.”

The object, it will be observed, is one, simple, defined, and unmixed-up with any other. There are so many things a nation always wants! It is so easy, and some other people find it so necessary to join political objects in the popular mind with some more concrete matter that touches them nearly. There must be “a good cry!” It must be, “Higgins, and cheap bread!” or “Wiggins, and no tax on beer!” And Italians are not a whit less able to appreciate such blessings than any voting Briton. But there was no need to stir the popular mind in any class by any such appeals to their more selfish interests. The landed proprietor of many a vine and olive-covered hill, and the workman whose whole labour goes to the providing him with bare sustenance, meet in the same wish, Down with Austria! Is it not a proof carrying more conviction with it than an hundred volumes, of the nature of the Austrian sway in Italy, that those who have barely bread to eat, rise against their rulers to demand, not bread, but war against Austria! **OUT WITH THE AUSTRIAN!** is the one consummation that will bring all other blessings in its train!

There was small opportunity for diversity of sentiment, therefore, among the uniform wearers, and the black coats and fustian jackets assembled

outside the Porto San Gallo. Very quickly and quietly the multitude formed itself into a sort of processional order, each soldier walking arm-in-arm between two civilians, down the length of the Via Larga, and so across the space in front of Brunelleschi's dome to the central parts of the town. Nothing could have been more orderly, more decent, less calculated to alarm the most timid lover of civic order, than the movements of this mass of people. As they came down the Via Larga, they met some of the carriages of the court coming up the street. The crowd opened to let them pass, and not a word nor a shout marked any animosity against the sovereign, whom they nevertheless were quite fully minded to get rid of, if their participation in the war against Austria could be obtained by no other means. No citizen, gentle or simple, male or female, in carriage or on foot, thought of giving up their usual evening walk or drive, or avoiding this or that part of the city because there was a revolution going on. A crowd coming from a popular preaching at Exeter Hall would have been less noisy perhaps, but assuredly not more sober or well-behaved, and most certainly less courteous to any individual whose affairs led him to swim against the stream of it.

And yet with this civico-military promenade the revolution may be said to have been accomplished. The morrow witnessed only the declaration and avowal of it. "Fraternisation" of military and

civil classes is a phenomenon, sufficiently known as fatal by governments of the paternal kind. Of what use was it for ministers to sit *en permanence*, when they knew that they had neither the eloquence to persuade nor the force to compel the people to act otherwise than according to their own pleasure.

To bend the will of the people to that of the sovereign was now very clearly impossible. It remained for those good citizens who were still anxious to preserve the connection between Tuscany and the descendants of Peter Leopold, to endeavour to bend the will of the prince to that of the people. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether they were judicious friends of the sovereign who still persevered in making the attempt. It was too well known, and too evident, that the genuine sympathies and good wishes of the House of Lorraine were with their relatives. If Austria were to be successful in the approaching struggle, it was only preparing for the Duke a fresh series of tergiversations and perjuries. And in the contrary case, they would only have succeeded in preserving for him the position of an unloved and unrespected prince, obliged to rule according to maxims, and to make concessions which he abhorred, and which, worse still, he was well known to abhor. Better to have counselled him from the first to act as the Duchess-Regent of Parma, with infinitely more dignity, did.

It was however the opinion of some of the best men in Tuscany, that the most desirable solution of the crisis would be the levelling the Second Marchese's resistance, all the previous intrigues, pretensions, and alliances to become, in concert with his people, the ally of Piedmont, and the enemy of Austria. The Marchese Ridolfi was one of those men anxious to save the dynasty by suddenly and violently turning it into a national one, with Italian sympathies. He seems however, to have come to the conclusion, that it was too late to hope to save the Grand-Duke himself. "Let," he wrote in a letter which was put into the hands of the Grand-Duke at about nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th, "Let the Crown-Prince show himself to-day to the people, who will crowd around the gates of the palace; let him spread the tricolored banner, and demand to take part in the war of independence; and the ancient love of the Tuscans for the House of Lorraine, and the as yet unshaken loyalty of the troops—(Humph!) leave me no room to doubt that such a frank initiative would be responded to by a spontaneous cry of 'Long live Ferdinand the Fourth!' by which a new family pact would be cemented, to be thereafter rendered indissoluble by the solidarity of interest between the dynasty and Italy."

There can be no doubt that the Marchese Ridolfi was perfectly right; and that if the Grand-Duke had chosen to abdicate, as was thus delicately

hinted to him, and if the Crown-Prince would have acted as above indicated, he would have now been Grand-Duke of Tuscany, without any chance of change or revolution, beyond that of restoring the constitution sworn to by his father. How far the young man's own feelings and prejudices would have made it possible or tolerable to him to do so, is another matter. The Marchese, however, took nothing by his motion. The Grand-Duke, having read the letter coldly, replied verbally to the bearer, that he was much obliged to the Marchese, and let Fate go on her own way.

But again I must call the attention of the reader to the fact, that these repeated tentatives of the leaders of the liberal party,—of the men who, immediately after the departure of the Grand-Duke, formed the provisional government under the presidency of the commissioner extraordinary sent by Piedmont into Tuscany;—tentatives first to keep the Grand-Duke on the throne, if by any means it might be; then, when that became hopeless, still to preserve the dynasty in the person of his son;—these repeated and earnest endeavours, I say, most completely refute the calumnies which have been cast on the government of the King of Sardinia, by accusations of having brought about the revolution in Tuscany by disloyal intrigues, for the purpose of pushing the Grand-Duke from his throne, to the usurpation of it for himself.



Had any such underhand dealings been resorted to, would they not have been transacted with the men, who immediately afterwards acted under and with Piedmont in enjoying the results of the success of them? Thus, indeed, Lord Normanby does charge the present Gonfaloniere, the Marchese Bartolommei, with having received money from Piedmont or France for the bribing of volunteers. But the charge is not only loudly contradicted by the Marchese, but is abundantly known by all Florence, to be erroneous. And yet these are the very men who, up to the last moment of the Duke's flight, were striving to make such schemes, had any such existed, fruitless, by all sorts of efforts to preserve Tuscany to the dynasty of Lorraine.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

---

### NEGOTIATIONS.

Meeting in the Square of Barbano.—Under the fortress guns.—The troops hoist the tricolor.—Was the Tuscan army bribed!—The Grand-Duke sends for the Marchese Lajatico.—His perfect loyalty to the sovereign.—Conditions proposed to the Grand-Duke.—The Marchese's courtiership.—*Mot* of the French Minister.

FLORENCE, with her revolution half-way through, left off working at it betimes on the evening of the 26th, and went quietly to bed, intending to get up and finish the job on the following morning. The night passed just as tranquilly as any other; and, as work of all sorts is taken very easily in Tuscany, it was nearly nine the next morning before the business was resumed.

At about that hour the people began, very evidently according to a preconcerted plan, to assemble in the large and handsome new square in the recently built quarter of the city, near to the "Fortezza da Basso." The rapidly augmenting crowd was composed of persons of all classes of society. Nor were there wanting among them

friends of the court party, eagerly busy in endeavouring to induce the people to} disperse, by assuring them that "all was settled, and that the Duke had consented to everything that the people wished." Nearly an hour may have passed thus, the square becoming gradually filled with a vast number of little knots of men, debating and speculating upon the turn things were likely to take rather than showing any inclination for more active doings. There was not a shadow of the appearance of any violence ; but most of the faces wore a more or less marked expression of anxiety. There was neither hurraing nor shouting, and it seemed as if the people were waiting for something.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock before the masses in the square began to move in the direction of the fortress close at hand. Whether by understanding come to over-night with the soldiery, or whether in obedience to any leaders then among them, I cannot say, the people then advanced in a compact mass along the short "Via della Fortezza," which leads from the Piazza to the fortress, passing by the cavalry barracks on the way. Along this street we wedged ourselves,—for the present writer was among the crowd,—slowly and with difficulty, from the sheer pressure of a mass too large for the aperture into which it was forced. Above us, with one of them commanding the length of the street in a direct line, were the ugly

gaping throats of the fortress guns, which with one discharge might have swept the Piazza and surrounding streets, had the masters of them been so minded. The crowd, however, pressed on towards them, not noisily, but with a certain pervading expression of anxiety. Anxious enough would the minutes have been, had there really been any ground to think that the troops intended hostilities. But I take it, that the part the soldiers were to play was sufficiently well known to most of the individuals of the crowd, as a result of the fraternisation of the preceding evening.

In truth, for some weeks past, there had been an unusual amount of friendly intercourse going on between the army and the citizens throughout all ranks of the former, and much had thus been gradually done to bring about a mutual understanding. The retrograde party, and all the friends of absolutism, enraged at finding the weapon of despotic power, long and sedulously prepared with so much pains and cost, thus suddenly break in the master's hand at the moment when its services were required, declared—and declare—loudly, that the effect was produced by bribery,—that the army was simply bought from its allegiance. It is difficult to see what despotism would gain, even if this position were established. They would succeed indeed in showing that their own chosen “protectors of the altar and the throne” were a collection of worthless vagabonds.

But a few thousand francs are more easily brought into play than genuine patriotic convictions. And if the former are found to be sufficient to take from despotism the armour wherein it trusted, "the cause of the altar and the throne" is in a worse position than, it may be feared, it is.

But much and minute inquiry has convinced the present writer, that no other bribery took place than such as, in technical bribery language, is called "treating;" and this in a very mild form. No approach to anything like bargaining on the subject occurred. Only, the subalterns and the young civilians, and the privates and the artisans, were more frequently seen taking their tiny cup of coffee, or their half-ice, or their glass of all-but-maltless bitter beer, or their lemonade, in the same café; and when, after a bout of fraternising political talk, the bill was asked for, it would often happen that the son of Mars was told that the reckoning—some threepence or fourpence—had been magnificently paid. Those who have been in Italy, and are acquainted with Italian manners, know that this little act of hospitality is a very common form of Italian courtesy,—paid sometimes, in the more unsophisticatedly Italian parts of Italy, even to perfect strangers. It has occurred to the writer to alight from a carriage, and ask for a glass of lemonade in the café of a town where his whole stay was included in some five minutes, and to be told, on offering to pay for it, that it was

paid for. The small courtesy is not significant of much therefore. And the reader may rest assured, that such paying of farthing café-scores, was all the bribery that was practised for the buying of the Tuscan army from its allegiance.

Why! had not the Austrian general himself warned the Grand-Duke some time previously that, if he ordered the army to march to the assistance of Austria, he (the general) was the only man who would obey!

Besides, what army in the world, since military honour has been felt in Europe, could have endured the position Leopold the Second endeavoured to place his in? More possibly tolerable for an army would it have been to have marched to battle on the Austrian side, than to have remained quiet with their swords in their scabbards, while all Italy was fighting for a cause dearer than life to the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, of every one of them. While not only the Piedmontese whom they had fought beside so well ten years before for the same cause, were gaining fresh laurels, but volunteers were thronging to the standard from every part of Italy, they alone—save, indeed, hapless Naples—were to remain quietly engaged in “keeping their shoes clean,” as their sovereign told them, it was a soldier’s duty to do.

It was to a genuine community of feeling, then, and not to the influence of demi-cups of coffee gratis, that the crowd owed their unharmed

approach in the teeth of the guns up to the fortress walls that 27th of April. The men in the cavalry barracks showed themselves on the top of the low wall which separates their courtyard from the street, and cheered, and were in return cheered by the crowd as it pressed onwards. But the apparently expected manifestation from the fortress ramparts tarried awhile.

At last we saw a huge tricolor flag brought on to the wall, and, for want of a proper flag-staff, held up at either corner by a tall grenadier! All was right then! The army declared itself! The day was won! Then followed a scene in the closely-packed crowd, which it required the mobile enthusiasm and excitable nature of a southern population to produce. Men rushed into each other's arms. Many had tears of emotion in their eyes, and emotion in their voices, as they shouted in rejoicing. The genuine personal delight of every individual in that crowd, while the mode of its expression was characteristic of the warm southern nature, told plainly enough how real and deep-seated is the longing of the Italians for freedom.

Slowly and with difficulty the crowd began to shove itself back again from the fortress into the Piazza, which up to this hour had been called the Piazza Maria Antonia, after the reigning Duchess. But when I had succeeded in extricating myself from the Via di Fortezza, and had returned to that vast open space, I observed that some hand had

covered the obnoxious name at the corners, with a placard bearing the words "Piazza della Indipendenza."

While these things had been going on in the streets, another part of the revolutionary drama had been in progress in the palace; a part of secondary importance indeed; for the whole gist and decision of the matter lay in the fact of the troops having fraternised with the people. The "ultima ratio" of dukes as well as kings had failed Leopold. The giant "force" had struck work. As the nursery tale has it:—Officers would not order soldiers; soldiers would not load cannon; cannon would not bombard the city; and the Grand-Duke could not get over the stile that day.

It was even while the people were beginning to assemble that morning in the Piazza della Indipendenza, that, as has been seen, the Duke rejected the Marchese Ridolfi's last urgent appeal. He seems, however, to have become aware by that time that it was absolutely necessary to do something. Sitting "*en permanence*" seemed likely to be brought to an altogether unsuccessful conclusion. So the Grand-Duke sent first for the Barone Bettino Ricasoli; and when it was found that he had left Florence for Turin the preceding evening, he desired the Marchese Lajatico to come to the palace immediately. Don Neri Corsini, Marchese di Lajatico, is the second son of the late Prince



Corsini, and must not be confounded with his elder brother the present Prince Corsini, who was many years the Grand-Duke's Minister for Foreign Affairs, while he was known, during his father's lifetime, as Duca di Casigliano. The second son is a moderate constitutionalist, and has been throughout life a highly respected man. The elder brother is an absolutist.

The Marchese di Lijatico, who was thus "sent for" by the Grand-Duke at the eleventh hour, has published in a little pamphlet of a few pages his "History of Four Hours;" the four, that is to say, which elapsed from nine A.M. to one P.M., on the 27th of April;—"four hours," says the Marchese, "which neither Tuscany nor I shall ever forget!" The Marchese Ridolfi's last advice was tendered and rejected at 9 A.M., and at that same hour Don Neri Corsini was sent for. But it does not appear to have been any yielding in the Grand-Duke's mind to reasoning, or to the wishes of his people, that induced him thus at the last moment to begin to think of conciliatory measures. "It is only to-day," says Don Neri Corsini, writing on April the 28th, "that I have known, that all the imminence of the danger was suddenly revealed to the eyes of the prince and his ministers by the unanimous declarations of all the military chiefs, who protested that they could no longer restrain the troops without the tricolored flag, and the promise of taking part in the war of Indepen-

dence." The necessity of yielding something to the popular will then, and the consequent sending for Don Neri, were brought home to the Grand-Duke's mind, not by the arguments of Ridolfi, or any of the many others who had attempted the same piece of Quixotism, but by the intelligence that he could not rely on his army. As long as he thought that he had brute force on his side, nothing could move him. It was only when that failed him that he thought of giving in.

"I made all haste," continues Don Neri: "and while I hurriedly prepared to go out, I begged a friend who was with me to precede me to the Sardinian Legation, where I joined him in a few minutes, to obtain the news of the morning, and to ascertain, if in the difficult enterprise to which I was summoned, I had at least some hope of success, and of the support of the Piedmontese government." For thus acting the Marchese Lajatico has been most bitterly accused by the retrograde party in Florence, and by Lord Normanby in England, of having been a conspirator against the Grand-Duke, instead of a loyal and sincere adviser. But never was more palpable injustice suggested by impotent and disappointed party spite. Was the Marchese bound to rush from his bed to the Duke's closet, without taking any means towards being able to give a rational answer to the questions which he was sent for to answer? Very doubtful indeed was it, whether it were still possible to save

the Grand-Duke. And the Sardinian minister's house was the spot where he was most likely to find his political friends ;—naturally enough, when all the hopes and policy of the party were directed to an alliance with that country. Nothing but the foregone conclusion, that Piedmont was at that moment disloyally practising against the Grand-Ducal government, could have suggested the idea that there was anything objectionable in the expectant minister thus seizing the most ready means of ascertaining exactly how matters stood, and what assistance he might hope for in the attempt to form a government. And all the absurdity of supposing Piedmont, which was even then urging the Grand-Duke to take the only step that could save him, to have been engaged in conspiring, and that with the members of some of the families most notoriously attached to the dynasty in Florence, has been already pointed out.

The minister, Boncompagni, and the Marchese at once agreed that the attempt must at least be made ; and the latter, desiring that those friends who would be most likely to aid him in the formation of a ministry should be sent for to the house of the Sardinian minister, whither he promised to return from the palace, set off for the Pitti. Arrived there he was not admitted to the presence of the Grand-Duke (!), but was received by the ministers, who told him that the sovereign was disposed to accede to the wishes of the country,

by forming an alliance with Piedmont and France, and to promise the re-establishment of the constitution as soon as matters were quiet.

With these tidings Don Neri returned to his friends at the Sardinian minister's. He found there most of the leading men of the constitutional party in Florence, not only those whom he had mentioned, but many others also; a circumstance which shows that it was the habit of the party to meet there, and that in the hurry of proceeding to the palace, Don Neri judged rightly that there he should be most likely to find them. "On communicating to those assembled the terms offered by the Grand-Duke, one of those present," says the Marchese in his little four hours' history, "spoke to the effect, that the conditions of which I was the bearer, were not sufficient, and that the abdication of the Duke in favour of his son must be added to them."

We have already seen that the Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi had that same morning written to the Duke to that effect. And in a small pamphlet published by him, and entitled, "A Short Note to the History of Four Hours, by the Marchese Lajatico," he tells us, that the individual who spoke in answer to Don Neri's message from the palace, and whose name, from motives of delicacy, was not mentioned in the History of Four Hours, was no other than himself. On its further appearing that this was the general sense of those assembled,

Don Neri was asked if he would adhere to such a programme, and carry back such a proposal to the palace. "The smallest hesitation on my part," he writes,\* "would have been to lose everything, to render the formation of a new ministry impossible, to precipitate the fall of the dynasty, to open a door to the revolution, which it was my object to avoid, to make myself the unauthorised arbiter of a question which the Grand-Duke only was competent to decide; and would have been, in short, to be wanting in my duty to myself, to the country, and to the sovereign."

He consented, therefore, to be the bearer of the modified conditions to the palace; but he did so, as he tells us, "with desolation in his heart," so ardently had he hoped to avert this necessity for the Grand-Duke's abdication. And he winds up his short narration with the words, "Thus ended the four hours, in the brief space of which all might have been saved, and all was lost!" And yet this is the man with whom, it is asserted, the Sardinian minister was conspiring to bring about the fall of the Lorraine dynasty!

The terms which the Marchese di Lajatico found himself thus obliged to carry back to the Pitti, were drawn up as follows:—

1. Abdication of His Highness the Grand-Duke, and proclamation of Ferdinand the Fourth.

\* Storia di Quattro Ore, p. 6.

2. Dismissal of the ministry, of the general-in-chief, and of such officers as have specially pronounced themselves hostile to the national wishes.

3. Alliance offensive and defensive with Piedmont.

4. Prompt co-operation in the war with all the forces at the disposition of the nation ; and the command-in-chief to be given to General Ulloa.

5. The settlement of the constitutional liberties of the country, to be regulated according to the general settlement of those of Italy.

Don Neri was on this occasion admitted to the presence of the Duke ; and to his astonishment found that the demand for his abdication took him entirely by surprise, so totally in the dark had his ministers kept him as to what was really going on out of doors.

The Duke replied that, "if on the one hand he had the interest of Tuscany at heart, he had no less at heart his own honour ; and that he now saw the course he must follow."

"In order to lessen," says the Marchese, "the painful impression that he too truly had received, I ventured to suggest to him that history furnishes very many examples of similar determinations—(to that which he was urged to take) ; and that abdicating princes had not for that reason been esteemed dishonoured ; but that on the contrary

their abdication had generally been considered as a generous sacrifice to the welfare of their subjects, and the interest of their dynasty."

The worthy Marchese would seem to be as little dexterous a courtier, as honest men generally are. The naïf suggestion, that sovereigns who took themselves off were usually considered to benefit their subjects by so doing, is more true and more amusing to the reader of the "Storia di Quattro Ore," than it was likely to be palatable to the serene patient.

The Duke, however, dismissed him kindly, and again betook himself to the councils of the foreign residents, and of those ministers who, as he must have seen at least by this time, had so woefully deceived him; unless indeed his ignorance of the state of public feeling, and his surprise at the demand for his abdication, were not another little bit of that comedy, for the performance of which we have already seen that his Serene Highness has a very pretty talent.

After the departure of the Marchese from the palace, which he left without any direct acceptance or rejection by the Grand-Duke of the terms proposed, and with the intimation that he should await his Highness's ulterior decisions; the scene within the palace has been made known to the outer public by very unsubstantial gossip only. One trait is worth repeating, however, because it was at least "*se non vero, ben trovato.*"

“ Why, this *canaille*,” the President Baldasseroni is reported to have exclaimed, “ *questa canaglia*, demands OUR dismissal!!”

“ Yes,” replied the French minister, drily ;  
“ but it has not demanded your heads !”



## CHAPTER XIX.

---

NO TROOPS TO FIRE ON THE PEOPLE!!!—"E NOI!"

Conduct of the populace.—Their forbearance.—People in front of the Pitti Palace.—Errors of Lord Normanby.—The witness called by him.—The plan for firing on the people.—Visit of the Ducal family to Belvedere.—Position of the fortress.—Fears of the Ducal family, though groundless, not improbably genuine.—The Arch-Duke Carlo at Belvedere.—The troops decline to fire on the people.—What then can become of the Sovereign?—The Grand-Duke's "mildness."—Adieu to Florence.

THE battle of Inkermann was called the soldier's battle; and similarly, the Tuscan revolution of the 27th April, 1859, was essentially the people's revolution. It was born, grew, and was brought to maturity in the streets. Intrigues, either in cabinets or ante-chambers, or ministers' *salons*, had nothing to do with it; and we must now return to the streets to watch the progress of it, and mark the conduct of its authors, the populace of Florence.

When the great and crowning fact of the adhesion of the military to the movement had been ascertained, and sufficiently cheered and rejoiced

over, the next most natural move for the crowd was to the Pitti Palace. It was known that the ministry and the representatives of foreign courts were there in high consultation ; and were it only to be on the spot to get the earliest news of the sovereign's decision, it would have been natural enough for the vast mass of the people who encumbered the streets in the neighbourhood of Barbano, as the new quarter of the city near the fortress is popularly called, to have betaken themselves thither.

But the prudence, and it might almost be said, delicacy of the leaders of the people, and the docile good sense of the masses, prevented their doing so. They could not, indeed, persuade themselves to go each man to his home on this great day of triumph and rejoicing, before the final result of the movement was even known ; a little exultation, a little singing and shouting, a little processioning, after the favourite fashion of the Italian nations, might well be allowed on such an occasion. But during the whole of that day *the masses of people kept themselves, or were kept by those who led them, most scrupulously from approaching the Pitti Palace.* They continued to march about the city, up one street and down another—some of the crowds, for there were several, with bands of music preceding them—but they kept altogether on the north side of the Arno, putting the river and a large piece of the thickest part of the city

between them and the palace. It was universally known that the sovereign was there engaged in making up his mind whether he would accept the terms offered by the nation or not ; and it was the determination of the popular leaders—a determination most successfully carried out—that no appearance of a menace, or exhibition of physical force, should interfere with the calmness and spontaneity of his deliberations. Abundantly contented with having made it clear to him that he had no power of using force to constrain them, they were careful to give no grounds to any accusation that they showed a disposition to apply physical force, or the menace of it, to him.

The above assertions as to the localities exposed to the seeing and hearing of the crowd, are made on the testimony of the present writer's own personal knowledge. And as the care taken to avoid false statements on this point has not availed to prevent assertions most grossly inconsistent with the true facts, it is necessary to call the reader's attention specially to the above declaration. Once again : *there was no crowd of the populace on the Pitti side of the Arno during the whole of that morning.*

On the large esplanade in front of the Pitti Palace, while the Duke was still undecided as to his answer to the propositions made to him, there were, it is true, some two or three hundred persons gathered together by their anxiety to hear the

earliest news of his decision ; but they were entirely persons of the educated classes of society. There were many well-dressed ladies among them, and several carriages drawn up in front of the palace. There was infinitely less noise than would be made by the chattering of a similar number of people at an evening party ; for all were anxious and expectant, and the little talking that took place was carried on in low tones among little knots of individuals. In no place was the assembly closely packed enough to have caused the slightest embarrassment to any one of the carriages which might wish to change its place, or go away ; or to have impeded anyone from whiling away the hour of waiting by walking up and down. Finally, when after some time it was—I know not by whose initiative—told among the people waiting, that nothing would be known till four o'clock, they dispersed as quietly as any congregation leaving a church could do, and the wide esplanade was left more solitary than it usually is.

In short, nothing could be more ridiculously absurd and untrue, than to represent the few orderly and respectable citizens, who were for an hour or more waiting with perfect patience for news of the Duke's decision, on the Piazza Pitti, as a crowd by which "the safety of the Ducal family was threatened," as Lord Normanby has most mistakenly said, and printed ; or to describe it as having given rise to the slightest possibility of any

alarm to the most timid or nervous person imaginable.

But this brings us to another statement in his Lordship's speech, which shows how inaccurate must have been the information communicated to him respecting the transactions of that day, and some other facts bearing importantly on the history of them ;—and which it is absolutely necessary to set right, not only because, if his Lordship's statement were correct, that of many other persons, including the whole of the present Tuscan ministry, must be false ; but also because the substance of it may form an important count in the cause to be debated between the Grand-Duke and his subjects.

He had heard, Lord Normanby says, “ a report that the Grand-Duke had organised a plan of firing on his subjects ; but there was not, from beginning to end, one word of truth in it. The whole story arose from the fact that when the safety of the Ducal family was threatened, they *returned*\* to the fortress of Belvedere and gave orders to have the gates closed against the mob.”

This statement, when read at Florence in the newspaper report of his Lordship's speech, caused very great surprise and considerable indignation. The latter feeling however limited itself to accusations against his Lordship of indiscretion in making grave assertions in his place in Parliament

\* The Italics are the present writer's.

respecting important matters, of which he was evidently singularly ill-informed. It was felt that the word of an English gentleman was sufficient guarantee for at least his own belief in what he stated. But, when subsequently the reprint of the speech in a pamphlet, with notes, came to Florence; and the Italians read there his Lordship's confirmation of his own statement by adducing the testimony of the late Crown Prince of Tuscany, who had told him that there existed no such document as that which had been cited to prove the Duke's intention of firing on the people, it was felt either that his Lordship's trust in princes was *par trop naïve*, or else that he was laughing at them. His Lordship's own word was good for his own impression of the facts, however erroneous. But to adduce the testimony of an Arch-Duke, and in his own cause too! It was like an honest, though mistaken witness, at the Old Bailey, calling for one of the professional gentlemen with straws in their shoes outside the court to come and support his testimony! "What!" say the Italians, "Quote to us the assertion of a member of an Italian reigning family! Which one of them could anywhere be believed on his oath? Has not the father of the princely personage quoted by Lord Normanby sworn, and forsworn himself? Has not his late royal uncle at Naples exhausted the possibilities of outrage against God and men by the monstrosities of his repeated perjuries? And now, in this year 1859, to say to us

‘there is no truth in what you have stated, and I am sure of it because his Highness told me so!’—  
Pooh! pooh! it is too childish!”

At all events, Lord Normanby may now convince himself, that His Imperial Highness was wittingly deceiving him with false statements, when he asserted, that no such paper as the much talked of “orders” was in existence. And the reader may see that beyond all possibility of doubt, the Grand-Duke *had* organised a plan for firing on his city and people. For the documents in question will be found printed *in extenso*, both in the original, and literally translated into English in an Appendix at the end of this volume. The present writer has himself carefully read the original documents, and pledges himself to their conformity with the copies here given.

A report made to the provisional Government, which was established immediately after the Duke’s departure, by one of the officers who was present, when it was attempted to cause the orders to be put in execution, will also be found in the Appendix.

Rectifying then, Lord Normanby’s account of this episode in the revolution, by the aid of these documents, the narrative of what took place within the Pitti and its dependencies may be resumed as follows.

While the Grand-Duke was, as we have seen, sending for the Marchese Lajatico, and awaiting

his arrival at the palace, the Grand-Ducal family, with the exception of the sovereign himself, and his eldest son, went from the Pitti Palace to the fortress of Belvedere. The statement in Lord Normanby's speech, that they *returned* thither, is unintelligible. They had previously been residing as usual in the Pitti.

The time of this visit is ascertained by Lieutenant Angiolini's report,\* to have been about half past nine. The Duke's message reached the Marchese Lajatico at nine.

Now, the position of the Belvedere fortress, otherwise called the Fortezza di San Giorgio, with regard to the Pitti Palace, is this. Immediately behind the palace, and surrounding it on all sides except the front, which looks on the city, are the gardens of Boboli, open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays, but closed on other days. The 27th of April, of which we are speaking, was a Wednesday. And the gardens were a solitude, broken only by the members of the Grand-Ducal household and the gardeners. Immediately behind the Pitti, the ground begins to rise, and the gardens, hanging on the steep hill-sides, run up all the way to the city wall, which crests the top of the hill, and to the Belvedere fort, which tops the highest point of it. There is a portal by which the fortress is accessible from the outside of the

\* See Appendix.



city wall, but it opens on a very remote and solitary part of the country, to be reached only by mounting a hill too steep for wheels, and this gate is, I believe, altogether condemned. There is also another gate by which the fortress communicates with the city, and through which the necessary communication of the garrison is carried on. But this door also opens on an extremely remote and obscure corner of the city, at the top of a hill reached only by a long *cul-de-sac* street, too steep for wheel traffic. Most assuredly there was no crowd, and in all probability no living soul in front of this gate of the Belvedere on the occasion in question. What gates then were those which the Grand-Duke's family, as Lord Normanby says, ordered to be closed against the mob? The gates by which they themselves, coming from the Pitti had entered, open on the peaceful and pleasant solitudes of Boboli. But not only was there no mob outside any of the gates of the Belvedere, there was none, as has been shown, at any time of the day on that side of the Arno; and at the hour in question, the decent gathering of quiet folk, who have been described as waiting the Duke's decision in front of the Pitti, were not yet there.

There was NO mob, small or great, threatening or otherwise; the populace were all elsewhere, and there never was a more unfounded assertion, than that the safety of the Ducal family was threatened.

Not that it follows, be it observed, that any similar contradiction can be given to the statement, that the members of the Ducal family suffered from fear ; which is, as we all know, apt to be generated by other sources than a common-sense appreciation of the amount of cause for it. The members of that family had for ten years known—had laid down to rest every night and risen every morning with the consciousness—that they were surrounded by a people whom they had deceived by base falsehoods, betrayed into the hands of their most detested enemy, and had grievously wronged and oppressed, and continued grievously to wrong and oppress every day for ten long years. And such consciousness is not calculated to breed fearlessness and security. They had just\* before been suddenly and unexpectedly told, that they could no longer rely on the physical force wherein they had trusted for compelling this people to swallow their wrongs and their resentments in silence. They felt, that hard indeed would be the fate of any one of these subject people, who, having machinated half that ill against them which had been suffered *from* them, should have fallen as much into their power, as they were now in the power of the populace. It was impossible to say how far the forbearance of men, though drilled through many generations to endure to be

\* See Lajatico's pamphlet, quoted above.

trodden on and not turn again, might last. Truly it is not difficult to believe that the Ducal family may have been afraid. Lord Normanby only falls into palpable error, when he solidifies into material weapons, those airy daggers, which probably enough may have haunted the chambers of the Pitti, and figures to himself a visible and tangible cause for the conscience-born terrors of his Imperial clients.

While the Grand-Duke and his eldest son therefore awaited at the palace the result of the negotiations opened with the people through the Marchese Lajatico, his second son Carlo, who was Colonel of the Artillery, went with the rest of the family across the quiet Boboli gardens to Belvedere. There the young colonel called Lieutenant Angiolini\* into Major Mori's office, and then ordered the latter to open the sealed paper "containing the arrangements emanating from the Commander-in-Chief,"—or more literally, "from the Bureau of the Commander-in-Chief,"—"which paper existed in the care of the commandant of the fort, to be read in case of alarm." The paper was accordingly read, and the Arch-Duke, having first inquired respecting the supply of ammunition in the magazine, ordered the officer, who makes the report, to hold himself at the orders of the commandant of the fortress, to go to the battery and there await ulterior orders.

\* See this officer's report in Appendix, Doc. No. 4.

It is proved, therefore, beyond the possibility of doubt or denial, not only that "the Grand-Duke had organised a plan of firing on his subjects," but that it was his wish and intention—or at least that of his son—to put that plan into execution. The military organisation of this plan in its details; the position to be taken up by the batteries; the *calmness and regularity enjoined on the soldiers when firing, one file on each side of a street, into the opposite windows, on the families of the citizens, for fear of wasting their ammunition*; the orders to afford all respectable inhabitants, "*such as functionaries and place-holders under government,*" an opportunity of retiring with them to a place of safety; all this may be read in the documents Nos. 1, 2, 3 of the Appendix. Further, if any doubt remain on the mind of any person whether it were really the intention of the Arch-Duke, that the orders for firing on the people should be forthwith put in execution, the reply made by Lieutenant Angiolini to his Highness, and the rejoinder of the latter, are on record to prove the fact beyond the possibility of cavil:

"I answered him, Highness, permit me to speak to you frankly and loyally. The measures which have just been read, cannot be carried into effect, because the troops will not fire on the people. Highness, you and all the royal family have been deceived hitherto by those who have made you believe the contrary."

To which the Archduke rejoins—"E Noi!"—"And what is to become of us!"

Organised a plan of firing on his subjects! why it was the trust in which they had lived! "You have been made to believe all this time," says the officer, driven by the extraordinary stress of circumstances into speaking truth to an Imperial Highness, "that your troops would on command fire on the people. You have been deceived, for they will not do it." And the young prince, though not arrived at adult years, yet having learned among the first and most unchangeably normal of the laws surrounding him, the position of an Austrian Arch-Duke among Italian subjects, and the conditions of such an existence, exclaims, "What then is to become of us!"

What indeed could become of Imperial Grand-Dukes and other Highnesses, when troops would no longer fire on their subjects? One thing only,—if happily the generosity of the *canaille* will be so long-suffering with them as to permit it,—one thing only,—speedy vanishing! disappearance behind the sunny Tuscan horizon hills, into that black Austrian north from which they came;—disappearance, so that their place shall know them no more, and a rapidly rising growth of civilisation and progress may shortly obliterate all trace of them, even as kindly nature's green mantle of herbage springs quickly to hide the scars with which man's violences mark the earth!

And to this inevitable conclusion the father of the foreign race was coming the while, down in the Pitti Palace below. Of the counsellors assembled around him, Leopold made the same characteristic use as he did on that previous somewhat similar occasion at San Stefano. Then all the foreign ministers advised him to stay where he was ; whereupon he immediately started for Gaeta. Upon this occasion, the advice to comply with the requisition of the people, and abdicate, was, it is said, as general ; upon which Leopold utterly refused to do anything of the kind, but intimated his intention of being off with all possible speed, and stipulating only for the personal safety of himself and his family.

For truly enough, what would become of him if the truth really were, as now at last confessed to him, that the troops would not fire on the people. Unless, indeed, some other troops could be obtained who would do so, the game was up !

TROOPS READY TO FIRE ON THE PEOPLE. This is the acknowledged essential of spiritual and temporal rule in Italy. And the refusal of the Grand-Duke to abdicate, while deciding on immediate departure, was simply equivalent to the avowal of a hope that, if Tuscans declined to fire upon each other in his behalf, it might yet be possible to find elsewhere a *quantum suff.* of hireling brute force on which to found his throne.

“ Bayonets and bombs shall be the stability of

ity laws ;" such was the only reading of the sacred text in which he had real and practical belief ; and until such elements of security could be had, flight was the only alternative.

All the foolish talk in some of the English newspapers, therefore, about the "madness of the sovereign, who preferred leaving his dominions to spilling the blood of his people," was no less false as history, than injurious to the regal dispositions of the noble scion of the House of Hapsburg, who spared the blood of his subjects only because he was unprovided with instruments vile enough to shed it at his bidding ; who watched the flow of it with eager hope at Solferino, and who would return at the price of any quantity of it to-morrow, if the necessary means of doing so were afforded him.

It was about one o'clock when the Grand-Duke's decision to leave Florence with all his family was made known throughout the city. The people knew that their battle was won. The revolution had been accomplished without the shedding of a drop of blood, without the business or the amusements of the citizens having been interfered with or suspended for an hour. And Florence was—as indeed she had good reason to be—proud of, as well as satisfied with, her conduct and its result. But the triumph was as moderately manifested as it had been moderately won. There was little noisy manifestation of

exultation ; the people seemed to feel already some of the weight and responsibilities which self-government entails. There was more debating than hurraing among the crowds who thronged the streets that afternoon. The day was won ; the great object at the popular heart—co-operation in the war against Austria—was no longer denied them. But there was much to be done. Much self-restraint ; some self-sacrifice ; voluntary obedience to a government chosen in haste, and such as on the spur of the moment could be got together into action, rather than exactly such as all those could have wished, who did nevertheless yield it willing obedience ; an example of order and good conduct to be given by all to all ; much arduous exertion, and much self-devotion in realising such a contribution of force to the national cause as Tuscany might be proud of sending,—all this was needed, and was even in those first hours of triumph felt to be needed by a larger proportion of the street revolutionists than might be supposed by those conversant with the ways of some less truly civilised populations. All this was more or less clearly and consciously present to the popular mind, and imparted a tone of sobriety and business-like care, rather than of enthusiastic exultation, to the attitude and appearance of the city.

Among the lowest and least educated part of the populace, the leading anxiety seemed to be



to ascertain without doubt or mistake, that "Lui"—He—was really gone; and a very considerable crowd betook themselves to the Porta San Gallo, to see him well off on the road towards Austria. The popular leaders, fearing that the feeling of the people might manifest itself in some way calculated to cast a slur on a day thus far so truly "glorious" and creditable to Florence, hastened thither at six o'clock—the hour at which the court carriages were to pass out on their path of self-imposed exile—in order to prevent any demonstration of the kind. But it was not needed. The people showed no inclination to insult the fallen. The carriages passed through the crowd in dead silence. It is true that not a hat was raised in token of sympathy or respect; but neither did voice or gesture express the reverse.

The gorgeous Tuscan sunset was making the long line of windows in the façade of the Pitti Palace all a blaze, as the carriages began to climb the Apennine on their northward way; and could it have been possible that an Imperial Arch-Duke should have believed more in a nation's right, and less in Austrian bayonets, it might have struck Leopold as he looked back on that lovely Val d'Arno he had lost, that he was looking on it for the last time.

## CHAPTER XX.

—♦—  
QUITS! . . . . . OR DOUBLE!

The morrow of the Revolution.—Organising.—Tuscany at the bar of European opinion.—What has she deserved?—What will she get?

AND thus was completed the second Tuscan revolution; and our narrative of it, and of its very dissimilar predecessor, might be held to be completed also. But writing here and now,—at Florence, on the 23rd July, 1859,—it is impossible to refrain from adding a few words of remark on the events, known to all the world, which have occurred since, and of speculation as to those which are to come next, in Time's strange *galantee* show.

When, after the Duke's departure, it was found that the Florence sun shone as brightly, while the *cicale* chirped as briskly, that the fruits ripened, butter and eggs came to market, hens laid eggs, the post arrived, bills became due and had to be paid, and the tax-schedules came to the door above all as regularly and punctually as here-

tofore, the first remark of the Florentines, made not without a certain degree of wonder, was, that we did just as well without a Grand-Duke as with one! Some young ladies, and a few old ones, were heard to speak with misgiving as to the possibilities of being "brought out," with no Grand-Duke to be presented to; but the general opinion was, that even this vital function of sovereignty might be by some, if not social arrangement, then at least, ingenious mechanical contrivance, provided for, and that it would in practice be found, that the interesting objects to be brought out would in fact make their way out in some other not unsatisfactory manner. In short, life in Florence seemed just the same on the morrow, as it had been on the eve of a revolution.

But if the surface observers, who wondered at the smallness of the change which had occurred, had been able to penetrate to the working rooms of the half-dozen men to whose lot it fell to do what Tuscany as a body social required to be done, they would have seen that neither hard work, difficulties, nor opposition was wanting to try their metal. Nowhere in the world, it is true, can society roll on in its wonted course with so little restraint or guidance as in Tuscany; but there was a great deal to be done besides rolling on. The country had parted from its sovereign because it was determined to take part in the war against

Austria ; and the army and the people were ready and eager to do so. Piedmont lent her help, protesting clearly that it *was* friendly help she was lending, and not the privileges or responsibilities of sovereignty that she was exercising or assuming—and supplied a general. But so much is necessary to the business of war-making besides men, a general, and courage. Shoes are needed ! and the late sovereign, notwithstanding his military martinetship in this kind, had not provided his army with a larger supply than were barely necessary for them to march in to the Cascine. Arms were needed ! Horses were needed ! Havresacks were needed ! And, more or less, all had to be provided. No sooner was Tuscany free, than she became the rallying point for volunteers escaping from neighbouring countries still under their tyrants. And these continued to arrive by twos and threes, and by twenties and thirties ; and all these had to be organised. Volunteer corps of Tuscans flocked to the standard readily enough ; but they had to be manufactured into equipped drilled soldiers ; organised—organised ;—there was an immense amount of organisation to be done, and organisation is hard work, especially to men taking it in hand for the first time.

But however unpractised in the work, the sovereign-less Tuscan people worked bravely and perseveringly,—wisely and forbearingly. Amid an amount of misrepresentation, dissimulated spite

and slander on the part of some of the leading organs of European opinion, the motives and drift of which it is truly puzzling to conceive, the little community struggled on, and won high consideration, not only from her Italian brothers of other states, but from all the generous and candid minds of Europe. She kept unbroken order, peace, and tranquillity at home, while sending forth her substance in men and money ungrudgingly. She avoided carefully and successfully every one of those faults and follies, which had stood in the way of her success at the time of her previous attempt, and which had called down upon her the reproof and sneers of Europe. She had profited by her ten years' lesson in every point. She had been upbraided for her internal divisions and municipal jealousies ;—they disappeared. No sound of difference between city and city was heard. Every community worked in fraternal rivalry to the same end. She had been twitted with her chimerical schemes and utopian dreams, dividing the energies of her citizens among sectarian objects. Utopian schemes, rivalries of sects, and differences of opinion were all gone, or were patriotically suppressed in the one grand object. Personal jealousies were sacrificed, personal interests silenced, personal prejudices overcome, personal vanities suppressed, personal rivalries forgotten for the one desire of the national heart—  
LIBERATION FROM AUSTRIA.

What could a people do more to deserve and to earn their liberty than Tuscany has done ?

Mothers have sent their only sons to the war ; brides have bidden their husbands to leave their sides and join the banner ; luxuriously bred nobles have shouldered the common soldier's musket, and accepted his comrade-ship in the holy struggle. And as long as they were permitted to continue it, and as many as were permitted to join in the active portion of it, they gave life and limb as freely as when they fought equally well, though less wisely, before at Montanara, in the same cause, and *as they will with greater desperation fight again*, should any mistaken European policy venture to attempt to refit the loathed yoke to their necks.

What could a nation do more than Tuscany has on this occasion done to earn her freedom ? And how many a people has in the course of European history received the applause of mankind, and been rewarded by the welcoming hand-grasp of brother free-men for doing less ? They did their part well, as their French and Piedmontese comrades will admit, in contributing to the defeat of their colossal foe. And other down-trodden nations have struck for liberty as courageously and as well. But Tuscany has done more. She has conquered herself besides. Her moral victories have been as great at least as her material success. She has conquered the faults, follies, weaknesses, born of three

centuries of despotism, which contributed to the failure of Italy's former struggle. She has in ten years made the moral progress which it has taken other nations ten times ten years to make.

For many long years of bitterness and degradation she has borne, not insensibly, the scoffs and contumely of the happier nations, and been taunted with her incapacity to do what she has now done.

Slaves will ever be slaves, 'twas said ; let her strike for her own freedom if she would be free !

And she has struck as vigorous a blow in the desperation of her distress, as ever freeman struck in the pride of his energy.

But she is eaten up, they said, by the canker of ineradicable jealousies, and miserable old world rivalries. These Italians hate one another too much ever to combine as a nation against their masters.

And the jealousies, the rivalries, the hatreds begotten in feudal tyranny, and carefully fomented by dynastic tyranny, *have* been eradicated, forgotten, overcome ; and, with a degree of unanimity rare among equally large numbers of mankind combining for any purpose, or under any circumstances, the nation demands and is determined to have due national recognition and the rights of freemen.

Ay, *strike* for freedom ! it was sneered again, — Yes, an assassin's blow at a street corner ! The Italian knife is ready when the victim's face

is turned away. Strike!—Yes, in a street brawl, got up by bravoës paid to cloke private vengeance and robbery with the pretence of patriotism!

And Tuscany has answered to the sneer by a revolution unstained by one deed of violence; by the dismissal of a dynasty without one solitary act of vengeance for many a suffered wrong, without one word of insult or vulgar triumph. She has answered it by the maintenance of order in her cities when they were suddenly liberated from the usual restraints of the public force, drained off almost wholly for the great national enterprise. She has answered it by such order and regularity, unbroken even by any of the usual misbehaviour which requires the presence of a police force, as the most civilised of those communities who have looked down on Italy from the altitude of their superiority, might be defied under similar circumstances to equal.

What can a nation do more to prove to her sister nations her worthiness of the boon of freedom, and her firm determination to enjoy it.

The hopes of Italy have once again been cruelly deluded. The cup was inexplicably dashed from her lips by an unseen hand, when only half drained. Tuscany in her sunny mountain-barriered nook of the Apennines, has no knowledge of the causes of this catastrophe; and in the absence of such knowledge does not presume to cast blame or reproach on the powerful ally who has in any case



done more for Italy than any crowned head from beyond the Alps ever did before.

But rumours come to the little Apennine nation from this and the other quarter of Europe, professing to settle the question of her future destiny, without the pretence even of a reference to her own intentions on the subject: "Tuscany is to be restored to her legitimate sovereign."—Be it so. But possibly we may differ, says Tuscany, as to the legitimacy in question. In any case, Europe will find herself mistaken greatly, if imagining that she has to deal with the Tuscany of ten years ago, she thinks that this Italian people can be quietly, and consistently with her own peace, handed over to this or that possessor in so simple a manner. Whether it is likely, above all, that she will, unless by such violent coercion as must disturb the tranquillity of all Europe, consent to be resaddled with the Austrian incumbrance she has just thrown off, may be judged by the following manifesto, taken from the government organ, the "*Monitore*" of the 21st of July. The present writer is able to assure the English reader that he may receive it with all confidence as the expression of the national sentiments and the national will.

"Yes! Tuscany is arming herself; and is right in doing so, because she has to drive off the worst of enemies,—him who was beaten at Solferino,\*

\* In allusion to the presence of the sons of Leopold at that battle.

if he should attempt to mount the throne of Tuscany. But this arming does not mean having recourse to a general levy, as certain creatures of the late dynasty have spread abroad. Tuscany has men in arms against such an enemy without a levy. She has her army. She will shortly have her National Guard. If need were, she would have all her inhabitants in arms. The war-drum would be the bell of every church tower. Let the cities arm themselves; and when the tocsin shall sound from the belfry, let the peasantry also rise in arms. Let them arm themselves with scythes, and every other weapon, that their most just indignation can suggest,—the indignation of an Italian people, which scorns to receive as its sovereign the defeated of Solferino. Of this let Europe be well assured. A nation civilised as Tuscany is, will not endure the outrage that would be inflicted on her, by sending to reign over her, him who but yesterday was audaciously standing by the side of the Emperor of Austria in arms against his country.”

No, it will hardly be, *I think*, that Europe will attempt to re-impose the late Austrian dynasty by force on Tuscany; that she will not do so without repenting it, *I am sure*.



## APPENDIX,

### CONTAINING

- I.—A Letter from the Marchese Bartolommei to the Author.*
  - II.—Three papers of sealed Orders, signed by the Tuscan General-in-Chief, to be opened and acted on in case of popular disturbance.*
  - III.—Report by Lieutenant Angiolini to the Provisional Government respecting the facts which took place in the fortress of Belvedere on the morning of the 27th of April, 1859.*
  - IV.—Translations of the above documents into English.*
- 

#### I.

THE following letter from the Marchese Bartolommei, now Gonfaloniere of Florence, to the author, contains, as will be seen, his full denial of the facts in question. The present writer, however, would observe, that his own knowledge of the truth in the matter was independent of and anterior to the following letter, so that he begs it to be considered as an additional witness to the facts of the case.

SIGNORE,—

Lette le ingiuriose asserzioni fatte sul mio conto dal Marchese di Normanby nel discorso da esso pronunciato alla Camera dei Lordi il dì 7 Giugno, e pubblicato a stampa per sua cura, sento il dovere di prevenire l'effetto che simili falsità proclamate da persona autorevole potrebbero produrre sull'animo di chi legge. Ora essendomi noto che vi

occupate della Storica Narrazione dei nostri avvenimenti Toscani, mi permetto di rivolgermi alla vostra cortesia ed onoratezza, invitandovi a dichiarare completamente falso quanto viene riferito dal Marchese di Normanby intorno al Marchese Ferdinando Bartolommei attuale Gonfaloniere di Firenze. E a schiarimento di un fatto che onora il mio Paese, vi prego riferire come le spese di viaggio fino a Genova pagate a più migliaja di giovani volontarj che andavano spontaneamente ad arruolarsi in Piemonte, lo furono col prodotto di una sottoscrizione fatta a nome mio in tutta Toscana, dalla quale con piccole offerte si ottennero oltre quarantamila Lire Toscane.

Nella fiducia che non vorrete rifiutarmi il vostro concorso in questo atto di giustizia e di rettitudine, ve ne porgo sincere grazie, e mi onoro sequar mi

Di V. Signore

Dev<sup>mo</sup>

FED<sup>o</sup> BARTOLOMMEI.

*Firenze, 18 Luglio, 1859.*

TRANSLATION.

SIR,—

Having read the injurious assertions made respecting me by the Marquis of Normanby in a speech delivered by him in the House of Lords on the 7th of June last, and afterwards printed by his direction, I feel it my duty to do away with the impression which similar falsehoods circulated by a person of station might produce on the minds of their readers. As I am aware that you are engaged on a historical account of the late events in Tuscany, I venture to have recourse to your courtesy and honorable feeling, and to request that you will declare that what the Marquis of Normanby relates respecting the Marchese Ferdinando Bartolommei, actual Gonfaloniere of Florence, is totally false. And for the better understanding of a fact which does honour to my country, I beg of you to mention, that the money furnished to many thousands of young men who

went to Piedmont to enrol themselves as volunteers (which money defrayed the expenses of their voyage as far as Genoa), was raised by a subscription collected in my name throughout Tuscany, and amounted in small contributions to more than forty thousand Tuscan livres.

Trusting that you will not refuse me your assistance in this act of justice and rectitude, I offer you my sincere thanks, and have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

FERDINANDO BARTOLOMMEL.

*Florence, 18 July, 1859.*

---

II.

*Sealed Orders, signed by the Tuscan General-in-Chief, to be opened and acted on, in case of popular disturbance.*

DOCUMENT, No. 1.

ALLA R. ISPEZIONE DELLE ARTIGLIERIE. FIRENZE.

*Comando Generale delle R. R. Truppi. No. 177.*

[RISERVATISSIMA.]

*Firenze, li 14 Agosto, 1858.*

ALLO scopo di star parati onde provvedere nel modo il più pronto ed il più vantaggioso per la pubblica sicurezza a quanto potrebbe occorrere in un primo momento di disordine grave che inaspettatamente si verificasse in questa Capitale, il Comando Generale in linea di semplice misura istruttiva e prudentiale ha creduto di dover dettare per i diversi Comandi dei Forti, Caserme, Corpi, Dicasterj e Habilidadi Militari qui residenti alcune disposizioni che dai singoli SS<sup>ni</sup> Titolari o loro legittimi rappresentanti in caso di assenza dovranno riservatamente e gelosamente custodirsi sigillate, fino a che non si verificasse il caso di un allarme nel quale soltanto dovranno essere aperte, lette, ed eseguite.

Per cura frattanto di cotesta Ispezione verranno convenientemente instruiti i propri dipendenti affianchè sappiano.

1<sup>mo</sup>. Che il Segnale dell' Allarme dovrebbe consistere all' occorrenza, in tre colpi di Cannone tirati dal Forte di Belvedere e ripetuti da quello da Basso; o nel suono della generale da eseguirsi in ogni Caserma o forte o anche in semplici avvisi recati da Ordinanze, quando il bisogno di dar l'allarme si verificasse in uno di quei tanti momenti nei quali per essere i militari tutti riuniti nelle proprie Caserme, Uffizi, o Habilimenti, non fosse creduto ben fatto servirsi del Cannone o del Tamburo.

2<sup>do</sup>. Che al primo o al secondo di questi segnali (perchè al terzo non avviene bisogno) a ciascheduno individuo militare, meno a quelli che si trovassero in Servizio di Guardia, corre l'obbligo sacrosanto di rendersi prontamente alla propria Caserma, Ufficio, o Habilimento, e prepararsi all'esecuzione degli ordiniche potessero esser dati.

3<sup>o</sup>. Che la riserva di ciascuna Caserma o Forte dovrebbe immediatamente mettersi sotto le armi, e difendere con ogni mezzo l'ingresso contro quelle persone estranee al militare che tentassero di penetrarsi.

4<sup>o</sup>. Che tutte le Guardie indistintamente dovrebbero pur prendere immediatamente le armi, e quelle alle Porte della Città chiuderle per impedire ogni comunicazione dall' interno all' esterno, e vice versa, a persone estranee al militare.

E sarebbe in pari tempo dovere imprescindibile del Sig<sup>re</sup> Titolare di cotesta Ispezione, o di chi in quel momento, come già è stato detto, ne facesse le veci, di apris subito i pieghi che colla presente si accompagnano.

Le istruzioni relative a quanto si dovrà operare nel primo momento del distaccoamento del Forte di Belvedere oltre all' essere dettagliatamente scritte nel piego rimesso al Comando di quel Forte sono pure comprese, per il conto da farsene alla circostanza, in quel diretto a cotesta Ispezione.

Giova finalmente, avvertire, che il segnale dell' allarme non potrà in alcun caso esser dato se non per espresso ordine scritto o verbale del Comando Generale, debitamente

comunicato o trasmesso ai Comandi dei Forti e Caserme, e che le disposizioni da prendersi, già tanto raccomandate, sebbene siano da osservarsi scrupolosamente inalterabile, ma potranno essere alla circostanza modificate a secondo dei bisogni del momento, e sotto la diretta responsabilità di ogni singolo Comando.

Di ogni piego sigillato ne sarà fatta da ogni consegnatario la opportuna ricevuta che sarà quindi rimessa al Dicastero scrivente.

(Firmato)

FERRARI DA GRADO.  
*Tenente Genle.*

DOCUMENT, No. 2.

AL R. COMANDO DEL FORTE DI BELVEDERE. FIRENZE.  
*Comando Generale delle R. R. Truppe. No. 177.*

[RISERVATA.]

DISPOSIZIONI NEL CASO D' ALLARME.

*Firenze, li 14 Agosto, 1858.*

LA Riserva andrà immediatamente all' arme e si collocherà laddove potrà opporsi con maggiore energia ai tentativi che si facessero per penetrare in cotesto Forte. La Riserva di Artiglieria ne approvisionerà le batterie. I Telegrafi delle due Fortezze si metteranno in comunicazione fra loro.

Tostoche la Truppa si sarà raccolta in sufficiente quantità alle rispettive Caserme si spediranno subito i sequenti rinforzi e verranno prese le appresso disposizioni.

Tutti coloro che smontarono la Guardia antecedente (o altri in eguale numero quando i primi non fossero rientrati) saranno inviati come rinforzo al Posto medesimo dal quale smontarono, ossia le Guardie verranno in tal guisa raddoppiate; questa misura però non vuol esser presa per la *Gran Guardia*, la Guardia alla R. Residenza, le Murate, Porta Romana, S. Frediano, S. Gallo, Porta al Prato, e Strada Ferrata Leopolda, e Maria Antonia, come riceventi appositi rinforzi, nè per quella di cotesto Forte, perchè garantito dalla presenza della Riserva; *mezza*



*compagnia* di Veliti va a rinforzare la Guardia alla R. Residenza, una Compagnia idem si trasferisce sulla Piazza dei Pitti e vi prende posizione.

Il distaccamento di Artiglieria da Piazza finirà di approvvigionare le Batterie del Forte e si terrà pronto ad agire appena che se ne presenti il bisogno.

#### OSSEVAZIONI.

Dalla Truppa disponibile si preleveranno alcune pattuglia possibilmente forti e condotte da Uffiziali, le quali avranno l'obbligo di sciogliere ogni attruppamento, se occorra anco con la forza; incontrando però viva resistenza ne daranno immediato avviso a Palazzo Pitti, se ciò non fosse possibile, ne faranno avvertita la R. Guardia, e la Fortezza da Basso lasciando loro l'incarico d'inoltrarlo in altro modo ai Pitti. Le Pattuglie di quella parte di Città situata di quà d'Arno si annunzieranno alla R. Guardia; quelle della parte opposta (di là d'Arno) si rassegnano in vece alla Guardia della R. Residenza.

Dati i servigj sopracitati la Truppa rimanente potrà deporre il sacco ed i cuojami e quindi fare i fasci d'arme tenendosi però pronta ad ulteriore evento. Giova per altro avvertire che la Gendarmeria sarà obbligata a fornire un Gendarme per Guida a tutte quelle Pattuglie che lo desiderassero, e che verificando si la necessità di trasferirsi da un punto all' altro quando dalle finestre si facesse fuoco sulla Truppa, allora i soldati si disporranno in due righe delle quali l'una marciando lungo il filare di Casa a destra, l'altra lungo quello a sinistra terranno rispettivamente in soggezione le opposte finestre con un fuoco regolare e calmo per evitare lo inutile e facile spreco delle munizioni.

Il Comando dei posti nei quali si troverà riunita Truppa di armi differenti sarà per diritto devoluto all' Uffiziale o sotto Uffiziale più elevato in grado o più anziano sia dell' una o dell' altra arme, eccettuata la Gendarmeria di cui gli Uffiziali e sotto Uffiziali potendo avere altre ingerenze da compiere non dovranno mai prendere il

Comando quando anco fossero più elevati in grado degli altri.

Il Comandante di ciascun posto ne sarà il responsabile, e tutti i componenti la forza dei posti stessi presteranno a lui cieca obbedienza.

Tutte le Truppe, le Caserme ed il Forte di quella parte di Città situata sulla sponda destra dell' Arno (eccettuati i ponti) sotto staranno agli ordini del Brigadiere che avrà il suo quartiere in Fortezza da Basso, e che alla sua volta, dipenderà dal sotto scritto, il quale prendendo stanza sulla Piazza dei Pitti avrà già avvocato a se il Comando della Città e del Forte di là d'Arno, non che dei ponti tutti.

#### SECONDA FASE D'ALLARME.

Quando per avventura le cose si facessero più serie, e conseguentemente si manifestasse il bisogno d'un concentramento, allora dietro ordine scritto o verbale del Comando Generale debitamente comunicato a chi di ragione cotesto Forte tirerà altri tre colpi di cannone, che ripetuti da Fortezza da Basso saranno il segnale per effettuare il concentramento, che sopra, appena inteso questo segnale tutte le Guardie (la Gran Guardia eccettuata) Pattuglie, ed altre Fazioni di Truppa, che trovarsi per la Città le sguombreranno intieramente, e tutti quelli che appartengono ai Veliti o al 10<sup>mo</sup> Battaglione, meno quelli che si recarono in Piazza dei Pitti, si ritireranno in codesto Forte.

I Veliti e i fucilieri quarniscono i Forti, i Cannonieri vanno ai pezzi, sarà tenuta d'occhio la Porta S. Giorgio per aprirla a quei corpi militari che cercassero per quella un ricovero in Belvedere.

Di questo nuovo segnale saranno perciò istruito per tempo i Capi-pattuglia, Capi-posti, e i Comandanti dei diversi distaccamenti, prevenendoli ancora che prima di ritirarsi da da qualche luogo dove si trovino persone rispettabili, come Regj impiegati, Funzionarj, &c., dovranno interpellarsi per sapere se mai volessero ridurse laddove si raccoglie la Truppa, nel qual casa offriranno loro di fare la strada insieme. Saranno anco avvertiti che dovranno adoperarsi con tutti quei

mezzi dei quali potessero disporre onde mettere in salvo quanto di danari o di oggetti preziosi si trovassero nei pubblici stabilimenti o altrove.

Vuolsi però avvertire che le suesprese disposizioni valgono solo per accennare quanto sia da farsi nei primi momenti, perchè ogni ulterior procedere è cosa da determinarsi a seconda delle circostanze.

Qualunque cosa però sia per accadere, il sotto scritto rifiene, che in questo frangente nel quale va ad impegnarsi l'onore dell' Armata tutta, Uffiziali, sotto Uffiziali e Soldati sopranno ben fare il loro dovere dando luminose prove del loro attaccamento alla sacra persona del nostro augusto Monarca.

(Copia)

FERRARI DA GRADO,  
*Tre. Genle.*

---

DOCUMENT, No. III.

ALLA R. ISPEZIONE DELLE ARTIGLIERIE. FIRENZE.

*Comando Generale delle R. R. Truppe, No. 117.*

DISPOSIZIONI NEL CASO D'ALLARME.

*Firenze, li 14 Agosto, 1858.*

LE Riserve approvvigioneranno le Batterie delle Fortezze, ed attaccheranno i Cavalli ad una Batteria da Campo.

Tostochè la Truppa si sarà raccolta in sufficiente quantità verranno prese le appresso disposizioni.

L'artiglieria du Campo manderà subito due gubbie (scortate da un plotone del 6° Battaglione) a prendere due Cannoni da Campagna che si trovano, l'uno al Collegio, l'altro al Liceo, che passando per le mura saranno trasportato in Fortezza da Basso, contemporaneamente si spediranno sulla Piazza dei Pitti due Sezioni, cioè 4 brocche a fuoco, le quali scortate du un Uffiziale e 12 uomini di Cavalieria prendendo la strada di circonvallazione entreranno da Porta Romana nel Giardino di Boboli pel più prossimo ingresso. La Sezione rimanente attenderà ulteriori ordini.

Il Distaccamento di Artiglieria da Piazza che trovarsi in Belvedere finirà d'approvvigionare le Batterie del Forte

e si terrà pronto ad agire appenachè se ne presenti il bisogno.

## OSSERVAZIONI.

Il Comando dei posti nei quali si troverà riunita Truppa di armi differenti sarà per diritto devoluto all' Ufficiale o sotto Ufficiale più elevato in grado o più anziano sia dell' una o dell' altra arme, eccettuata la Gendarmeria di cui gli Uffiziali e sotto Uffiziali, potendo avere altre ingerenze da compiere, non dovranno mai prendere il Comando quando anchè fossero più elevati in grado degli altri.

Il Comandante di ciascun posto ne sarà il responsabile, e tutti i componenti la forza dei posti stessi presteranno a lui cieca obbedienza.

Tutte le Truppe, le Caserme ed il Forte di quella parte di Città situata sulla sponda destra dell' Arno (eccettuati i ponti) sotto staranno ogli ordini del Brigadiere che avrà il suo quartiere in Fortezza da Basso, e che alla sua volta, dipenderà dal sotto scritto, il quale prendendo stanza sulla Piazza dei Pitti avrà già avvocato a se il Comando della Città e del Forte di là d'Arno, non che dei ponti tutti.

## SECONDA FASE D'ALLARME.

Quando per avventura le cose si facessero più serie, dietro ordine verbale o scritto del Comando Generale debitamente comunicato a chi di ragione, il Forte di Belvedere tirerà tre colpi di Cannone che ripetuti da Fortezza da Basso ne saranno il segnale.

Appena inteso questo, i Cannonieri da Piazza vanno ai Pezzi tanto alle Batterie di Fortezza da Basso, quanto a quelle di Belvedere, e quelli da Campo e i Conduttori stanno attendendo ordini.

Qualunque cosa sia per accadere, il sotto scritto rifiene chè in questo frangente nel quale va ad impegnarsi l'onore dell' Armata tutta, Uffiziali, sotto Uffiziali e Soldati sopranno ben fare il loro dovere dando luminose prove del loro attaccamento alla sacra persona del nostro augusto Monarca.

(Copia)

FERRARI DA GRADO.

*Tra Gente.*

## DOCUMENT, No. 4.

*Report made by Lieutenant Angiolini to the Provisional Government, respecting the facts which occurred at the fortress of Belvedere on the morning of the 27th April, 1859.*

ILL<sup>MI</sup> SIG<sup>RE</sup> COMPONENTI IL GOVERNO PROVVISORIO  
TOSCANO.

CORRISPONDENDO all' invito direttorni dal Governo, di trasmetter gli in scritto una relazione dei fatti che accaddero nella Fortezza di Belvedere la mattina del 27 Aprile caduto, per quello che riguarda l'Artiglieria mi faccio succintamente a narrare.

A ore 9 e  $\frac{1}{2}$  a.m. circa, S. A. l'Arciduca Carlo mi faceva chiamare insieme ogli Uffiziali dei Veliti, dal Sig<sup>re</sup> Maggiore Mori, Comandante del Forte, nell' Ufficio del medesimo, e ordinava al Maggiore di aprire il plico contenente le disposizioni emanate dal General Comando, il quale esisteva alla consegna del Comando del Forte per leggersi nel caso di un allarme. Allora il Sig<sup>re</sup> Maggiore Mori lo lesse ad alta voce. Ciò fatto, S. A. l'Arciduca Carlo mi interrogò sulla quantità delle munizioni che ritenevo nelle Polveriere e magazzini, e mi ingiunsi di dipendere dagli ordini del Comandante del Forte per recarmi in Batteria, e quindi attendere successivi ordini per divenire a quanto sarebbe apparso superiormente necessario.

Io le risposi, "Altezza mi permetta di parlarle francamente e lealmente. Le disposizioni che in questo momento sono state lette non possono portarsi ad effetto perchè la Truppa non fa fuoco sul Popolo. Altezza Lei e tutta la Famiglia Reale sono stati ingannati facendoli finora credere il contrario." Allora il Sig<sup>re</sup> Maggiore Mori, approvò la mia dichiarazione, e l'Ajutante Maggiore Borghini e qualche altro ufficiale che non mi ricordo chi, dissero altre parole alle mie simili.

S. A. l'Arciduca Carlo riprese, "e noi?" "Altezza tutta la Famiglia Reale è sicura in questa Fortezza, e noi tutti come già le abbiamo protestato la difenderemo. Dopo queste parole fummo licenziati.

(Firmato)

G. ANGIOLINI,  
*Tenente.*

*Firenze, li 5 Maggio, 1859.*

TRANSLATION.—DOCUMENT, No. 1.

[STRICTLY PRIVATE.]

TO THE INSPECTOR GEN. OF THE R. ARTILLERY.  
FLORENCE.

*Head Quarters of the R. Troops. No. 177.*

*Florence, August 14th, 1858.*

IN order to be prepared and provide the readiest and most advantageous means of assuring the public safety on the first outbreak of serious disorder, which may unexpectedly declare itself in this capital, the Commander-in-Chief, as a simply instructive and prudential measure, thinks fit to lay down for the various officers in command of the fortresses, barracks, corps de garde, bureaux, and other military establishments in this city, certain directions which will be kept strictly secret and most jealously sealed up by the commandants of the different posts, or, in case of absence, by their lawful representatives, until the breaking out of such disturbance, in which case only they will be opened, read, and acted upon.

The Inspector-General of Artillery will take care to inform those dependent on him in due course, that

1st. The signal of an alarm will consist whenever needful in three guns fired from the fortress of Belvedere, and repeated by that called *da Basso*; or in the sound of the *reveille* which will be beaten in every barrack or fort, or even in simple orders brought by orderlies, if the need of giving the alarm should occur at one of those many moments when, the soldiers being all together in their barracks,

offices, or other establishments, it should appear undesirable to make use of cannon or of drums.

2dly. That at the first or second of those signals (for at the third it will not be required), every soldier, except those on guard, is bound in honour to hasten to his own barrack, office, or establishment, and prepare to execute the orders which he will receive.

3dly. That the reserve guard of every barrack or fortress must immediately be placed under arms, and defend by every means the entrance against persons not in the service who may attempt to enter.

4thly. That all the Corps de Garde without distinction are immediately to get under arms, and those at the gates of the city are to close them so as to prevent any communication from without, and, *vice versa*, with those who are not in the service.

And it will be at the same time the strict duty of the head of this department, or of his substitute, as was said above, to open forthwith the accompanying sealed orders.

The instruction relative to the duty of the detachment at the Fortress of Belvedere at the first outbreak, besides being detailed in the papers entrusted to the commandant of that fortress, are also comprehended, to be acted upon as required, in the orders transmitted to this department.

It must finally be remembered that the signal of alarm can in no case be given except by express order written or verbal, of the Commander-in-Chief, duly communicated or transmitted to the commandants of the fortresses and barracks; and that the measures to be taken, already so much insisted on, although they should be scrupulously and inalterably executed, yet may be modified according to the requirements of the moment, under the direct responsibility of the several commandants.

A fitting receipt shall be taken from each department to which it is consigned for every copy of sealed orders, and shall be delivered to the clerk of the archives.

(Signed)

FERRARI DA GRADO,  
*Tenente Genle.*

## DOCUMENT, No. 2.

[PRIVATE.]

TO THE COMMANDANT OF THE FORTRESS OF BELVEDERE,  
FLORENCE.

*Head Quarters of the R. Troops. No. 177.*

*Florence, 14th August, 1858.*

## MEASURES TO BE TAKEN IN CASE OF ALARM.

THE reserve guard will immediately get under arms, and place itself wherever it can best oppose any attempt which may be made to enter the fortress. The reserve guard of the artillery will supply the batteries with ammunition. The telegraphs of the two fortresses will be put in communication with each other.

As soon as the troops are assembled in sufficient numbers at their respective barracks, the following reinforcements will be sent, and measures taken as follows :—

All the soldiers who have just been relieved from guard, (or an equal number of others if these should not have returned) shall be sent as a reinforcement to the post from which they were relieved, or the guard shall in like manner be doubled. This measure, however, need not be adopted for the principal Corps de Garde, the guard at the Royal Palace, the Murate, Porta Romana, S. Frediano, S. Gallo, Porta al Prato, and the Leopolda, and Maria Antonia Railways, since they will receive needful reinforcements, nor need it be adopted for this fortress, because it is defended by the presence of the reserve guard. Half a company of *Veliti* will go to reinforce the guard at the Royal Palace, a company *idem* will be sent to the Piazza dei Pitti, and will take up a position there.

The garrison detachment of artillery will complete the provisions of ammunition for the fortress, and will hold itself in readiness to act as soon as needful.

## OBSERVATIONS.

From the disposable forces will be taken patrols as numerous as may be, and placed under the command of officers who will have strict orders to disperse every gathering of



people by force if need be; should they meet with considerable resistance they will immediately send information to the Pitti Palace, or if that be not possible, they will send word to the Royal Corps de Garde, and the Fortezza da Basso, leaving to them the care of forwarding the intelligence to the Pitti. The patrols of that part of the city situated on this side of the Arno will communicate with the Royal Corps de Garde; those of the opposite side (on the further side of the Arno) will address themselves to the guard at the Royal Palace.

Having performed the above duties, the remaining troops may lay down their knapsacks and belts and pile their arms, remaining ready, however, for any further event. It is well to give notice that the *gendarmérie* will be obliged to furnish a *gendarme* as guide to each of those patrols who may desire it, and that in case of necessity of moving from one point to another, should the troops be fired on from the windows, the soldiers shall form into two lines, one of which marching along the right hand row of houses, and the other along that on the left, shall keep the opposite windows in respect by a calm and regular fire, to avoid the useless waste of ammunition likely to occur.

The command of those posts where there may be troops of different corps mixed together will devolve of right on the officer, or non-commissioned officer who holds the highest rank or has the right of seniority in either corps, except the *gendarmérie*, the officers and sub-officers of which being likely to have other duties to perform can never take the command even though they be of higher grade than the others.

The commandant of each post will be responsible for his men, and all those who make up the force of such post will *blindly* obey him.

All the troops, the barracks, and the fortress on that side of the city situated on the right bank of the Arno (except the bridges), will be under the orders of the brigadier quartered at the Fortezza da Basso, who in his turn will be under the command of the undersigned, who, taking up his position on the Piazza dei Pitti, will have already assumed

the command of the city and of the fortress on the further side of the Arno, as well as of all the bridges.

#### SECOND PHASE OF ALARM.

If by chance matters should become more serious, and there should consequently be need of concentrating the troops, then according to a written or verbal order from the Commander-in-Chief, duly communicated to the proper quarters, this fortress will fire three more guns, which when repeated by the Fortezza da Basso, will be the signal for effecting the concentration above-mentioned; as soon as this signal shall be heard, all the Corps de Garde (except the principal one), the patrols and other divisions of the troops which are in the city, will evacuate their posts immediately, and all those who belong to the *Veliti*, or to the 10th Battalion, except such as have been sent to the Piazza dei Pitti, will retire into this fortress.

The *Veliti* and Fusileers will man the fortresses; the artillerymen will go to their guns; a watch will be kept on the Porta S. Giorgio, in order to open it to those military bodies who may seek refuge in Belvedere by that entrance.

Moreover, the heads of the patrols and the commandants of the different posts, and of the various detachments, will be informed without delay of this new signal, and they will have orders, before retiring from any position in which there may be respectable persons, such as employés of the Crown, and other functionaries, &c., to ask them whether they would wish to retire to the post where the troops are about to concentrate themselves, in which case they will offer them to proceed thither together. They will also be warned that they must use every means in their power to bring into a place of safety whatever monies or valuable articles may be found in the public offices or elsewhere.

The above measures, however, are only intended to give an outline of what must be done in the first place, for every ulterior proceeding must be determined on according to circumstances.

Whatever may occur, however, the undersigned is assured

that in this emergency in which the honour of the whole army is at stake, the officers, sub-officers, and soldiers will do their duty well, and give brilliant proofs of their attachment to the sacred person of our august Monarch.

(Copy.)

FERRARI DA GRADO, T. G.

DOCUMENT, No. 3.

TO THE INSPECTOR GENERAL OF THE R. ARTILLERY.  
FLORENCE.

*Head Quarters of the R. Troops. No. 117.*

*Florence, August 14th, 1858.*

MEASURES TO BE ADOPTED IN CASE OF ALARM.

THE reserve guard will complete the provision of ammunition for the batteries of the fortresses, and will put the horses to a battery of field pieces.

As soon as the troops have assembled in sufficient force, the following measures will be adopted:—The field artillery will immediately detach two ammunition waggons (escorted by a platoon of the 6th battalion) to take two field pieces which are placed one at the College, the other at the Lyceum, which passing by the walls, will be brought to the Fortezza da Basso. At the same time two sections of artillery, that is, four guns, will be sent to the Piazza dei Pitti, escorted by an officer and twelve cavalry soldiers, who, taking the road round the walls, will enter the Boboli Gardens from Porta Romana by the nearest entrance. The remaining section will wait for further orders.

The detachment of artillery which is on guard at the Belvedere, will complete the provision of ammunition necessary for the guns of the fortress, and will hold itself in readiness to act the moment it is required.

OBSERVATIONS.

[These will be found to be precisely similar to those in Document No. 2, beginning "Il Comando dei posti."]

## SECOND PHASE OF ALARM.

If by chance matters should become more serious, by orders either verbal or in writing from the Commander-in-Chief, duly transmitted to the proper quarters, the Fortress of Belvedere will fire three guns, which will be repeated by the Fortezza da Basso, and will be the signal.

As soon as this is heard, the gunners of the fortresses will go to their guns, both at Belvedere and Fortezza da Basso; those attached to the field pieces and the drivers will wait for orders. Whatever may happen, the undersigned is sure that in this emergency, in which the honour of the whole army is at stake, the officers, sub-officers, and privates will do their duty well, and give brilliant proofs of their attachment to the sacred person of our august Monarch.

(Copy.)

FERRARI DA GRADO, T. G.

---

DOCUMENT, No. 4.

TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT OF TUSCANY.

IN compliance with the request transmitted to me by the Government to send them in writing an account of the circumstances which took place in the Fortress of Belvedere on the morning of the 27th April last, with regard to the artillery, I thus briefly relate them.

About half-past nine o'clock, a.m., his Highness the Archduke Charles summoned me as well as the other officers of the *Veliti*, through Major Mori, commandant of the fortress, to come to the bureau of the latter, and ordered the major to open the sealed letter containing the measures directed by the Commander-in-Chief, and which was to be read in case of an alarm. Major Mori then read them aloud. After this, his Highness the Archduke Charles questioned me as to the quantity of ammunition which I kept in the powder magazines, and enjoined me to follow the orders of

the commandant of the fortress and proceed to the batteries, where I should receive further orders for the carrying out of what should be considered necessary by my superiors.

I replied, "Your Highness will permit me to speak frankly and loyally. The measures which have just been read aloud cannot be carried into effect, because the troops will not fire upon the people. Your Highness and all the Royal Family have been deceived hitherto by those who have made you believe the contrary." Then Major Mori expressed his concurrence in what I had said, as also did the Adjutant-Major Borghini; and some others of the officers, I do not remember who, expressed themselves in words similar to mine.

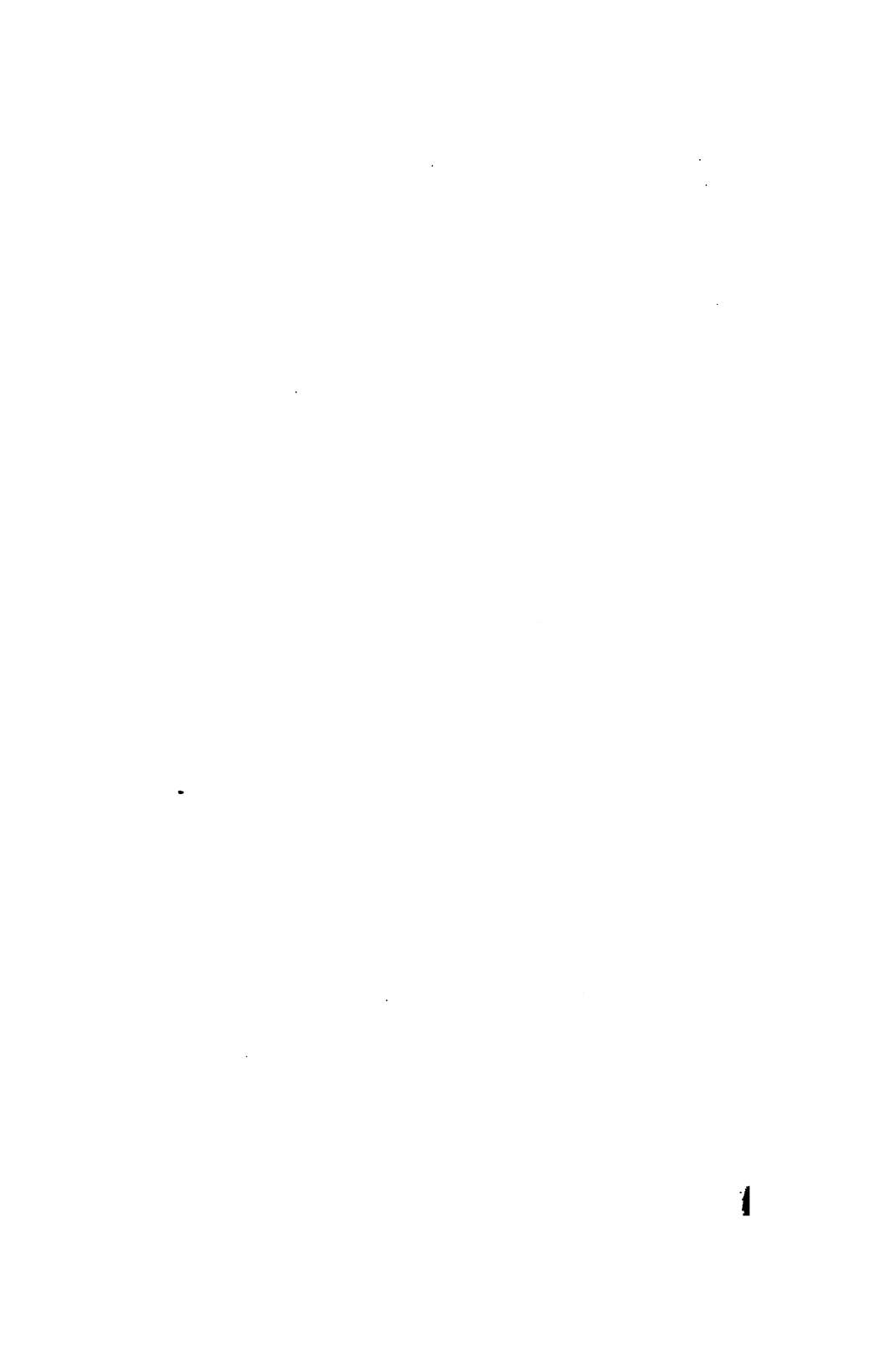
His Highness the Archduke Charles replied, "And we?"—"Your Highness (said I), all the Royal Family is in safety in this fortress, and if need be, we all, as I have already declared, will defend them." After this conversation we were dismissed.

(Signed)

G. ANGIOLINI, *Lieut.*

FLORENCE, *May 5th*, 1859.

THE END.



1

2

3

4

5

JULY 1, 1859.  
193, PICCADILLY.

A LIST OF  
NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS,  
RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY  
**CHAPMAN AND HALL.**

---

---

**Mr. Walter White's New Book of Home Travel.**  
**NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER.**

By WALTER WHITE.  
Author of 'A Month in Yorkshire,' &c.  
1 vol. post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

**THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL :**

A HISTORY OF FATHER AND SON.  
By GEORGE MEREDITH.  
In 3 vols.

**TOBACCO : ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.**

Including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, Snuff and Snuff-Takers,  
Tobacco Pipes, and all the concomitants of Smoking in all Ages and Countries.

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.  
With One Hundred Illustrations by the Author. 1 vol. post 8vo.

**THE THREE GATES :**

IN VERSE.  
By CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

**Mr. Carlyle's New Work.**

In demy 8vo., with Portraits and Maps,  
**HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND,**  
CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.  
THIRD EDITION, Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo., 40s.

**DAVENPORT DUNN : A MAN OF OUR DAY.**

By CHARLES LEVER,  
Author of 'Harry Lorrequer,' &c.  
In 1 8vo. volume, price 23s. With 44 Illustrations by H. K. Browne.

**GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT,**

WITH SOME LONDON SCENES THEY SHINE UPON.  
By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Author of 'A Journey due North.'  
In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 6s.



Fourth and Cheaper Edition of

## OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES,

AND THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

Post 8vo., price 2s.

'This is a genuine little book, full of the most serious talk about new milk, fresh butter, and poultry, by a lady who left London for a country house, in which she was to study health and a reasonable economy, with six children to manage, and a sister for companion and helper. We are shown how the two ladies established themselves prosperously. . . . The lady's very way of writing has in it a healthy tone that helps to commend to us the country life by which she has been influenced. It possesses

all the charm of a pure style; and while the language is refined by cultivation, it is also welcome as true, wholesome speech, open and fresh.'—*Examiner*.

'This is one of these unpretentious and useful books which are valued the more highly in consequence of their scarcity. . . . We know of no manual on rural affairs at all comparable to this "Farm of Four Acres," which will be found a capital handbook for the uninitiated.'—*Sunday Times*.

## MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN,

AMBASSADOR, AUTHOR, AND CONJUROR.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

'This is a capital translation by Mr. Wraxall of Robert-Houdin's autobiography—a book whose real value is not inconsiderable as a record of curious physical and psychological facts, and the interest of

which to the general reader can hardly be overstated. . . . We part from these volumes with great reluctance, and recommend them as a useful study and a delightful recreation.'—*Literary Gazette*.

## ROBERT MORNAY : A NOVEL.

By MAX FERRER.

Post 8vo., 9s.

'There is throughout the work a mixture of sound sense with rich fancy, of philosophic views with poetic feeling, which contributes with equal effect to the instruction and amusement of the reader; and the book

has altogether such remarkable merit, both of style and purpose, that we discharge a gratifying duty in recommending it to the attention of our readers.'—*Morning Post*.

## THE WANDERER.

By OWEN MEREDITH, Author of 'Clytemnestra,' &c.

Second Edition, fcap. 8vo., 9s. 6d.

'Some of the poems match in beauty of language and grace of thought with such masterpieces of music as Herrick's, Carew's, Marvel's, Tennyson's, Moore's, or Edgar Poe's. . . . Every way this volume is remarkable.'—*Athenæum*.

'To describe them honestly is to declare

that they are the best things of their kind that have come before the public for many a day. Some of them are exquisite in the extreme, displaying a fine sensibility and a thorough knowledge of human nature.'—*Morning Chronicle*.

**NORTH AND SOUTH.**

By the Author of 'Mary Barton,' 'Ruth,' &amp;c.

Third and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo., 5s.

'The tale is deeply interesting, and it has all that purity of style and true appreciation of character and skill in its delineation for which Mrs. Gaskell has hardly a rival among our lady novelists.'—*Leader*.

**Mr. Anthony Trollope's New Novels.**

'To those who are in the habit of reading Novels, it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Trollope is one of the most amusing of authors.'—*Times*, May 23.

The Second Edition of

**THE BERTRAMS: A NOVEL.**

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of 'Doctor Thorne,' 'Barchester Towers,' &amp;c.

'We recommend "The Bertrams" to our readers; they will appreciate our delicacy in not forestalling their interest by giving them any hint of the story that awaits them, and which—they may accept our word for it—they will find deeply interesting.'—*Athenæum*.

'Considering the pace at which he produces his novels, Mr. Trollope is a very

remarkable writer. Even if he wrote slowly they would be exceedingly good: but that they come so fast certainly heightens our admiration. . . . "The Bertrams" is a great improvement on its predecessors. We confess that we like this new tale better than any that Mr. Trollope has written.'—*Saturday Review*.

*To be had at all the Libraries.***DR. THORNE: A NOVEL.**

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION, price Five Shillings.

'We can promise a hearty laugh to all who undertake "Doctor Thorne"—a laugh that does good to the laughter, not cynical and cruel, but hearty and sympathetic, and

there are so few books now-a-days that make us laugh. "Doctor Thorne" is an excellent novel, and as such we commend it to our readers.'—*Athenæum*.

**A DECADE OF ITALIAN WOMEN.**

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

CATERINA SFORZA.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

TULLIA D'ARAGONA.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

ISABELLA ANDREINI.

BIANCA CAPPELLO.

OLYMPIA PAMFILI.

ELIZABETTA SIRANI.

LA CORILLA.

By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Two vols. post 8vo., with Portraits, price 22s.

'It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Trollope to select some of the most remarkable of the women of Italy, and to publish their biographies in a readable and convenient form. His book is very clever, instructive, and amusing.'—*Saturday Review*.

'Very clever book. . . . We have read it through with intense interest, and willingly

accord it our heartiest approbation. One great and distinctive merit in these biographies is the truly philosophic method on which they have been constructed. . . . In any case his book must rank as a most valuable contribution to history, while it has the merit of being at the same time as readable as a romance.'—*Press*.

## AURORA LEIGH :

A POEM, IN NINE BOOKS.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Fourth Edition, with a Portrait of Mrs. Browning. Fcap. 8vo., 7s.

'Such a Poem, we dare aver, has never before been written by a woman.'—*Athenæum*.

'It places Mrs. Browning, beyond dispute, at the head of all poetesses, ancient

or modern; and although it will be judged diversely by divers minds, no one we fancy will venture to claim for any other woman's poem an equal rank.'—*Leader*.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S POETICAL WORKS.

Fourth Edition, with Corrections and Additions. Three vols. fcap. cloth, 18s.

'We close these volumes by a poet, and the wife of a poet, with deep admiration and reverence. . . . Mrs. Browning is, probably, of her sex, the first imaginative

writer England has produced in any age; she is, beyond comparison, the first poetess of her own.'—*Athenæum*.

## ROBERT BROWNING'S POETICAL WORKS.

A New Edition, 2 vols. fcap. 16s.

'Robert Browning is a true poet and a deep and just thinker. We have borne ample testimony to the merits of his successive publications as they appeared, but now that the whole are before us, collected

into two volumes, the conviction of their great beauty and value is yet more irresistibly conveyed to us. . . . No library of English poets can be held complete without these volumes.'—*Examiner*.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

In 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 12s.

'Robert Browning seems to us unmistakeably the most original poet of the day.'—*Leader*.

'In richness and force of expression

Mr. Browning has scarcely an equal amongst his contemporaries; we could quote whole columns illustrative of this commendation.'—*Daily News*.

## MEMOIRS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

By HENRY MORLEY.

With Eighty Fac-simile Drawings, engraved upon Wood by the Brothers DALZIEL.

In a handsome demy 8vo. vol., price 21s.

'A very pretty and life-like picture, exhibiting Mr. Morley's power of presenting, in a fashion far different from that of Dryasdust, correct antiquarian details. It is just in this that his strength seems mainly to lie.'—*Saturday Review*.

'Taken all in all, then, these "Memoirs of Bartholomew" are a generous contribution to the social history of England; and we feel persuaded the public will not allow

the author to repent the elaborate study which could alone have enabled him to produce them. But we cannot, within our limited space, offer even a list of the numerous and surprisingly varied topics touched upon in this volume. Our readers must consult it for themselves. It forms one of the most amusing episodes of the history of London ever published.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

**LIFE IN VICTORIA;**

OR, VICTORIA IN 1853, AND VICTORIA IN 1858.

Showing the march of Improvement made by the Colony within those Periods in Town and Country, Cities and Diggings.

By WILLIAM KELLY.

2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

'Never has there been any fact in history so utterly and simply practical in its details, and rude in its actual expression, that appeals so forcibly to the imagination, as the story of "Victoria." Mr. Kelly is the proper man to tell it well, for through him it can tell itself. When there, he is not only

in the scene, but of the scene. The adventurous spirit of the men who made the colony is his own spirit. He has been at home in California, at home in Australia, and he is now on the way to British Columbia. "Victoria" speaks through him with its own natural voice.'—*Examiner*.

**SKETCHES OF****ALGERIA DURING THE KABYLE WAR.**

By H. MULLENEUX WALMSLEY.

Post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

'We have had more than one pleasant book on Algeria, painting in glowing terms the beauty of its landscapes, the genial warmth of its atmosphere, and the attractive character of its motley population. Mr. Walmsley breaks fresh ground, nevertheless. Hearing that an expedition for the final subjugation of Kabylia was talked of, with great difficulty, and after one refusal, he obtained leave to join. He travelled with

the French army, lived familiarly with men and officers, witnessed their indomitable bravery, and here records the progress they initiate by reducing the scattered hordes of the Algerian highlands. Mr. Walmsley has had advantages accorded to few English travellers; and his book is as valuable for the insight it affords into French soldier life in the camp, as for the information it contains relative to Algerian affairs.'—*Daily News*.

**HISTORICAL REVELATIONS OF 1848.**

INSCRIBED TO LORD NORMANBY.

By LOUIS BLANC.

Post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

'M. Louis Blanc has published a reply to Lord Normanby's narrative in the form of a counter-statement, incidentally controverting the imputations upon himself, and vindicating, as far as he could, the position of his own party. We may have to state our dissent from some of his conclusions, but we must at once call attention to his "Revelations" as important. While they present his theories in the most advantageous light, to which we shall presently have occasion to

advert, it would be hard to deny that they must mitigate most of the received impressions to his prejudice, and that they really defend his conduct with no inconsiderable success. . . . Let M. Louis Blanc's opinions be what they may—and it is not to be expected that they should approximate to ours—we cannot help remarking that his views are more friendly to England than those of certain of his compatriots in a similar predicament.'—*Times*, May 15.

**HISTORY OF THE****LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE.**

By THOMAS MACKNIGHT.

Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo., 30s.

'Mr. Macknight has chosen a great subject, and has treated it with very considerable ability and power. This "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke" is the nearest approach yet made to an adequate

biography of the great orator and greater statesman. Nothing that has hitherto been published in the biography of Burke can be compared in interest and importance with these two volumes.'—*Daily News*.

## THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON.

OR, THE COURT OF FRANCE DURING THE LAST PART OF THE REIGN OF  
LOUIS XIV., AND THE REGENCY OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Abridged from the French by BAYLE ST. JOHN.

4 vols. post 8vo., 42s.

'But, undoubtedly, the most valuable element of these Memoirs is their portraiture of individual characters. We read them with the interest in their vivid delineations which we feel as we pass through a gallery of Vandykes.'—*Times*.

'Either for amusement or instruction, the Memoirs will command present and future appreciation; nor must we quit them

without stating our approval of the judicious manner in which they have been condensed, and their facile rendering into English. . . . They afford an almost singular example of French life, customs, and character, retained without a flaw or blemish of nationality, in a medium thoroughly English in every tone of its expression.'—*John Bull*.

## THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPERE :

ILLUSTRATED IN A PHILOLOGICAL COMMENTARY ON HIS TRAGEDY OF  
'JULIUS CÆSAR.'

By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK,

Professor of History and of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast.

Fcap. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

'Very few men are likely to be so well informed that they will learn nothing from this little volume, in which an accomplished English scholar not seldom records observations of his own; while, for the

great majority of readers, Mr. Craik has unquestionably widened the path to a full enjoyment of the poetry of Shakespere, and of the writers of his time.'—*Examiner*.

## OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

FOR THE USE OF THE JUNIOR CLASSES IN COLLEGES AND THE  
HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS.

By GEORGE L. CRAIK.

Third Edition, with numerous Additions. Post 8vo., 2s. 6d.

'As a Text-book for English philology it will be found invaluable, for the conciseness of its information, the simplicity of its arrangement, and the excellent selection from

our literature, illustrative of all the important changes which our language has undergone.'—*Morning Advertiser*.

## SEVEN LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON.

By the late S. T. COLERIDGE.

A LIST OF ALL THE MS. EMENDATIONS IN MR. COLLIER'S FOLIO, 1632; AND  
AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE BY J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Demy 8vo. 12s.

'An exact and perfect list of these emendations was much needed; and Mr. Collier has done more service to the cause of literature by the simple catalogue of

them which he has furnished, than by any conceivable amount of discussion on the subject.'—*Saturday Review*.

**MONTAIGNE, THE ESSAYIST : A BIOGRAPHY.**

By BAYLE ST. JOHN.

2 vols. post 8vo., 21s., with Portrait and Illustrations.

In speaking of Mr. BAYLE ST. JOHN'S new work, 'MONTAIGNE, THE ESSAYIST : a Biography,' the *Révue Contemporaine* says:—'This Biography comes to us from London. England has once again been beforehand with us. A work which we were entitled to produce—which we had prepared by so many researches, the accomplishment of which we were perhaps meditating—has been executed by a foreign writer; and, let us frankly acknowledge it, it has been executed so happily and with so much care, so completely and so well, that the hope of doing better by doing otherwise is, we think, denied to us. Mr. St. John's

nationality has been no obstacle to him—it has hindered less than it has assisted him. Possessing a profound knowledge of our language, long familiar with our literature, he runs little risk of those misunderstandings and mistakes into which a foreigner so easily falls, and, on the contrary, is preserved from enthusiasm and absolute admiration, and derives from his relative isolation a power of criticising and an independence which might have been wanting in a French biographer, necessarily more exclusive. Admirers of Montaigne will be grateful to Mr. St. John for his work.'

**DRAMATIC SCENES, WITH OTHER POEMS.**

Now First Printed.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Beautifully illustrated with Fifty-seven Woodcuts, and printed on fine paper  
Crown 8vo., handsomely bound, 18s.

'The poems in this volume are exquisitely beautiful.'—*Observer*.

**MISCELLANEA GRAPHICA :**

REPRESENTATIONS OF ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, AND RENAISSANCE REMAINS

IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD LONDESBOROUGH.

DRAWN, ENGRAVED, AND DESCRIBED

BY FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.,

Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Picardy,  
and Poitiers.

THE HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., &amp;c.,

Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

In One volume imperial 4to., price 3*l.* 16*s.*, with Forty-six Plates, some of them printed  
in colour, and numerous Engravings on wood.

'It is really a pleasure to see so completely executed a work as this of Mr. Fairholt's. Lord Londesborough is a very universal and spirited collector, and it is fortunate that he should have found so able

an expositor. Many of the plates are richly printed in gold and colours, some of the jewel subjects being admirably treated. The drawing of the ornamentation is remarkably fine and correct.'—*Athenæum*.

**THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM :**

OR, EROS AND ANTEROS.

By HENRY J. THURSTAN. Crown 8vo., 8s. 6d.

**POETS AND POETRY OF GERMANY.**

By Madame L. DAVESIÈS DE PONTÈS.

2 vols. post 8vo., 18s.

**HERALDRY :**

IN HISTORY, POETRY, AND ROMANCE.

By ELLEN J. MILLINGTON.

With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo., 9s.

**EARLY ANCIENT HISTORY :**

OR, THE ANTE-GREEK PERIOD.

By HENRY MENZIES.

Post 8vo., 4s. 6d.

**COUNTRY LIFE IN PIEDMONT.**

By A. GALLENGA. Post 8vo., 8s. 6d.

**SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.**

FIRST HUNDRED.

By W. C. BENNETT. Post 8vo., 3s. 6d.

**PARALLEL LIVES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN  
HEROES.**

By C. D. YONGE. Small 8vo., 4s. 6d.

**PAVED WITH GOLD :**

OR, THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE LONDON STREETS.

By AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

With Twenty-six Illustrations by 'Phiz.' Demy 8vo., 14s.

**ESTIMATES OF SOME ENGLISHMEN AND  
SCOTCHMEN.**

By WALTER BAGEHOT. Demy 8vo., 14s.

---

---

**THE RIFLE-MUSKET :**

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE ENFIELD RIFLE.

By Captain JERVIS WHITE JERVIS, M.P., Royal Artillery.

Second Edition. Post 8vo. Nearly ready.

---

**MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH.**

EDITED BY A MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

Ninth Edition. Fcap. 1s.

---

**ALL'S TRAVELLING ATLAS OF THE ENGLISH  
COUNTIES :**

WITH ALL THE RAILROADS ACCURATELY LAID DOWN.

A NEW EDITION, price 10s. 6d.

---

**THE WHIST-PLAYER :**

THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF SHORT WHIST,

Explained and illustrated by Colonel B\*\*\*\*.

With numerous Diagrams, printed in colours. Second Edition.

Imperial 16mo., 5s.

---

**PRACTICAL GEOMETRY :**

THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION OF PLANE GEOMETRICAL FIGURES.

By R. BURCHETT.

With 137 Diagrams. Third Edition.

Post 8vo., 5s.

---

**PRACTICAL PERSPECTIVE :**

By R. BURCHETT, Head Master of the Training and Normal School.

THIRD EDITION.

Post 8vo., 7s. With Illustrations.



---

*THACKERAY.*

**THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.**

By M. A. TITMARSH.

A Cheap Edition, Uniform with Thackeray's 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

In crown 8vo., cloth, with Illustrations, 6s.

---

**NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO  
GRAND CAIRO,**

BY WAY OF LISBON, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND JERUSALEM.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

With a Coloured Frontispiece. Second Edition. Small 8vo., cloth, 6s.

---

**CHRISTMAS BOOKS.**

Containing 'MRS. PERKINS' BALL,' 'DR. BIRCH,' 'OUR STREET.'

CHIEF EDITION.

In one square volume, cloth, with all the original Illustrations.

7s. 6d.

---

*LYTTON.*

**POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS.**

With Frontispiece and Vignettes.

By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

5 vols. crown 8vo., cloth, 40s.

---

**DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY:**

THE INFERNO.

A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the original Collated with the best Editions and Explanatory Notes. By JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D.

Post 8vo., with a Portrait, cloth, 14s.

---

**DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY;**

OR, THE INFERNO, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE.

Rendered into English Metre by FREDERICK POLLOCK.

With Fifty Illustrations, drawn by GEORGE SCHARF, jun.

Post 8vo., cloth, 14s.

*DIXON.*

**ROBERT BLAKE, ADMIRAL AND GENERAL  
AT SEA.**

BASED ON FAMILY AND STATE PAPERS.

By HEPWORTH DIXON,  
Author of the 'Life of William Penn.'

CHEAP EDITION.

Post 8vo., boards, 2s. Post 8vo., cloth, with Portrait, 2s. 6d.

**WILLIAM PENN.**

AN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY.

By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of 'Life of Howard.'

With a Portrait.

Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 7s

**INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN**

IN THE MIDDLE AND LOWER RANKS.]

Post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

'It is the work of a very thoughtful writer, whose main purpose is to show that woman, without abandoning her natural position, may take more part than she now does in the world's work, and may set many men free from occupations in which the duties are at any rate as well to be performed by woman as by man.'—*Examiner*.

**THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.**

A CONCISE ACCOUNT AND COMPARATIVE REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH PROFESSIONS.

By H. BYERLEY THOMSON, B.A.,

Of the Inner Temple, Author of 'The Laws of War affecting Shipping and Commerce,'  
'The Military Forces and Institutions of Great Britain.'

Post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

'Mr. Thomson's book will prove a boon. . . . It will teach a man what is expected of him to rise in life, and what qualifications he must acquire to make the mental supply adequate to the demand. . . . The style is clear and succinct, the observations shrewd and the advice practical.'—*John Bull*.

## Walter White's' Travel Books.



### NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER.

By WALTER WHITE.

1 vol. post 8vo. To be published July 1.

### A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE.

[THIRD EDITION.]

One Volume, post 8vo., price 9s.

'We close this interesting volume, commending it heartily, in homely but expressive phrase, as a thoroughly wholesome book. In these days this is no mean eulogy, but less than this would not be equal to Mr. White's deserts.'—*Athenæum*.

'We have seldom perused a book written in a more healthy tone than this of Mr. White. . . . Mr. White combines not only amusement with instruction; he has an eye to see and a pen to record the beauties of nature. The painter and the poet may both find ample themes for their contemplation and study in the very pleasant ramble of "A Month in Yorkshire."'—*Daily News*.

### A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END;

WITH A TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES.

*Second Edition preparing for the press.*

'Mr. White shows now a man may *bonâ fide* travel in his own country, upon the strength of a month's holiday and a ten-pound note, explore only a corner of it, and yet find picturesque scenery, quaint diversities of custom and costume, incident, character, and amusement in abundance sufficient to make up a book without a trace of bookmaking, or a syllable derived from any dusty sources save and except one only, the July turnpike-road.'—*Examiner*.

### A JULY HOLIDAY IN SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.

Post 8vo. 9s.

'There is a hearty liveliness, a simplicity, and a genuine *bohémie*, with a fund of strong sense at the bottom, which renders this gentleman one of the most amusing as well as the most instructive of travellers.'—*Critic*.

### ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL

IN THE SUMMER OF 1855.

Post 8vo. 9s.

Whenever one of Mr. White's books falls in our way, the first impulse it produces is to set us going, knapsack on shoulders, in the same direction; and the farther we travel with him through his well-related adventures, the more do we regret our inability to take the same route, and follow his directions.'—*Bell's Messenger*.

---



---

## MR. CARLYLE'S WORKS.

---

Completion of the New and Uniform Edition in Sixteen Volumes.

---

- THE FRENCH REVOLUTION : A HISTORY. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 12s.
- OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES : With Elucidations and Connecting Narrative. . . . . 3 vols. Crown 8vo. 18s.
- LIFE OF JOHN STERLING. }  
 LIFE OF SCHILLER. } . . . . . 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. 4 vols. Crown 8vo. 24s.
- SARTOR RESARTUS.  
 LECTURES ON HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP. } 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. . . . . 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- CHARTISM.  
 PAST AND PRESENT. } . . . . . 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN : MUSÆUS, TIECK, RICHTER.  
 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN : WILHELM MEISTER'S AP-  
 PRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS. . . . . 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 12s.

---

### The Saturday Review.

'Few of the cheap reprints of the books of popular authors which have of late become so common will attract more attention or enjoy greater popularity than the collected edition of Mr. Carlyle's writings. With those who admire him most he enjoys a reputation which is almost mystical. To numberless young and ardent readers his writings have come as the announcement of a new gospel; nor can any one read them without a very deep interest in the books, and a very sincere feeling of respect for the author. Perhaps all books may be ranged under two heads,—those which assume, and those which seek to establish, principles; and if the former are both more interesting and more practically important than the latter, after a certain early period of life, it cannot be denied that the influence of the latter, acting at the most susceptible and impressible age, is both wider and deeper. It is the great peculiarity of Mr. Carlyle's books that, from first to last, they are all principle. There is hardly any detail in them, or, if there is any, it is comparatively unimportant. It is his ambition in every case to go to the heart of the matter,—to set before his reader what is vital and essential, and to leave on one side all the mere husks and shells of history, biography, politics, theology, or criticism. The object is a common one with men of any real artistic power, but we doubt whether any one ever effected it so completely. Mr. Carlyle has hardly ever written a page, however insignificant the subject of it may be, which does not bear upon it the stamp of his own character in a manner almost unexampled. He has spent his life in a protest against the Dryasdusts both of politics and of literature. If people want information about matters of fact, they must go elsewhere. If they want a vivid picture of the fact as Mr. Carlyle saw it, or a vehement set of consequences drawn therefrom, they will nowhere else find anything so vivid. Mr. Carlyle's whole career and present position appear to us to embody more fully than those of any other man the especial advantages and disadvantages of the literary temperament,—the turn of mind which leads its possessors to sit on a hill; retired and make remarks upon men and things instead of taking part in the common affairs of life. We do not mean to say that he has not—for we think he has—a very warm sympathy for, and interest in, the race to which he belongs in all the phases of its existence; but he is emphatically a preacher, and not an actor,—amongst certain classes of society, far the most popular preacher to which this generation has listened.'

---



---

## MR. CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.

### LIBRARY EDITION.

**IN DEMY OCTAVO, ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ.**

- THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN.** 2 Vols. with 40 Illustrations. 14s.  
**HARRY LORREQUER.** 1 Vol. with 22 Illustrations. 7s.  
**CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.** 2 Vols. with 44  
 Illustrations. 14s.  
**JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.** 1 Vol. with 26 Illustrations. 7s.  
**TOM BURKE OF 'OURS.'** 2 Vols. with 44 Illustrations. 14s.  
**THE O'DONOGHUE: A TALE OF IRELAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.** 1 Vol.  
 with 26 Illustrations, 7s.  
**THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE.** 2 Vols. with 40 Illustrations. 14s.  
**ROLAND CASHEL.** 2 Vols. with 40 Illustrations. 14s.  
**THE DALTONS; OR, THREE ROADS IN LIFE.** 2 Vols. with Illustrations. 14s.  
**THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.** 2 Vols. with 40 Illustrations. 14s.

---

### CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION OF LEVER'S WORKS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

*Now in the course of Publication, a Cheap and Uniform Edition of the*

## NOVELS OF MR. CHARLES LEVER.

This Edition is handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, and each Volume will contain

**EIGHT ENGRAVINGS BY H. K. BROWNE.**

Bound in Cloth, price 4s.

- JACK HINTON.** 4s.  
**TOM BURKE OF 'OURS.'** 2 Vols. 8s.  
**HARRY LORREQUER.** 4s.  
**CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.** 2 Vols. 8s.  
**THE O'DONOGHUE.** 4s.  
**THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE.** 2 Vols. 8s.  
**ROLAND CASHEL.** 2 Vols. cloth. 8s.  
**THE DALTONS.** 2 Vols. cloth. 8s.  
**THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.** 2 Vols. cloth. 8s.

---



---

## MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.

---

### NEW AND COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION,

Beautifully printed in Post Octavo, and carefully revised by the Author.  
With Portrait and Vignettes.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES.

---

*Already published.*

- PICKWICK PAPERS. 2 Vols. 12s.  
 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 2 Vols. 12s.  
 MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 2 Vols. 12s.  
 OLD CURIOSITY SHOP and REPRINTED PIECES. 2 Vols. 12s.  
 BARNABY RUDGE and HARD TIMES. 2 Vols. 12s.  
 SKETCHES BY BOZ. 1 Vol. 6s.

*The remaining Eleven Volumes are now in course of publication by  
Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS.*

---

### ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

- THE PICKWICK PAPERS. With Forty-three Illustrations by SEYMOUR  
and 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With 40 Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 SKETCHES BY BOZ. With Forty Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.  
8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With Seventy-five Illustrations by GEORGE  
CATTERMOLLE and H. K. BROWNE. Imperial 8vo. 13s.  
 BARNABY RUDGE. A TALE OF THE RIOTS OF 'EIGHTY. With Seventy-  
eight Illustrations by G. CATTERMOLLE and H. K. BROWNE. Imperial 8vo. 13s.  
 AMERICAN NOTES, FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. Fourth Edition. 2  
Vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 OLIVER TWIST; OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS. Illustrated by GEORGE  
CRUIKSHANK. Third Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 5s.
- 

### CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION.

Handsomely printed in crown 8vo. cloth, with Frontispieces.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
THE PICKWICK PAPERS . . . . .	5	0	OLIVER TWIST . . . . .	3	6
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY . . . . .	5	0	SKETCHES BY BOZ . . . . .	3	6
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT . . . . .	5	0	CHRISTMAS BOOKS . . . . .	3	6
BARNABY RUDGE . . . . .	4	0	AMERICAN NOTES . . . . .	2	6
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP . . . . .	4	0			

---

*'The story of our lives from Year to Year.'*—SHAKSPEARE.

---

NOW PUBLISHING,

PRICE TWOPENCE,

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

With which is incorporated 'Household Words.

DESIGNED FOR

The Instruction and Entertainment of all Classes of Readers, and to assist in the Discussion of the Social Questions of the Day.

Conducted by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

*Part I., price 11d., and Part II., price 9d., are now ready.*

OFFICE, 11, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND;

AND

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

---

## MR. DICKENS' NEW WORK.

---

JUST PUBLISHED, No. II.,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

Uniform with the Original Editions of 'PICKWICK,' 'DAVID COPPERFIELD,' &c.,

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY

**CHARLES DICKENS.**

With Two Illustrations by 'PHIZ.'

To be completed in Eight Monthly Parts.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

---

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.









